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I LEAN ON THEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.

I lean on thee—trembling and weak and weary,
Oh, let me feel thy firm yet guiding hand,
As, 'mid the dangers of this desert dreary,
I force my way through burning, blinding sand.

I lean on thee, and follow where thou leadest,
For greener vales must bound this narrow plain;
With step unfaltering, strong in faith, thou heedest
Not vague alarms, which might my steps restrain.

I lean on thee—each hour the shadows lengthen,
The day draws near the close, I feel the chill
Of evening dews—give me thy hand to strengthen
My feeble steps as I go down the hill.

Down, down the hill, to where the turbid river
Rolls onward to the dark, engulphing sea;
Support me to the brink—oh, leave me never—
Till that last moment let me lean on thee.

Lean on Me.

Lean on me, dearest—if the way seems dreary,
And thou art weak, lean on my stronger arm.
Footsore with travel, parched with thirst, and weary
I'll shield thy shrinking form from lurking harm.

Beyond this barren plain, where sunshine glimmers
So faintly, spread sweet fields with pleasant flowers;
Beyond that stream that in the twilight shimmers
There falls no night-dews, and no storm-cloud lowers.

Lean on me—as thy day shall strength be given—
Thou shalt not slip, nor turn from out the way;
But, as thy footsteps near the gate of heaven,
They will be lighted by celestial day.

Lean on me, dearest—chill the waves beat o'er thee;
But thou art nearing fast the other shore.
The heavenly portals open just before thee—
Farewell, farewell! no pain shall harm thee more.

"The Larches," January, 1877.

LILY MELVILLE, OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XV.

This is the sum and substance of this villainy,
And now for flight.

To say that the Baron Moniporte had forgotten his adoration of Lady Melville would be saying too much; but it was very certain that the great affair of the Venetian loan had for a while made him less sensible of that lady's beauty and bewitching charms. The Baron had two gods—his money and his stomach. Even that emotion which he was pleased to dignify by the name of love was connected with that organ; for one of his reasons for desiring her ladyship in marriage was the knowledge that she would add to the elegance and splendor of his dinner-table by consenting to adorn it in the position of hostess and Lady Baroness De Moniporte. For a long time the Baron had given way to despair; for, much to his surprise, remembering how abjectly the world of fashion knelt at his shrine, the beautiful Lady Melville had treated him with scornful, high-bred indifference that nearly bordered upon contempt. It was while suffering from these pangs of disappointment that the wealthy Israelite had dined with Lord Harcourt, and, like most persons suffering from the same disease, being anxious for a confidant, had poured the story of his unprosperous love into that impassable, immovable peer's ears. Strange to say, he found his lordship sympathetic, partly owing, perhaps, to the fact that he himself had an object in dining with the Baron. The Baron wanted Lady Melville, Lord Harcourt wanted money.

What passed between the two men of the world need not be related, but the Baron from that hour found Lady Melville's manner wonderfully softened towards him, and Lord Harcourt did not look upon the sale of his estate as quite inevitable. But, as we have said, the Baron found money better than all else, and had allowed his persecution of Lady Melville to slacken a little while the Venetian loan was pending, little guessing that the Chevalier was virtually concerned in his love affair.

On the morning which Melchoir had spoken of as his last day in England, the Baron sat in his padded chair awaiting a visit from the Chevalier. This day had been named by the Venetian ambassador as the one on which the negotiations would be terminated, and the Baron was in a state of suppressed excitement, his fat, podgy hands rubbing each other unctuously, and his prominent eyes blinking viciously. As he always made it a point to impress his business visitors with a sense of his wealth and importance, he wore as much jewelry as he could possibly carry. A magnificent set of brilliants sparkled on his shirt-front, in which he had also stuck a scarf-pin of one huge emerald. His fingers were all ablaze with rubies, diamonds and emeralds, and his wrist-bands were linked with large carbuncles. Altogether, he very much resembled a Hindoo god dressed for a festival, and, thus prepared, he opened the door at the summons of a knock to admit the Chevalier.

Quietly dressed, as usual, the ambassador received the Baron's anxious inquiries as to his health, and replied to them with calm courtliness, and, taking the seat offered him, commenced business by producing a legal-looking envelope. The Baron watched him with greedy eyes, totally unconscious of the deep surveillance he was under in return.

"Vell, vell—how goes the business? Ish it all right? The deeds ready?"

"Yes, and lying in my bureau at the hotel. I should have brought them for your consideration had it not been for this letter, which I received this morning only."

"Vell, vell—vhat ish it?" asked the Baron, trying in vain to conceal his impatience.

"A postponement, I am sorry to say. My instructors, my lord, command me to remain in statu-quo for a few days, until they transmit definite orders."

"Do you mean to shay that they have thrown me over?" asked the alarmed capitalist.

This being just what the astute Chevalier wanted, he allowed a minute to pass without answering.

"Well, no, my dear Baron, not exactly; but you see the case stands thus. I had given them two names, your own and another great capitalist's, who would no doubt be willing to grant the loan. Well, after seeing you I wrote to say that the amount would be found, and that I only wanted orders to close. Since then they have studied over the matter, and may, perhaps, have heard something of the other source of supply. I say perhaps, for I don't know this, and, as I am anxious that you should be the State's creditor, I shall, with your permission, write again, communicating your readiness to find the specie, and at a slightly lower discount."

The Baron nodded.

"I shee, I shee. Vell, vell, if it must be it must be. Say an eighth less, and close it. And now let us have some vine. I vill give you a bottle of rare vine—oh, shplendid! The Prince vould give a thousand guineas a dozen for it. See!" and he rang the bell. "Thomas, a bottle of the Johannisberg."

The Chevalier's eyes twinkled with a mocking leer over the rim of his elaborately-cut glass, but the Baron, wholly unsuspicious, lit a cigar and continued:

"Now to business again. Ven vill you vant the monesh?"

"This day week, my dear Baron," said the Chevalier—"this day week; and I must ask you to keep the affair as great a secret as hitherto till then."

"Certainly, certainly," said the Baron. "This day week, eh? Vell, it shall be ready. And now, Chevalier, vhat shall I offer you for your trouble? Come, come, ve are men of the vorld, and ve can't expect to do things for nothing! You take some trouble to get me this loan to your Shtate—I repay you with a leetle check. Vhat shall I say? A thousand pounds?"

"Oh, my lord! you are too good,' replied the Chevalier.

"No, no," said the Baron, waving his glistening hands in a fervor of generosity, fully believing that the ambassador was hanging back for a bribe. "You shall have the thousand pounds at once," and he drew out his check-book.

Now was the Chevalier's turn, and he knew it.

"How can I ever thank you enough, my lord? With this proof of your friendship in my mind, how can I do aught else than press your prior claim upon the consideration of my chiefs?"

"Jest so," chuckled the Baron to himself. "I thought you only wanted a bribe, my fine fellow."

"But," said the Chevalier, "if your lordship will give me such a token of your esteem, I will venture to request another favor."

"What is it?" asked the Baron, who feared some exorbitant demand, and looked alarmed and sullen.

"A small favor only," said the Chevalier pleasantly. "The fact is, I intend paying in an amount to a new account, and have a considerable sum in notes in my pocket-book. Now, if your lordship will give me a check for them—graciously including the princely present you offer me—it will be a convenience. You see, my dear Baron, I am desirous of the honor of paying in a large check drawn by the eminent Baron De Moniporte."

"Hah, hah!" laughed the Israelite, not a little flattered by this compliment. "Give 'em confidence, eh! Hah! hah! Vell, all right. Vhere are the notes?"

"Here," said the Chevalier, and he drew a pocket-book from his pocket and extracted a crisp roll.

"How much?" asked the Baron.

"Three thousand," replied the Chevalier.

"And all in fifties?" said the Baron, rather astonished.

"Yes," said the Chevalier quietly. "I draw them so in deference to a wish of the bank. They like fifties."

"All right" said the Baron, who would have been slightly suspicious had not the apparent shrewdness of the Chevalier in bating down his interest and his avarice in angling for a bribe deceived him.

"All right; there is the check. Four thousand pounds."

"A thousand thanks," said the Chevalier, turning over the valuable morsel of paper and slipping it into his pocket. "Have you heard anything of the valuable gems you were so unfortunate as to lose?" he asked, hat in hand.

"No," said the Baron piteously. "They are clean gone. The police cannot trace the thief at all. Why, didn't you lose some pearls?"

"Yes," said the Chevalier, shrugging his shoulders. "Rare ones, too. They were a present of his majesty, and I was sorely grieved. I did not know your London was so full of thieves."

"Hah!" groaned the Baron. "It is a den of thieves. Vun is never safe. Who is to tell an honest man? And the deeds, my dear shir. Vhen shall I shee the deeds?"

"In three or four days," said the Chevalier, anxious to be gone, and consulting his watch. "I am going out of town for a day or two, but will return in time to go over the deeds. Good-morning, my dear Baron, good-morning!" and with another courtly bow the Venetian Chevalier left the presence-chamber of the capitalist, and, escorted by the three flunkies, got clear of the house.

A cabriolet was hailed at the end of the street, and bidden to drive quickly to Oxford Circus. Here the Chevalier alighted, and, waiting till the discharged vehicle had got out of sight, engaged another to carry him in the opposite direction—namely, to the bank. Here the four-thousand-pound check was converted into good coin of the realm, and the cabriolet ordered on to Bishopsgate street. The grim old house was reached as the clock struck ten, and the Chevalier entered the old paneled-room with his watch in his hand. The room was empty, and he looked round before calling Cli with a sharp, suspicious air. The curtain which had screened the one side had been removed, and the empty hampers and boxes were disclosed to view. The old bureau had been emptied of its contents, and stood beneath the window. Upon the table was spread a cloth with a loaf of bread and some cheese lying upon it. There were two plates, and Melchior caught up one and examined it.

"He has eaten nothing since yesterday," he murmured. "Cli!"

"I am here," said the youth, entering the room at the moment.

"Come, time flies," said Melchior; "eat, and quickly. If anyone knock, rap against the wall for me."

And, snatching up a slice of bread, he ran upstairs. A strange excitement, wonderfully strange to him, seemed to have possessed him, and, as he entered the small room which served him for a sleeping-room, he dashed towards the glass and grinned at it with a sardonic sort of triumph.

"Do I look so thoroughly honest, or is all the world a fool? Ha! ha! What will the Baron say when he comes to change my pretty little pictures?"

And overcome, seemingly, by the picture which his question suggested, he sat on the edge of the bed and gave way to a low, unnatural fit of laughing.

"But come, this won't do. Ten o'clock, and no Mo, no Charley, yet. I am not dressed to play my new part, either. Where are the clothes?"

And with a sudden return to his old, quick, collected manner, he commenced removing his Chevalier costume and proceeded to don the garments of Dr. Ambrose. In an almost incredibly short time his disguise was complete, and, thrusting his late costume into a small bag, which was already nearly filled with various articles, he looked round the room, and then, with a nod of farewell, went out, closing the door after him. In the room below Cli stood leaning against the table, his arms folded, his head dropped upon his breast. The sudden re-entry of his master awakened him.

"Are we going?" he said, looking up.

"Yes," said Melchior. "It is nearly finished. We wait now only for the last two stones, and the edifice will be complete. Hush, here comes one! Give me that cloak—quick!"

Cli reached the long black cloak from a chair, and handed it to him. Melchior wrapped it round him, and stole on tiptoe to the door. There came a timid knock, and before it could be repeated the cloaked figure opened the door, and, with a sharp pull, dragged the Jew—for it was he—into the room.

"Not a word!" he said sternly as Moses, alarmed by the sudden attack, was about to speak. "Who followed you? Speak quick!"

"No one, s'help me Moses!" instantly replied the Jew. "What ish the matter?"

"Nothing!" said Melchior with a commanding nod, still standing near the door, his cloak wrapped round him with one hand, the left concealed beneath its capacious folds.

"Now where are the diamonds?"

"Here," said the Jew, trembling and fumbling about his breast.

"Quick!" said Melchior sternly, "not a moment is to be lost. Lay it on the table," he added as the Jew drew a bag from his bosom and clutched it as if loth to part with it.

Melchior, not waiting to have his command obeyed, snatched it from his hand and thrust it into his own pocket.

The Jew vainly endeavored to conceal his alarm, and stood rubbing his hands, trying to look at his ease.

"There they are, my tear," he crooned—"three thousand pounsh' worth. Quite a leetle fortune, s'help me ——"

"Silence!" said Melchior, eyeing him ferociously, and then turning with an attentive ear to the door. Some other ascending footsteps he heard, then another knock at the door. Once more the door was opened and the visitor pulled in.

"What the fiend is the matter?" growled the new-comer. "What's up, Melchior?"

"Nothing," replied that gentleman, sliding the heavy bolts into the thick door and walking to the table with a firm step. "You are late. Where is the money?"

"Here. But you don't seem to be overprofuse in your welcome," said Charley sullenly. "You might be a little civil, I think, after all we've done. A man don't care to risk his neck for nothing, and hard words into the bargain—eh, Mo?" and he turned upon the Jew, who stood looking cunningly round, uneasily conscious of Melchior's piercing gaze.

"Give me the money," repeated Melchior, holding out his hand, "and let us have the grumbling after. Quick! I have no time to waste."

"So it seems," sneered the younger rascal, glancing round the almost empty room. "Completing a move, eh, Mister Melchior. All the goods gone on before, boy ready for a trip, and you quite a traveling gent ——"

"Another word," said Melchior, shifting his hand under the cloak, "and you will have made your last move, Charley. I ask you for the money."

"Here it is, confound you!" retorted the other, flinging a roll of notes upon the table and thrusting his hands into his pockets.

Melchior caught the notes and examined them, then, slipping them into his pocket, he said sternly, keeping his eyes fixed on the pair, who had moved a little closer together and seemed uneasy and disquieted by their strange reception:

"So, my friends, you thought to snare the fox, bait and all! You, two paltry, muddle-headed idiots hoped to do what a dozen clever men have failed in—lay me by the heels! You miserable, short-sighted curs! Did you think I would trust you any farther than I could see? Did you think I would run into such an idiot's trap as that? Why, you miserable traitors, I knew you would play false to me, and I knew that you would serve me by playing false to each other. You weak-headed, vain-hearted lunatic, look at that old villain there. Did you dream that he would let you gain the plunder? And you, hoary-headed gallows-bird! did you cheat yourself into the belief that the cur would stand idle while you got the money? Maniacs both! You sold me, but you have sold each other!"

As he finished, flashing upon them the almost regal scorn of his dark, daring eyes, the two traitors turned upon each other like wild animals.

"Vhat!" shrieked the Jew, throwing up his hands, "have you ——"

The other interrupted him with a fearful imprecation.

"So you were beforehand with me, were you?" he cried savagely. "Well, the game's up, Melchior, quite up. Listen! Here they come!" and with a savage laugh he sprang to the door.

But Melchior was too quick for him. He too had heard the approaching footsteps, and before they could reach the speaker's ear.

With a something betwixt a cry of rage and warning he leapt to the door, and with a low-hissed: "Not a word!" covered the two shrinking traitors with his revolver. In another minute there was the tramp of a body of men upon the landing, and immediately after the sharp rap of a pistol upon the oaken door.

"Open in the King's name!"

Melchior, still covering the two men, looked round at Cli, who, pale and trembling, stood watching the awful scene. At that moment, taking advantage of his shifting gaze, Charley made a dash; but Melchior raised his right hand and struck him full in the face. The blow was a severe one, and felled him like an ox. The Jew, with a most fearful shriek, fell on his knees. The knocking on the door continued, heightened by the sound of still louder cries from below. Melchior, with one last look at the thick bolt, sprang towards Cli.

"Come," he said in an excited underbreath.

But the boy would not move.

"Come," said Melchior, "quick! There is not a moment to lose."

But the boy shook his head and merely pointed to the Jew, who, still uttering the most terrified screams, was crawling to the door at which Charley was already fumbling, the blood pouring down his face preventing him from seeing the bolt distinctly.

"Touch the bolt at your peril! Stand back!" shouted Melchior for the first time.

At the sound of his voice the constables outside aimed a terrible blow at the door, shouting:

"There he is! Open the door in the King's name!"

Charley uttered a cry of triumph, and, with his hand on the bolt, turned to shout to Melchior.

"Hah, hah! trapped after all, Mr. Fox!"

But before he could withdraw the bolt a report rang out, and he fell full length, like a stone. The next instant there was another sharp clang and the ragged figure of the Jew fell in a heap to the ground. Then, with the smoking pistol in his hand, the assassin caught the shrinking, terrified youth by the arm, and dragged him to the secret panel. For a moment the youth seemed frozen, but the next he shrieked:

"Murder! murder!"

And struggled with a gesture of horror from the strong grasp.

Melchior uttered an oath.

"You idiot!" he exclaimed. "Their blood was upon their own heads—I aimed at the bolt; if they had not been there —— Come! I say, come! or by Heaven ——"

And he raised the revolver. But Cli, undaunted, continued to struggle, and, as he heard the loud crashing of some heavy instrument upon the door, redoubled his shrieks.

Melchior, glancing at the door, dropped the pistol, and, literally picking Cli up in his arms, threw him down beside the panel. Then, with his knee upon his chest, he found the secret spring, and, forcing the lad through the opening, followed after. The secret panel closed noiselessly behind them at the very moment the door gave way and a crowd of constables dashed into the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ripened by the breath of passing Summers
She grew from girl to woman,
Most beautiful in both.

Three years have flown, bearing on their great broad backs the usual amount of joy and sorrow, prosperity and misfortune. Middle-aged people have made three distinct steps towards the downward journey, elderly ones have crawled still nearer the abyss towards which all men's steps are bent. The average amount of casualties, extraordinary events, crimes and romances have come to pass, have passed, and are forgotten. Nearly forgotten or quite is that nine days' wonder excited by the great bank-note forgeries, the marvelous escape of the forger, and the murder of his two accomplices, which he effected in the moment of his disappearance. For months afterwards the world was full of curiosity and eager interest concerning the great crime and the greater criminal. The papers were unctuous in their descriptions of the manner in which the fraud and the murders were committed, and the appearance and numerous disguises of the wonderful and daring individual who had so successfully perpetrated them. Enormous rewards had been offered for his capture, and detectives with noses like bloodhounds and the acuteness of weasels had been spurred to extraordinary exertions; but not only could they find no trace of the man's whereabouts, but they were baffled in a remarkable degree in their efforts to make out a clear history of his past life and former exploits. That he had assumed a hundred disguises, and passed under as many aliases, was well known. His last appearance in the character of the Venetian Chevalier had been the closing of a long series of shifting impersonations. What his present one was, or whether he was in the country or out of it, the wise-headed, hawk-eyed detectives could not say. Sufficient that the Baron De Moniporte had lost a considerable sum in hard cash, several valuable gems, and his character for cautious astuteness; that the Duchess of Sparkleton had likewise been victimized to the extent of some precious gems; and that Lady Melville had not escaped the blackmail. But of the particulars of the last-mentioned lady's losses the officials could get little information; for, a few days after the expose and flight of the criminal, her ladyship had left town for the benefit of her health, and was traveling few knew where. All this, we say, was nearly forgotten, and the world was gleaming, flickering and blinking, with lazy contentment in the hot July sun, as if forgery, killing, marrying and giving in marriage, with all the other little iotas which go to make up the insignificant sum of life, were things of no existence.

It was hot in London, and exasperating. It was hot at Rivershall, but delicious. For there towered the tall, shelter-and-shade-giving oaks, and there ran the ever-singing river to cool the air and soothe the troubled, weary spirit. Not that the spirits lying in a dazzling cloud of white muslin and soft-tinted drapery under the shelter of the old oak-tree on its banks required soothing, for the voice of Lilian Melville was set to a happy, blithe tune, and the responding one of her companion, Miss Lucas, was, though quiet, not troubled. Lilian Melville had grown into the fulfillment of her girlhood's promise, and was a beautiful woman—too beautiful, some said, for her own and men's peace. The quick, expressive, delicate outline of the girl had grown into a lovely, eloquent-eyed woman, with a voice that thrilled one to the core, and eyes that left visions of themselves to haunt dreamful nights. None ever spoke to Lilian Melville and forgot her. Few of the male sex ever looked into the depths of those dark, melting eyes but remembered them too well—too well; for, though no flirt, Lilian could not but inspire love and all who had yet ventured to proclaim it in their manner—none had dared to more definitely—learnt that behind the beautiful face lay a heart not easy to woo nor lightly to be won.

"And so you think, Kate, that it is nearly dressing time? I wonder how you know. Do you tell by the sun or by your appetite? The afternoon has melted away—yes, that is the word—melted, dissolved, and mingled with the air in such an insensible, intangible way that time has had no sense or being for me. There!" she added, laughing lightly. "There, was not that prettily expressed? Quite Schillerish, quite Kateish. Did it not do your heart good? It should, for, I believe, really, I learnt it from you, you dear, tormenting creature."

"You have learnt very few things of me, Lily," replied Miss Lucas, raising her cold, expressionless eyes for the moment to the sweet, laughing face before her, then dropping them again to the needle-work in her hands—the hands that were never idle, never empty.

To have seen Miss Lucas without the long, thin strip of embroidery that was always in progress but never appeared in its finished or utilized state, would have been as curious a sight as two moons.

"Oh, that's not just; it is cruel," retorted the other. "What rather have I not learnt, dear Kate? What was I but an ignorant, untaught savage of the deepest, darkest dye when, three years since, you came like a simple—no, not simple—earnest missionary to reclaim, teach, and civilize me?"

Again the pale, set face was lifted, and again dropped.

"One thing I shall never succeed in teaching you, Lilian, and that is to moderate the wild way of talking you seem to have acquired. Do you never think seriously of the effect such random speech must have on strange ears?"

"Yes!" laughed the pupil, undaunted by her companion's gravity. "Yes, often; but, Kate, try as I will to bridle my tongue, I am compelled to acknowledge that, if thought is always free, speech is sometimes. Oh, don't be angry—no, you never are that, though; but I shall never forget the good old Duke's look of unmitigated horror when I told him that the poor man who had so grievously offended him by delivering a lecture on man's rights near his palace was a man and a brother! Kate, though they all looked so shocked, and poor papa grew red and fidgeted with his napkin, they knew it was true. They were not moved a hair's breadth at the Duke calling the man a scoundrel, and a low, radical rascal. But there, Kate, I was sorry; I couldn't help it. It came out before I knew what I had said, and ——"

Here the girl broke off into a low ripple of laughing music. Miss Lucas shook her head.

"It was wrong," she said with the same inflexible, unchanging voice. "The Duke of Sparkleton is a great nobleman, too old to be censured by one so young and inexperienced, least of all by a girl."

"There, now," said the girl, pouting, "that is always the way you crush me, Kate. I am not a girl—not in your sense of the word. Why, do you know how old I am?" she exclaimed, opening her beautiful eyes with deep gravity.

"Not twenty," replied her companion, looking at the face, which, in its expression of sudden, calm earnestness, was shadowed by a look of pride.

"Well, is not that old? Another ten, thirty—that is very old; another ten, forty—and that is very, very old for a woman. Twenty," she repeated in a lower tone, and with a wistful gaze fixed on the river. "Twenty! it seems a long life, twenty years, yet how short. Why, Kate," turning with a resumption of gravity. "I have not begun to live yet, I confess. Some girls at twenty have gone through a world of things—run up the gamut of the emotions—have loved, hated, joyed, sorrowed! Now I —— well, my life has been one pleasant sunny dream, with the old hall there for a sleep-palace, and dear, dear papa as a guardian to keep the wasps and hornets from waking me."

The fixed eyes were raised again, this time with a concentrated regard that was neither of love, hate or curiosity—simply concentrated and expressionless, as if the orbs were of glass, masking the real, seeing eyes looking through them.

"A dream, Lilian? Have you never thought of the awakening?"

"Never," replied the girl, looking dreamily out upon the river again. "I do not know what you mean. What awakening could there be? I am content to sleep on, unlike the Princess in the story who was called to life and love by a strange knight's embrace."

The governess looked at the rapt face of the speaker, and commenced rolling up the piece of embroidery.

"Come," she said. "I hear the church-clock chiming five. We must go."

"Must we? I do not hear it striking. What ears you have, Kate! I think you see farther and hear quicker than most people. Papa thinks so too."

The set face twitched with a slight appearance of interest.

"Sir Ralph is always generous in overrating my poor abilities," said the thin, compressed lips.

Lilian laughed.

"You are overgrateful for a very little praise, Kate," she said, putting her arm within her companion's affectionately. "I wish I was as good and quiet and as clever as you; poor papa would then feel proud of me."

"Never wish for things too easy of attainment," was the calm reply. "I am not good, not clever, Lilian; and if I am quiet, that is because ——"

"Well?" said Lilian, seeing her hesitate, and looking up into the mask-like face, but with no expectation of seeing aught there.

"Because one who has the charge of a young girl like you, Lilian, should be quiet and watchful."

"Ah, well, you are best as you are, perhaps," replied the girl. "I shall never lose my light-heartedness and random talk; and you, Kate, I suppose, will as grimly cling to your gravity and reserve."

The companion made no reply, and the strangely contrasted pair walked slowly towards the house in a silence that was broken by Lilian suddenly exclaiming:

"Look, Kate, there is papa!" and, disengaging herself, she hurried towards Sir Ralph, who, with leisurely, stately pace, was approaching them.

He bent to kiss her with the old look of tenderness, and his voice, as of old, softened when he spoke.

"Well, Lily, are you not roasted? It is almost too hot for you out in the open."

Lilian, with her arm around him, laughed; but before she could reply they had reached Miss Lucas, to whom the Baronet courteously raised his hat, and that lady answered:

"We have been seated in the shade, Sir Ralph; I do not think it was too hot for Miss Lilian."

Sir Ralph bowed to the calmly spoken decision, as had grown to be the custom with him in regard to most of Miss Lucas' opinions.

"That is right, then; I feared Lilian had been alone and indiscreet enough to rest in the sun."

"Well, papa, it would not have melted me. I am not a wax-doll!" laughed Miss Lilian up at him—she was wont to smile at his overregard for safety and minor comforts, and sometimes to rebel against the extreme, the too anxious, consideration which Sir Ralph would show for her fickle whims and wishes.

"You spoil me, papa," she said often, and sometimes sadly.

"But others than a wax-doll have complexions," said Miss Lucas serenely.

"And only a wax-doll should be so vain and silly as to worry about it!" retorted Lilian gayly. "But, there, papa, I am not melted; and, Kate, my complexion is not ruined, so no harm is done. And you are coming down to see the river, papa? I have plenty of time before dressing."

"Certainly, my dear," said Sir Ralph; "but"—turning to the governess, who was going towards the house—"I want to tell you something which Miss Lucas should hear. Shall I detain you, Miss Lucas?"

"No, Sir Ralph," replied the governess, turning back and walking by their side, calmly and sedately, ready for the communication.

"You remember," said Sir Ralph to Lilian, "expressing a wish to learn Italian, Lily?"

"Ye-es; a long while ago, though, papa."

"Do you mean that you do not care to learn now?" asked Sir Ralph placidly, too well accustomed to the vacillation of his beloved daughter's whims to feel surprised.

"No, no; I do want to still, dear papa," she replied; "but I mean that it was good of you to remember it." And she stroked the hand which lay in hers.

"Well," said Sir Ralph, "I might not have done so, my dear, perhaps, had it not been brought to my remembrance by Packer."

"By Packer—how?" asked Lilian.

"I happened to be speaking of a deed which he had brought me for signature, and praising the clear and legible way in which it was engrossed. He replied that it was rather extraordinary that it should be so well copied, for that it was the work of a young man unacquainted with that kind of legal work. And then, being on the subject, I suppose, proceeded to tell me that the young man was an extremely clever and deserving person. He is an Italian, it seems—I don't think Packer said that he was, by-the-bye—but from the fact of his speaking Italian, and being dark and evidently a foreigner, I judge him to be. He has been two years in England, getting what employment he could, and living very steadily and respectably. Packer, who seems rather interested in him, as far as it is possible for so practical a man as Packer to be—not that I value Mr. Packer's estimable qualities unfairly," he added, for Miss Lucas' benefit—"tells me he is without relations of any kind, and that save for Mr. Packer himself he has no friends. While he was asking me if I could find some sort of employment on the estate for his protege, it struck me that you might still like to learn Italian; and as, of course, it would be necessary for the young person to possess the—the ahem!—to be a gentleman, to occupy the post of tutor and reside in the house, I asked some questions of Packer on that point. He tells me"—turning again to the silent but attentive companion, as if this portion of the business was more for her consideration—"he tells me that the young fellow is a gentleman, but strangely-mannered, that he is saturnine and extremely reserved—very unwilling to hold any unnecessary conversation, and peculiarly thoughtful."

The companion inclined her head.

"That, Sir Ralph, seems to weigh in his favor," she replied.

"Just so, just so. Well, what do you think, my dear?" he asked.

"How can I answer before I have seen him? If he is what Mr. Packer's description makes him, I am afraid, papa, he would be very disagreeable, and I should not learn much Italian or anything else, you know!"

"Tut, tut," said Sir Ralph; "a man may be quiet and—and plain, without being disagreeable, child."

"Plain? O papa! I know I see him in my mind's eye. A very short, stumpy young man, with yellow eyes, a hideous moustache, long, lank hair, with a squeaky voice and a manner composed of ridiculous gestures and overdone politeness."

Sir Ralph laughed.

"A pretty picture indeed. Truly, I hope not. No; that is the absurd Italian music-fellow you saw at the concert, Lily. As well take old Grines the gardener as a type of all the Englishmen. No; evidently, from what Packer says, this young man is a gentleman. For the rest you will have an opportunity of judging, for Packer will bring him down with him to-night, that I may see him."

The pale face was raised quickly.

"You will engage him, Sir Ralph, if you approve of him?"

Sir Ralph nodded.

"That shall be for Lily to decide," he said, smiling quietly. "It would be of little use, I fear, if she pronounced him disagreeable. You see no objection, Miss Lucas?" he added.

"No," the thin lips replied. "No objection if Sir Ralph saw fit to engage the young person."

"Well, then, we must turn back," said Lilian, "or I shall keep the dinner waiting and make Palmer angry." And with a smile the spoiled beauty drew the doting father towards the house.

The Rivershall dinner-hour was six, and exactly as the great hall-clock struck the hour the gong was beaten. Lilian, bewitchingly beautiful in a shimmering evening-dress of silk and lace, Miss Lucas in a sober black unrelieved save by the white collar, were in the drawing-room. Sir Ralph, the punctual, entered as the gong rang out, watch in hand.

"Dinner, sir," announced a footman.

"Has Mr. Packer arrived?" asked Sir Ralph.

"No," replied the footman.

Sir Ralph, who waited for no one excepting his daughter, gave her his arm, and, followed by the companion, led the way into the dining-room.

"It is remarkable that Packer should not have arrived," he said with stately surprise. "He is seldom unpunctual."

"Perhaps his young friend detained him," suggested the companion in her colorless way.

Sir Ralph frowned.

"That's scarcely likely," said Sir Ralph, ladling the soup. "I am wrong in my estimate of Mr. Packer if he would be betrayed into breaking his appointment by a third person."

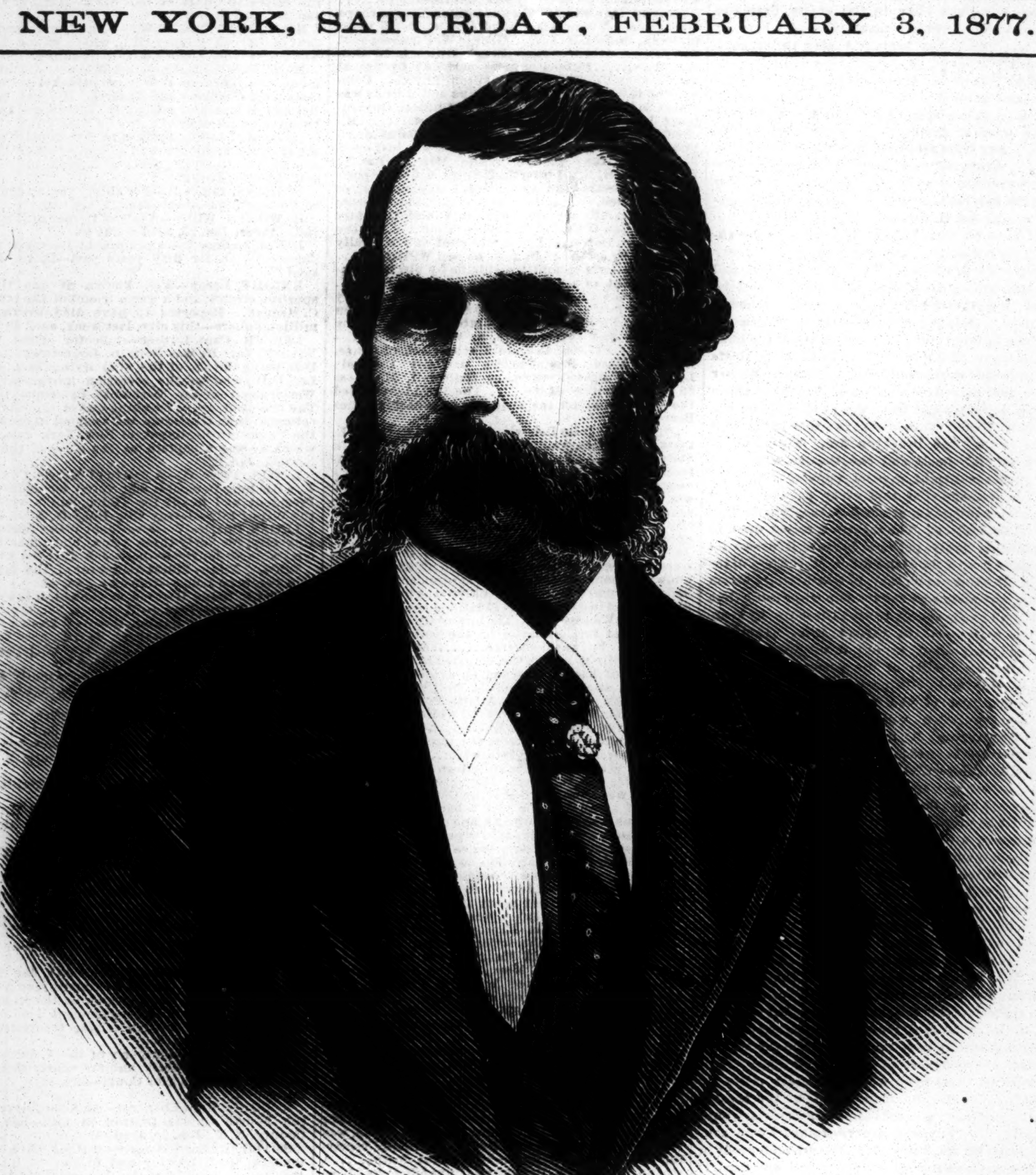
"Hark! there are carriage-wheels," said Lilian, listening.

"Yes, and the hall-door."

"Mr. Packer, sir, has arrived," said Palmer after conferring with a footman.

"Will you tell Mr. Packer that dinner is served?" said Sir Ralph rather sternly.

TO BE CONTINUED.



SHERIDAN CORBYN, Agent and Manager.

For Biographical Sketch see page 357.

THEN AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WATT WARREN.

She laid her little hand in mine,
And softly whispered "Yes,
For many years I have been thine,
Yet hated to confess."
The moon behind a cloud was hid,
She clung about my collar,
I gently on her finger slid
A ring that cost a dollar!

O stars that shine in yonder blue!
O stream that murmurs by!
O violets that sip the dew
Fresh fallen from the sky!
Watch while I snatch the kiss of love
From my sweet angel's lips,
And note the blushes as they move
E'en to her finger tips.

'Tis done, and brighter glow the stars,
And sudden smiles the moon,
And all the earth, burst from its bars,
Seems Paradise in tune!
Ah! well, that happened years ago,
The worst of it came after;
It didn't take me long to know
I'd caught a reg'lar Tartar!

Parkersburg, W. Va., Jan. 12, 1877.

"LADY GAY SPANKER" AS HEBE.

A Study in Oil.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JAMES WIGHT.

The house was packed long before the gas was turned up or the orchestra appeared. It was the first night of the regular season at the Espieglerie, and the play, which had been indefatigably and expensively announced, was "London Assurance," "with a phenomenal cast." The "programme" was demurely scrutinized, and the items of stale gossip were duly noted. But when the light improved and the overture commenced, most of the two thousand pair of eyes were centred on the conductor's shining bald-pate, from the tapering slope of which, as a phrenological virtuoso in a second-tier box remarked: "The bump of self-esteem projected like a badly-turned billiard-ball."

The curtain rose, and the piece proceeded amid the warmest expressions of satisfaction, until the entrance of the new "star," in the character of Lady Gay Spanker, fairly brought down the house. Her description of her equestrian performance was literally a new sensation, and she handled the riding-whip as one to the manner born. Her face was like an alabaster vase illumined by the calcium light of soul. Her hair was her own, and it was of a dubious auburn. Her riding-habit was of purple velvet, and it piquantly revealed a sinuous, full and glowing form. Her hands were not small, but they were perfectly gloved and exquisitely shaped. The arm, which the velvet seemed to amorously clasp, was evidently finely rounded, large and luxurious. Her eyes were hazel-colored, and seemed to flash Promethean fire in response to the ardent glances of admiration which assailed her from every portion of the auditorium. Undoubtedly, the *entree* of Miss Norah Spenser, the whilom garret-born orange-girl of Dublin, upon the boards of the Espieglerie was a pronounced success.

Before the end of the week, her rooms in the uptown hotel resembled perennial flower-parterres. Tiny notes lurked in the throats of fragrant lilies, and valuable jewels reached her boudoir blushingly buried in violets. The leading artist on mythological subjects in the country had successfully made overtures for a series of sittings, and a wealthy society-man seriously contemplated a matrimonial proposal.

Vanity was Nora Spenser's weakness, masculine admiration her foible. Every available dollar was expended in personal adornment; yet, though wealth and titles had been salaceously thrown at her shrine, she had resisted these potent temptations, to the preservation of her honor.

It soon was whispered in artistic circles that the beautiful "leading lady" of the Espieglerie was "sitting" half an hour per day to Paul Surenne for the prominent figure of some ambitious classic subject. Many and various were the comments on Paul's "usual luck," his "characteristic" cheek and so forth among envious and less successful knights of the palette. The envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness of one young painter, however, took the form of a mania. He occupied an adjoining studio, and he had gloated over the actress and sent her flowers and letters, and even presents, beyond his somewhat limited means. Now he saw her tripping up the stairs and gliding gracefully into the sanctum of his elder and more accomplished rival. Could he but see her posed! The subject was most probably mythological. Could it be possible that she would indulge and beautify that harsh-featured dauber by a semi-nude sitting? The very idea was madness!

Thus young Eugene Levi querulously cudgeled his brains, and still he could neither obtain a peep of the canvas nor elicit by careless off-hand or politely direct inquiries in what position or in what attire the distractingly pretty actress posed.

One day Eugene drilled a gimlet-hole through the wooden partition that separated his studio from that of Surenne. The latter speedily detected it and promptly plugged it up, intimating, at the same time, his irrevocable intention of offering a gross personal indignity to the handsome Hebrew painter if such an aperture again presented itself.

Humiliated but not hopeless, cast down but not destroyed, Eugene Levi fell back upon his mental resources, and they were far from being meagre. He began to sleep in his studio, and at midnight, when the janitor had retired, he tried Surenne's door with various keys until he obtained admission. By the aid of a dark-lantern he scanned the canvas with feverish gaze. He was no longer master of himself; his prudence vanished; he resolved to dare everything to see the *reality* which these outlines and tints reflected. There was but one way to obtain the coveted privilege. There were all sorts of lumber, half-finished paintings, easels, draperies, ancient armor, and other nameless implements of the classic painter's art in one corner of the spacious studio. This was also a favorable corner. The dais on which the lady poised was in the centre of the room, and he would command from his coign of vantage a three-fourths-front view. He hesitated no longer. With the utmost care he proceeded to form his secret lair, and, with a patience and pertinacity almost incredible, he prepared to pass the night, and for the gratification of one absorbing, vehement longing, to risk every mortal consequence.

Day came, as it comes to all living. The key turned in the lock. Paul Surenne entered, lighted his pipe and commenced to paint. It was a severe trial for his concealed spectator to lie absolutely motionless under the circumstances. He had never before realized the stillness of a studio. Once, when a mouse began scratching near him, the painter's eyes were turned towards the lumber in the corner.

"What if he should come and look for the tiny intruder and discover me?" said Eugene Levi to himself. His heart almost stood still.

Three hours of mortal fatigue passed. All the clocks and factory-whistles in the district announced the hour of twelve. Paul Surenne ceased operations, left the studio, locked the door and proceeded to lunch. Eugene Levi turned uneasily over and bitterly blasphemed. He was tempted to rush away. He was hungry, sore, disappointed, and, in an infinitesimal degree, ashamed of himself. Most men would have incontinently escaped, cured of their morbid curiosity by hunger and pain. But he inherited continuity of purpose from his ancestors; sufferance was the badge of all his tribe. He would wait for the sight of the coveted pounds of flesh! He turned from side to side wearily. His bones ached. It was a splendid Autumn day. Finally the flesh prevailed over the spirit and he dropped asleep, and dreamt that he was dining sumptuously at Delmonico's.

When he awoke he was convulsed with rage, and silently consigned his soul to the lowest depths of pandemonium. The light appeared to be modified, and as he laid upon his back he feared and almost believed that the "sitting" was over. He turned his neck with great care and intense agony; but, despite his caution, he slightly moved an easel, and he heard Paul Surenne say:

"Don't be alarmed, Miss Spenser; it's only a mouse."

"Oh, I'm dreadfully afraid of a mouse," she said in musical tones. "I don't know that I'm more afraid of a lion. I hope you'll poison the little wretch to-night?"

"Will you please take that in your hand and stand so?" said the artist with quiet respect.

"Oh, certainly; but not for long, I hope."

Eugene Levi now turned his eyes full upon the scene.

On the centre of the crimson-velvet-covered dais, wondrously irradiated by a flood of golden light, appeared to hover a being such as young goddesses must have been—if ever young goddesses were—who, with wrapt countenance, bared arms, shoulders and bosom, an uplifted antique ewer in one hand, and in the other a broad and shallow goblet, seemed on the point of pouring out the drink of the immortals. Had Eugene Levi been a Greek of the olden time, he would have fancied he saw Hebe sent down with the cup of eternal youth to some favorite of the gods; but, being what he was, he knew that the vision before him was Miss Nora Spenser, the leading lady at the Espieglere.

How beautiful she looked! How faultless the outline of that classical head—of that low, Grecian brow—that sculptured profile—that undulating, soft, symmetrical form, so perfect, so harmonious, so flowing from the small but finely rounded neck down to the exquisitely-molded ankle, the firm, elastic foot, and the boldly-rounded limb, which the scant statuesque drapery, looped above the knee, exhibited to distracting advantage.

Motionless as marble she stood. But this immobility was the only attribute of the lifeless stone that she possessed. The warm blood coursed beneath that fine, transparent skin. The luminous hazel eyes flashed beneath that chiseled brow. Dewy breath came and went softly between those half-opened lips. Eugene Levi was consequently not reminded of the statue of Hebe, but of the living goddess herself. His fevered gaze might have burnt into her soul. His brain began to swim with a maddening intoxication. He lost all recollection of his situation. His heart was beating with a force that shook all his frame. Involuntarily he moved his arms. The sinning easel creaked most audibly. Miss Spenser uttered an exclamation. With a menacing look Paul Surenne rushed to the lumber corner. Eugene Levi gained his feet. The exasperated painter rushed wildly at the intruder. There was a short, vicious, harmless struggle, at the end of which both men fell.

"Don't hurt him!—pray, don't hurt him!" cried Miss Spenser, rushing to the spot; "don't hurt him, Mr. Surenne, I implore you."

Little heed did Surenne pay to the fair pleader. He meant mischief to "the damned Sheeney," as he called him. But Eugene was like an eel, and Nora Spenser, seeing how handsome he was, and reflecting how altogether natural that he should love to look on beauty, actually helped him in the conflict, so that he eluded the stronger man's grasp, unlocked the door and escaped.

Then the lady laughed till the roof rang. She was "tickled to death," as the saying is; and when Paul said that the sneaking Jew had occupied his lair over night, she felt more flattered than by any act of masculine homage paid to her during the whole course of her life. She was vexed at Surenne's vicious denunciations of the handsome spy, and plainly told him that, as she was not angry, he had less cause to be annoyed. However, he proceeded with his vituperation, and—lost his model.

A few days afterwards she received by one mail three letters—one from Paul Surenne, full of humble-pie, begging her to favor him with more studies; another from Eugene Levi, also full of sham humble-pie, begging to be forgiven, because "an impulse over which he had no control" had led him to take a step which he "would never cease to regret, and could never, never, never cease to remember;" the third was from Russell Vambery, Esq., the wealthy society-man already referred to, who formally made a proposal for her hand. To the first she answered "Decidedly, no;" to the second, "If you think you ought to be forgiven, I will forgive you; but I think you were decidedly foolish;" to the third she replied that when the season expired she would have time to reflect. In the meantime her apartments were at the Orange-blossom Hotel, and she was seldom if ever at home between the hours of 3 and 5 P. M.

Anything but a "ladies' man," there was yet something about Russell Vambery, irrespective of his income and his establishment, that seemed to interest women. He was a man with a history; of this the fair sex assured themselves, and herein they were less mistaken than people generally find themselves who jump at conclusions. In point of fact, the same thing had happened to him that happens to most of us at one time or another. "Only a woman's hair," wrote Dean Swift on a certain packet hidden away in his desk. And thus a very dark page in Russell Vambery's history might have been superscribed: "Only a woman's falsehood." Dora Spenser responded but faintly at first to his wooing; but curiosity grew into interest, and interest into respect, until she felt he was a man upon whom she could satisfy the hunger of her heart.

The wedding was a quiet affair, and, upon the express condition that she was to leave the stage forever, a large amount was settled upon her. Mr. and Mrs. Vambery were not altogether a harmonious pair. The grass had hardly grown over the grave of the husband's dead love, and Nora was both impulsive and exacting. She did not understand him; he was unacquainted with her history, and the stamp her mind had received from friction with the world and the green-room. She affected to study art, and conscientiously attended all "artists' receptions"—almost invariably alone. At one of those semi-private exhibitions she met Eugene Levi, and did not shun him or cut him. On the contrary, a sweet smile lighted up her exquisite features, and the handsome Hebrew egotist at once accosted her, and, with her evident approval, constituted himself her dragoman and expositor. There were a few attractive female portraits "on view." Standing in an unfrequented corner near one of these, the young painter, with a warm glance that showed his fine eyes to advantage, said:

"That is the portrait of Mrs. Blank of the avenue. What fame the artist would have achieved if he had received his inspiration from your matchless beauty!"

"Who is the artist? I do not see his name," said Mrs. Vambery, looking around.

Mr. Eugene Levi placed his left hand over the region of his heart, and, with a look of mock humility, bowed.

When the lady left the reception, the Hebrew performed a *pas seul* in a retired corridor. He was commissioned to paint the retired actress' portrait, and the first sitting would take place next day.

Had Nora foreseen the consequences, she undoubtedly would have never consented to have her portrait painted by Levi. At the outset her woman's instinct told her that the glances with which he perused her lineaments were those of fiery passion. She knew it was wrong to permit this deliberate insult; yet, weak woman as she was, she felt flattered, and absolutely encouraged the Paphian painter with smiles. Under such circumstances the picture grew; but it was not Mrs. Vambery. It was the Cyprian goddess. The eyes had an expression which brooks no witness but that of a favored lover. Whatever elysium it may have been to have seen her look so upon him, it was a base outrage to paint it. The eyes of the canvas looked upon every gazer with that melting, indescribably moving glance, as if she were every man's Aspasia who beheld her.

Russell Vamberg saw the portrait and flew into a turbulent rage.

"She never looked that way at me," said he, as he strode up and down a private apartment. "This artist is her Lothario." And he proceeded to the studio and cowhided Eugene Levi with savage vigor. The artist did not resent the outrage—Mrs. Vambery did. The intimacy and admiration between the painter and herself had been hitherto confined to looks. A few days after her husband's mad exhibition of temper it was no longer confined to looks, while a bitter hatred to her partner had arisen in her heart. Russell Vambery was goaded to madness. One day, after a scene, he struck her. A strength centripled by rage trembled in her muscles. For an instant she was the sister of those Thyades who tore live tigers and lions to shreds in the excess of divine fury. She flew at his face like a female Titan, and excoriated his features ere he realized her fierce onset.

* * * * * * * *

Russell Vambery was confined to his room. Erysipelas in an acute form had supervened. He suffered intense pain, and the insidious disease threatened the brain. One morning his nurse awoke from a long and unaccountable sleep. Her patient also slept; but his was a sleep from which there is no more awaking. He had evidently been using chloroform to alleviate his sufferings, taken too much—and died. Since their quarrel his wife had occupied a separate apartment, and had never visited her husband. Naturally, she was terribly shocked by his sudden demise.

A few weeks later Eugene Levi reached his boarding-house at midnight, and woke up his landlady. He was collapsed with pain and retching violently. His eyes protruded, and his extremities were cold. A physician was called. He suspected poisoning, and antidotes were administered. But his skill was useless. The unfortunate painter quickly sank, and a post-mortem and chemical analysis revealed a large quantity of antimony.

The widow Vambery was shocked—so shocked that she destroyed the portrait that Eugene Levi had painted.

"I could never look at it without thinking of him," she said to her maid, and the girl deeply sympathised with her mistress.

There was an irregularity in Mrs. Vambery's settlement, and, as the estate of her deceased husband was much involved, she was left comparatively poor. When she again sought employment on the stage, she found there was a vague but decided prejudice against her. Consequently she returned to England, and flourished as the most seductive Thais of an aristocratic seraglio in the West-end of London. Recently she was admitted into St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and the house-surgeon has been heard to remark that she will never emerge therefrom alive.

A LOCAL RETURNING BOARD.

They were playing poker, and Pomp held a full hand. His eyes glistened with conscious triumph as he put up a ten-cent ante and gazed at his partner expectantly.

"I raises dat ten cents," remarked Pete.

"I goes a quarter more," insinuated Pomp.

"I stand and raises anuder quarter," replied Pete.

"I continue on de war-path and flops down de last thirty cents," answered Pomp, placing his six nickels on the table.

"I kivers de pile and calls you," remarked Pete.

"Full hand," said Pomp, turning his cards. "What you got?"

"A pair, and de game am undecided."

"What's dat? Undecided? Dis yer chile takes de pile."

"Not by a long chalk. Dis case will now be referred to de Returnin' Board, who will examine into de particklers. Dar's plenty more good cards in de pack, and why didn't I get 'em? Dar's been intimidation and fraud, and meanwhile de Returnin' Board takes possession of de spoils," and Pete reached out his hand.

Then the other side denied the right of the Board to meddle, and when the reporter left the horrible demon of civil war was dancing in the neighborhood, and a policeman was marching up to mediate with a club.—*Brooklyn Sunday Argus.*

A REMARKABLE PAINTING, "The Dying Saviour," has been placed on exhibition in Leipsic by the artist, Prof. Emil Pischau. A peculiar feature of the work is that near by the eyes seem closed, as required by the conditions of the scene, but at some distance they appear open and turned to heaven.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

STATISTICS.—London, Eng., contained in 1871 a population of 3,254,260. In 1875 the Register-general estimated it at 3,445,160. Even the lesser figures surpass the aggregate population of any four cities in the United States of America, or in North America. We allow 800,000 for Philadelphia (which is excessive, as the population in 1870 was but 674,220); we concede Brooklyn (which of itself in 1870 had but 396,300) all that in 1876 was claimed for the whole of Kings County, which is 509,216; we dismiss the rival claims of St. Louis, Chicago and Cincinnati by allowing any one of the three 420,000 (in 1870 St. Louis had 310,864 to Chicago's 298,983 and Cincinnati's 216,319); and we concede New York 1,060,000 (in 1870 it had 942,531, and in 1876, mainly through annexation, it had increased to 1,046,037). Still the footing-up is but 2,889,210. Ordinarily, we decline to decide bets as to present populations; but this is so clear a case that we do not hesitate to declare B the winner.

LEWISTON.—1. Until a year or so ago the contrary was the ruling in that quarter. The decision cited, besides conflicting with the well-known principle that a player at cards cannot do for his partner what he could not do for himself, is in violation of a rule of cassino that is as old as cassino itself. 2. It would simplify this question to state if the $10 are a discount or a bonus. If a bonus, the transaction amounts to an even bet for C, for he stands to lose $30, and cannot win more or less than $30. Strictly speaking, it is not a bet on C's part. If it can be called a bet, it can also be called an even bet for C, provided the $10 were a bonus. That it is still an uneven bet for A does not affect the bargaining entered into between B and C.

H. M. C., Rondout.—1. A simple admission-ticket does not carry with it the abstract right to a seat. The latter will be provided by the management, as matter of self-interest, whenever it is politic, rather than possible, to do so. It would not be politic for him, when the unreserved seats are all occupied, to place the holders of simple admission-tickets in the reserved seats. Were it known that he would do this, the effect would be to stop the sale of reserved seats, and those who came early to the theatre would be worse off, as regards location, than those who came late. 2. No answers by mail is our rule. 3. Documents forwarded.

SOFF, Buffalo.—To make good clam-chowder of about a gallon, take a quarter of a pound of very fat salt pork. Fry it out in a frying-pan, and pour into chowder-pot. Add a half can of tomatoes, small bunch of parsley, bunch of thyme, quart of onions, quart of potatoes, and a quart of soft clams (clam liquor can be added afterwards). All these must be chopped fine. Now add four pilot-biscuits broken up fine, two tablespoonfuls of salt, and one of black pepper. Just cover with water and clam-liquor, and cook for two hours over a slow fire. After that, otherwise season to suit taste.

W. M. L., Dunkirk.—1. A clearly loses the first bet. 2. As to the others, we can only assume that, as the word "majority" was not used, both parties conceded that Cooper and Smith were out of the race, and that hence they were betting on the number of votes by which Tilden would beat Hayes. They were either so betting, or else they meant to make no bet but the first, which we are unwilling to believe was the case. Therefore, our decision is that B wins all the bets but the last, viz., that "Tilden does not carry New York by 40,000," which A wins.

WILLIE SHAKESPEARE.—The lines:

"Genius, the Pythian of the Beautiful,
Leaves her large page a riddle to the dull;
From eyes profane a veil the Iris screens,
And fools on fools still ask what Hamlet means,"

are from the late Edward Bulwer-Lytton's poem entitled "Genius." The words "her large page" should read "its large truths."

M., Phila.—1. Old Dutch Sam was born in Petticoat lane, London, Eng., April 4, 1775; beat Tom Belcher Feb. 8, 1806, and Aug. 21, 1807, and last appeared in the ring Dec. 8, 1814, his opponent being Bill Nosworthy, who defeated him. 2. Barney Aaron, who fought Sam Collyer and others, is a son of old Barney Aaron, who arrived here in 1854, and returned to England in 1856. 3. John Drew was born in Dublin, Ireland, Sept. 3, 1827, and Frank Drew in the same city, Oct. 29, 1831.

A. R. O., Philadelphia.—1. Lotta's recent engagement at the Park Theatre, in this city, was moderately successful. 2. Mme. Janauschek was born in Prague, Germany. 3. Cannot say. 4. She is married to Mr. Pillot, her business-manager. 5. Philip Lee was, or is, Miss Neilson's husband; but proceedings for a divorce were commenced in England recently, and we cannot say whether the divorce was decreed or not. 6. In London, Eng. 7. No.

J. T. G., Little Rock.—Katie Putnam was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1852, and made her debut on the stage when four years of age. After for some time playing children's characters she was sent to a boarding-school to complete her education, and in 1866 she returned to the stage. She was married to J. J. Sullivan, in Boston, Mass., Aug. 16, 1876. It is purely a matter of opinion whether she is as good or a better actress than the others you name.

MACKS, Buffalo.—The paper does not state that Dorsheimer said "Tilden or Blood," nor does it state that he uttered words to that effect. On the contrary, it is careful to say that it is personally ignorant of what the gentleman said, that "it may have been misinformed," and that what it has been *told* about it "are but unauthenticated outgivings." B. E. C. has no case, and loses.

J. J., London.—The girl you saw playing the "tall hand-organ" at the Bowery Theatre in 1858 was Lucille Western, impersonating Lovely Nancy in "The Three Fast Men." The girl who sang "Buy a broom for a lady, or a nice one for a baby," was her sister Helen, who, among other characters in that drama, portrayed Petite Charm the street-singer.

H. S., Lewiston.—1. It is not strictly a bet on C's part. It is an even transaction for him, since he can gain but $30 and can lose but $30, provided the matter comes to a decision. Should there be no decision either one way or the other, he will lose $10, which shows that something more than a bet is comprehended in the affair. 2. B is still betting two to one.

J. McM., San Francisco.—If J. Owens fails to accept the challenge offered by J. H. Martin, he forfeits all claim to the title of champion wrestler, which was publicly announced by the parties thereto as being included in the issue of the recent meeting between Owens and McLaughlin at Boston, Mass.

WM. N., Cambridgeport.—Take cut-glass goblets and regulate their tone by the quantity of water you put in each. To elicit musical sounds, moisten your fingers with water and rub them around the tops of the glasses, or use a small stick having a piece of rubber on its face and moistened with water.

POKER, Lexington.—1. The four aces win unless it was agreed that straight-flushes should be played. 2. The mere playing of straights and flushes is not a license to play straight-flushes. The three are distinct hands; and many persons will play the first two who will not consent to play the third.

JOCK, Fort Dodge.—1. Willmer & Rogers' News Co., 31 Beekman street, N. Y. The book is a publication of Chappell & Co., London, Eng. 2. "Don Juan" was written by Byron. 3. Roe Stephens, Detroit, Mich. 4. Where electricity is used to more rapidly age the liquor—in fact, a quick process to make it marketable.

NEVADA, Carson.—A professional billiard-player, in contradistinction to an amateur, is one who plays billiards while being connected in some way with a public billiard-room. There are, besides, many fine shades of difference which we cannot undertake to describe, lacking space to do so.

N. W., Montreal.—1. To meet with success on the variety stage, you must have some specialty which you can practice until you excel in it. Either singing or dancing will do. 2. Canadian postage-stamps cannot be used here. Silver will answer.

M. D. L., Kittanning.—Mr. Leonard the Irish comedian made his American debut at the Park Theatre Sept. 28, 1846. We have no record of his last appearance; but he remained in this country only a short time. It was possibly in 1847 when the benefit you name took place.

J. P. D., Salem.—1. Negro minstrelsy was first introduced in England in May, 1843, in Liverpool. 2. J. B. Hickok ("Wild Bill") was murdered in Deadwood, Wy. T., Aug. 2, 1876, by John McCall. 3. Kehoe's book on Indian clubs by mail will cost $1.25. Ed. James can send it to you.

GUS. M., Yazoo City.—"Without regard to the last census" is a clause that prevents our giving any definite answer whatever. Having no census to justify us, we can only guess; and that guess is that Brooklyn, N. Y., is the third city in the United States in point of population.

C. S. H., Boston.—It is not a foul. It is a stroke for safety, and his having disturbed an object-ball, in the first place, exempts him from the penalty of a miss. There can be no miss where an object-ball has been touched in any way.

G. H. F., Boston.—1. Miss Jeffreys Lewis is unmarried. 2. Miss Clara Morris, we believe, is going to California after the conclusion of her present engagement in this city. Whether she will act again this season depends upon the condition of her health.

HARRY C. M., Paris.—There was no song being sung or music played at the time of the alarm of fire at the Brooklyn Theatre. The fiction concerning "What Shall the Harvest Be?" in connection with the fire, must have originated with some enthusiastic Brooklyn reporter.

S. E. S.—Objection can be raised to any shot at billiards not made with the point of the cue. Whether the objection could be sustained depends upon the exact nature of the stroke, which you have described in a general way only.

A. C. D.—1. Donaldson the balloonist ascended from Barnum's Hippodrome, Chicago, July 15, 1875, and was last seen above Lake Michigan. 2. There is little to choose between a good English watch and a good American one. The former is the more substantial or massive.

ARTHUR H. P., Montreal.—They are very good performers on skates, but not equal to Swift, Curtis, Goodrich and a few other well known professionals. We think they would give full satisfaction. Very few professionals are now before the public.

HOWARD, Chicago.—One of the Garnellas performs the feat of turning a double somersault from his brother's shoulders, upon which he realights. We do not know of anyone outside the show business who has accomplished the feat.

A READER.—The last time Flora Temple appeared in a public race was on Sept. 5, 1861, at the Fashion Course, L. I., when she was beaten by Ethan Allen and mate in 2:23, 2:19¾ and 2:21. About 1865 she was exhibited before Gen. Grant on Dubois' track, this city.

G. M. F., Charleston.—Albine, who beat Planet at Charleston, S. C., Feb. 6, 1861, at four-mile heats in 7:36½ and 7:42¾, was a chestnut, and daughter of Jeff. Davis. Albion, who never ran anywhere against Planet, was a black, imported from England as a yearling in 1838.

H.—We prefer not to give opinions upon such subjects. The copyright law has never been thoroughly tested in this country. Although numerous suits have been commenced, they have been compromised or abandoned ere a decision could be given by a final tribunal.

J. N. K., Washington.—The prices of admission at the Theatre Comique, in this city, at the time you name, were advertised as follows: Admission, 50 cents; reserved seats, $1; family circle, 25 cents.

OLD READER.—The fall of cards being 3, 1, 7, 4, 3, 6, 5, A is entitled to a sequence of five. It is not necessary that the last five cards should fall in regular order, thus—3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

S. B. A., Chippewa Falls.—1. A wins. Such horses are not kept for hire; and only a man known as a careful driver and responsible withal could hire a horse that would go in 3:10. 2. Thanks; but we do not need one.

GOOD TEMPLAR, Holyoke.—A and C not having passed, and B having "rapped," C can either take the "widow" or draw from it—a privilege that is delegated to A in case C should stand his hand.

J. C. V., Hibernia.—1. Ordinarily, no. As there are exceptions to this rule, a particular case should be stated. 2. The partner at cassino cannot assist in that way. In fact, he cannot directly assist in any way.

F. M.—Ireland, as such, has no flag, and yet the Irish flag can be seen both here and in Dublin. The explanation of this seeming contradiction is that there is still an Ireland, and yet there is no longer an Ireland.

L. F.—No answers by mail. The Fay Templeton Troupe is traveling in Texas. A letter addressed to any member of the company in care of this office would soonest reach the person.

W. B. C., Terre Haute.—1. C. B. Elliott, Greenpoint, L. I.; John Kyle, Harlem, N. Y. City. Letters for them and for the Atalanta B. C. or Argonauta R. A., may be addressed in our care.

D. W.—Maggie Mitchell acted Jane Eyre in the drama of that name in the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 6, 7, 8, 9, 1871.

J. C. W.—Miss Clara Morris never acted in "Money" at the Union-square Theatre, in this city, nor did she act there four or five years ago.

F. S., Newburg.—It is not glue, but a strong solution of mucilage, which you can procure by order through almost any drug-store.

MELODEON, Boston.—It is not a scratch. A, having touched an object-ball in the first place, could not have missed.

JACK, Toronto.—You cannot "build two piles at cassino at once," but, having built one pile, you can build another before taking in the first.

L. M.—Trumps being led at euchre, you are not compelled to play a higher trump than said lead when you have a lower.

PETE DALTON, Buffalo.—1. Such an advertisement would cost $4.50 for each insertion. 2. For three months, cash in advance, $46.80.

A. A. H., Bridgeport.—The average salary of first-class horizontal-bar performers is about $40 and expenses per week when with a traveling company.

CHILLY BILL.—It is not a legitimate game, and the practice is unsettled. Common-sense suggests that he should look at his hand before he names the trump.

E. B. K., Frenchtown.—It will require five tricks for you to count four. Your opponent could not play alone against you, if the game was regular euchre.

G. J., McPherson.—1. You should enter a veterinary college or take service under an experienced veterinarian. 2. We cannot recall the name at present.

J. M., Carlinville.—If your "bunko" counts ten, then it is to be reckoned before sancho, which counts but nine, and before pedro, which counts but five.

J. W. B., Pittsburg.—The Lydia Thompson Troupe began an engagement at Niblo's Garden, in this city, Feb. 1, 1869, which terminated July 31 of that year.

E. J. C., New Haven.—That journal is temporarily suspended, and, we believe, there is no other paper devoted to the interests of that trade published in this city.

J. H. W., Beloit.—Having waived his right to shuffle and to cut the cards, B could not claim to exercise that right after the cards had been dealt.

CONSTANT READER.—We have no space for any such list. Two lines will probably suffice to decide the alleged bet, which should be stated.

BOXER, Phila.—1. For such preparation dumb-bells are preferable. 2. No one can rightfully claim the title of champion pugilist of the world.

CORPULENT SUBSCRIBER, Jersey City.—Our advice is that you consult some reputable physician in regard to the matter.

J. H. H., Mt. Clemens.—1. No. 2. It is a draw, if the contest was never begun. 3. Notify the revenue authorities that you are doing it.

RAMBLER, Terre Haute.—1. Katie Putnam is her stage name. Her mother (Mrs. McWilliams) used Putnam as a stage-name before her. Katie was born in Chicago, Ill., in 1852. 2. We have one there.

R. W. B., Providence.—Having made high-jack or high-game, and thus covered the two he gave, B goes out on his high, which takes precedence of C's low, no matter when the latter is made.

S. A. V.—1. We do not remember it. 2. You would not be likely to meet with encouragement just now. Those who have had years of experience find difficulty in getting their articles accepted.

BOSTON AND TAPLEY, Providence.—Neither of Sayers' arms was broken in his fight with Heenan, but the right was badly injured by stopping the latter's blows in the fifth round.

H. D., Buffalo.—1. Judge Fullerton has been in the free-for-all class since 1871, trotting in 2:19¾ at Beacon Park, Boston. 2. The trotting-horse J. H. Burke dropped dead on the Buffalo track Aug. 9, 1872.

GRAND DUKE ALEXIS, Boston.—1. We cannot say. 2. Hall is as yet at liberty. Ziegler has not yet signed, that we know of. 3. Cary plays with the Hartfords. 4. Cannot say. 5. We do not know.

CANADA, London.—We cannot say what it was outside of the metropolis, but the average attendance in Brooklyn on the three games was about 300. There have not been 15,000 people at a match since the fifty-cent tariff was introduced.

J. L. R., New Haven.—1. No; No. 3 is entitled to but two, having no right to go alone. 2. At railroad euchre No. 3 could go alone, and the three tricks would entitle him to four points.

J. M. C., Hillsboro.—1. We think that Delaware is the only State in which there is now such a practice or such a law. 2. We know nothing as to the other law, and have not the Kentucky statutes at hand.

SAVANNAH, Charleston.—1. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15 cents, will tell you all about it. 2. They are not related to each other. 3. Will endeavor to secure the desired information in season for next week's issue.

OLD READER, West Alexandria.—1. Send $1 to Ed. James for "How to Mix Drinks." 2. A lap means, in walking or running contests, one circuit of the course over which the race takes place. 3. Small tables.

MCT., Detroit.—The late Parepa Rosa was married only once. Her mother was a Miss Seguin, who married Baron Parepa De Royeska. Consequently, she was related to the persons named.

MISS S. A. REYNOLDS.—The only advice we can give you is to procure an engagement to play small business, and work your way up. It will be necessary to see some manager personally to accomplish this. No answers by mail.

GAY, Washington.—1. There are too many vacant lots on Euclid avenue, Cleveland, for it to be compared with Fifth avenue, this city. 2. In the opinion of most people there is no street like Fifth avenue, except in New York.

MERCHANT.—All games of pool are decided as soon as the player is apparently out, regardless of any forfeitures it is possible for him to incur by prolonging the game.

L. V. R., Dowagiac.—Your best plan would be to advertise that you wish to purchase the candy-privilege with some circus.

CLIPPER ADMIRER.—Tom King did not fight Yankee Sullivan, who had been dead over four years when King first appeared in the ring, Nov. 27, 1860.

"VILVAY LOIRE."—Some were received, some were not. Those we have on hand await your orders, as they are omitted "for cause."

SNOWBIRD.—We thank you for the lines, but their publication would serve no good purpose now. The dear brother will gradually drift away with the outgoing-tide.

E. C., Freeburg.—The count runs high, low, jack, game, bunko, pedro, mingo, when bunko is nine, pedro five, and mingo three.

E. F.—If there is a standing committee of entertainment, it should, at least as matter of courtesy, be entrusted with preliminaries as to proposed ball.

A AND B., Chicago.—The Cincinnati Club played a match with the Chicago Club at Chicago on Oct. 13, 1870, which was won by the Chicago nine by 16 to 13.

S. R. J., Hannibal.—1. Almost any hardware store can procure you a pair. 2. A misdeal at cassino forfeits the game.

G. A. K. JR.—The Grand Central Hotel is between Bleecker and what is now called West Third street, which formerly was Amity.

H. F. S., Newburg.—1. Mutton fat, without any salt in it. 2. We cannot undertake to draw distinctions between or recommend purchasable goods.

C. G. C., Tideoute.—Frank Swift, the ex-champion skater, and W. H. Bishop, of the troupe mentioned, are one and the same person.

BRICK, Baltimore.—4, 4, 3, 2, give B a sequence of three, and the added 6 by A and the 5 by B give B another sequence, this time of 5.

INQUIRER.—It will cost you $1 to copyright the words and music of a song. A copyright after the song has been published would be void.

GEO. H. T., Philadelphia.—Letters were advertised, and sent for by the parties you intended them for. See CLIPPER letter-list for Jan. 13.

L. M. CHAFFEE.—We mailed your letter to him on Jan. 22. His whereabouts can be seen from time to time in THE CLIPPER's amusement columns.

SPORT, St. Louis.—J. K. Emmet was born in your city, and made his first appearance on the stage there. 2. No relation whatever. 3. Lotta has never been married.

SUBSCRIBER, Cromwell.—Go by rail to Sidney, Nebraska, and thence by stage. We would advise you to stay at home.

M. L. G., St. Paul.—You could hire a harlequin's costume for a masquerade ball much cheaper than you could make one.

E. L. C.—Horizontal-bar performers receive from $25 to $100 per week, depending on their reputation and ability and length of the engagement.

F. C. W., Jackson.—We cannot give you the lady's present whereabouts. A letter addressed to her in care of this office will reach her.

W. W. S., Boston.—Regarded as simple flushes, that with the ace is the higher. Regarded as royal flushes, that ending with the ten is the higher.

ESPERAN, London.—Sig. Farini is now traveling with the Farini-Kappenheim Concert Company. See route in musical summary.

GRANGERS, Selma.—A euchre-player who has been proffered assistance cannot go alone.

J. W. C.—There is no rule of cribbage which would in such a case give C three points.

STEREOPTICON, Memphis.—Write to Theodore J. Harbach, Philadelphia, as per his advertisement in this issue.

CONSTANT READER, Detroit.—John Morrissey was never champion of the world.

LEWIS J. LELAND, Oxford.—Send to Ed. James for a catalogue.

C. A. A., St. Louis.—1. You are out on game. 2. 1, 4, 5, 7, 3, 2, and 6 make a run of seven for the player of the 6.

D. D. D.—A special State census taken last year gives the population of this city as 1,046,037.

P. B.—The value of silver is fluctuating greatly. Watch the prices-current, and seize your opportunity.

G. M., North Cambridge.—The dealer has the right to count both jacks.

AMATEUR, Mass.—You are mistaken. A drawn game is provided for under Section 8 of Rule II.

TEACHER, Penetanguiskan.—Your best plan is to advertise.

T. M. H., Louisville.—Seventy-five cents for each insertion.

E. P., Oostburg.—Adam Forepaugh's Menagerie is wintering in Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

STUMP TIPTON, Tremont.—You should have called out as soon as you made the four.

H. B. L., Boston.—Baby Girl's pedigree is not known. Her best record is 2:48.

E. M.—Buy the book called "Inquire Within." Ed. James, 88 Centre street, can furnish it.

E. F.—There is no fixed valuation; much depends on the reputation of the writer.

C. R. R., Cincinnati.—See advertisement in another part of this paper.

SHERBROOKE.—The two who threw 43 were entitled to the first and second prizes.

M. E., Portsmouth.—B is right. As there was no king on the board, A could not play one of his kings.

LAERTES.—Unfortunately, the lines are at present more familiar to us than the author is.

J. B., Eureka.—If A can make the two points he gave, his high will carry him out.

S. D. C., Richmond.—When we last heard of Kitty Whitland (a few weeks ago) she was performing in Texas.

A. W. F., Buffalo.—We make no charge for publishing them.

B. H. W. & Co., Sidney.—Low-jack goes out before high-game.

A. G. W.—Lola was recently performing in Richmond, Va. Watch our variety summary.

J. C. C., Middletown.—Mike McCoole was born in Ballabufay, County Donegal, Ireland.

T. J. D., Guelph.—His partner having assisted, A cannot play alone. Were A to play alone, how *could* C assist?

D. S., Brooklyn.—At draw-poker both the player calling and the player called must show their hands.

D. S., Brooklyn.—The player who holds high goes out, even though the other has already made low.

NICK, Concord.—Twelve is the count for 8, 3, and three 2's, at cribbage.

E. H., Memphis.—Your poem was not returned for that reason.

J. AND C., Cincinnati.—Hayes' majority in Ohio was 2,747.

TIM, Rochester.—We do not know his address. Write to Phelps, Dodge & Co., this city.

H. D.—Address a letter to Mr. Clifford, late of Runnells, Clifford and Murray, acrobats.

G. L. K., Milwaukee.—Apply to Roe Stephens, music-publisher, Detroit, Mich.

M. B. W., Rochester.—Address Grinnell, Minturn & Co., 88 South street, this city.

B. F.—B could not play it alone, and A, in making three tricks on a lone hand, was entitled to but one point.

M. J. M.—Three threes and a pair of sixes count eighteen at cribbage.

J. CLIFFORD, Cohoes.—Dick Liston is not champion of any weight.

GEO. M. COFFIN, Boston.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15 cents, contains the information.

G. W. A.—Old men receive from $40 to $250 per week; heavy men receive from $30 to $150 per week.

J. B. M., New Orleans.—See some manager in person, and let him hear you sing.

F. C. P., Manchester.—Fresh and reliable items of news will be acceptable.

HARRY, Princeton.—Write to Theodore J. Harbach, Philadelphia, as per his advertisement in this issue.

J. J. G.—The jack, the highest card in the game, is the highest in cutting at euchre.

JIM, St. Louis.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office will reach him.

W. J. R., London.—J. H. Anderson is at his home, in Norristown, Pa.

C. S. R., Fulton.—Goldsmith Maid's weight is about 900lb.

D. S.—B could claim out on five for the best trump.

C. E. B., Jackson.—Game will count before pedro.

KENO, Nashville.—We have a correspondent there.

CHARLIE, Philadelphia.—He can call out at once.

E. L. H., Marlboro.—We know nothing of them.

M. O. B., Chicago.—Of course, that is a sweep.

ED. C., Covington.—Game counts before pedro.

SUBSCRIBER.—Andrew Johnson *was* impeached.

EXTENUATE, Chicago.—A is out on his high.

SUBSCRIBER, Chicago.—See "A Reader."

L. M., Columbus.—No. Union-square.

SUBSCRIBER.—Will attend to it at once.

R. D. N., Urbana.—*New York Weekly.*

L. H. K., Boston.—A cannot so play.

F. J., Brooklyn.—Not at present.

ST. LOUIS.—It is not a wager.

M. BEAR.—Sent it on Jan. 2.

PUBLICITY has been given to the statement that, "when a Chinese bank fails, all the officers have their heads cut off and flung into a corner with the assets; and it has been five hundred years since there was a bank-failure in that country." This is worth knowing; and, now that we *do* know it, let's try it on *our* bank and insurance officials.

TIMES AND THINGS are very uncertain, and no man who is looking for an office can afford to commit himself to either horn of the Presidential dilemma. It is the better policy to assume a neutral stand, and be ready to jump the moment that the Compromise Committee count in the President. A word to the wise is sufficient.

RECOLLECT that, if Tilden is declared elected, we were the first to name him for the highest office in the gift of the people; but, if *Hayes* is the chosen one, let it be likewise remembered that we flew his flag before he was even thought of in any other quarter. We want to place ourself square upon the record.

THEY COMMENCED to pray in Wall street last week for the pernicious bulls and bears and wolves of that wild region. The movement has not been started a moment too soon, although it may be like throwing pearls before swine to seek to touch the flinty hearts of those heathen. However, the effort can do no harm.

WE HAVE societies for the prevention of cruelty to horses, and for the prevention of cruelty to children, etc.; but no one has ever thought of getting up a society for the prevention of children to cruel parents. What do you say? Let's start it.

WE PROPOSE that, when the Brooklyn Bridge is finished, we test it by sending across a load of Congressional reports and other pub. docs. If it can hold up under them, then none of "us journalists" need fear to go over.

AND now that we have disposed of the Presidential question, and that, too, without spilling a drop of crimson gore, let us once more go in pursuit of the duelists and their sanguinary abettors. Where, O where! are they now?

FROM ITS INCEPTION the Compromise Bill found ready supporters everywhere. The man who opposed it is to be made a show of when found.

BY WAY OF CHEER.

There has been cause enough for discouragement in theatrical circles of late. In the practice of rigid economy, which has been forced upon many people hitherto in easy circumstances, the luxury of the theatre has been cut off along with other luxuries. Hard times—that indefinite term which expresses anything and all things unpleasant—have had their effect upon the amusement world. The public has been in no mood for entertainment. When a man is in doubt as to where he will find the money to meet the claims of the butcher and the baker, he is not likely to take a very lively interest in dramatic performances. And since the entire population of the country cannot be made up of policemen, editors and employes of the Building Department, it is evident that all of us cannot attend the theatre without paying for our tickets. There's the rub. The taste for dramatic representations is as strong as ever, but the ability to gratify that taste is lacking. If managers chose to go out into the highways and hedges, to say nothing of the Broadways and avenues, to distribute tickets gratuitously, they could crowd their houses nightly. Unfortunately for the highways and hedges, that sort of thing would never settle the weekly pay-rolls; and so long as the world spins round in its present groove, so long we may expect to dance only when we pay the fiddler.

But hard times have not been the only obstacle against which the theatres were forced to combat. There has been another unfortunate and unforeseen circumstance, which has operated largely against the patronage of all places of amusement. The destruction of the Brooklyn Theatre by fire was a serious blow to the entire dramatic profession. This was felt more especially here in New York, but it has been felt also throughout the country at large. A calamity resulting in such disastrous loss of life threw a black pall over the public, and aroused fear in every breast. Nearly two months have elapsed since the fire, and yet it remains fresh in mind—so fresh that it serves to prevent many from attending any place of amusement. Add this feeling of dread to the general depression in business and trade, and it is no wonder that there has been cause enough for discouragement among our theatrical friends.

What is to be done? That question can be answered very readily. Let every actor and every manager stick to his work faithfully and well, and the clouds which have darkened the skies will be pierced in good time by the sunshine of renewed prosperity. Despondency needs to be shaken off, and pluck brought into play. This is not the hour for croakings. The stage should be kept up to its level, and made worthy of liberal patronage. Sooner or later, that patronage will come. The hard times have not squeezed out from the public breast the love for wholesome amusement; neither has it been burned out by the Brooklyn fire. This passing shadow will lift itself, and the theatre will come again into the bright rays of popular favor. It should be remembered that every profession and business has suffered more or less keenly from this financial depression. The theatre is called upon to suffer most severely, perhaps, because it draws its sustenance from a thousand different sources of industry. It occurs to us that, in weathering a storm like this, our managers cannot do a wiser thing than to put forth every energy to save the ship by keeping the ship itself in perfect trim. There is a strong temptation to cut down expenses by cheapening the quality of the performance given. This in the end will prove a false economy. If the standard of the stage is permitted to sink, its reputation will sink likewise. However discouraging it may seem to prepare a marriage-feast to which the invited guests do not respond, it is nevertheless imperative that the feast should be fittingly spread, and that the meat and wine should be of the choicest. A theatrical manager must be prepared to satisfy the critical taste of his audience, albeit the audience is small. Otherwise, the few who pass judgment upon what he has to offer will vent their opinion freely, and thus prevent others from tasting. A cheaper performance may serve to save some outlay of money for the time being, but it will prove a costly policy in the end. It will tend to implant prejudice against the stage. It will produce a more lasting and injurious effect than either the hard times or the Brooklyn disaster. We believe that a majority of our managers appreciate this fact, and it is pleasant to record that, in the midst of all recent discouragements, our theatres generally have been kept up to the highest standard of excellence.

A word to those upon whom the stage relies for support. Advising no man to go to the theatre whose conscience prevents him, THE CLIPPER would suggest that any who are restrained by no conscientious scruples may find pleasure and profit in theatric performances. If the times are hard, if the cares of business press heavily, if anxious thought burdens the mind—then so much greater the need for relaxation. There is enough of misery in the world to make everybody thankful for the opportunity to laugh. That money is not wasted which is expended for the privilege of innocent enjoyment. And we may get something better even than amusement from the stage. We may read the lessons of patience and charity from the mimic scene which mirrors nature; we may learn how men, at all times and ages, have been called upon to bear sorrow as a part of their earthly inheritance; and we may feel ourselves grown stronger from beholding the struggles and triumphs which others have endured and achieved. All this is to be gleaned from the stage. And as to the widespread fear which has followed in the wake of the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, it ought to be remembered that there was never a time when all places of public gathering were less exposed to the danger of fire than at present. Every theatre in the country has been subjected to a searching investigation, and whatever can be done to prevent a repetition of that terrible Brooklyn disaster has been done. Managers have joined with public officials to insure the safety of audiences, and their efforts are not likely to pass unrecognized. We believe that this spasm of fear will be of short duration. If one were to stand on no higher ground than the doctrine of chances, it might be argued that the very fact of the Brooklyn Theatre's burning lessens the probability of a similar occurrence for many years to come. With continued effort, then, on the part of theatrical managers to furnish only the best entertainment, and with restored confidence among the public, we may reasonably hope that the cloud which has darkened the dramatic firmament may speedily disclose its silver lining.

THEY ARE SEVERE but just in Allentown, Pa., and that is why a degraded being was arrested there recently for giving a policeman a "slurry smile." Once permit such familiarity, and the dignity of the nation loses one of its firmest props.

BURGLARS who seek to "go through" places "when evening sheds her veil of silver" will be likely to give Astoria a wide berth hereafter, for sentences of twenty and thirty-five years are somewhat discouraging these hard times.

SINCE IT HAS been discovered that Senator Anthony's illness was brought about by his partaking of partridges that had fed on laurel berries, we no longer eat partridges ourselves, but charitably give them to the poor.

WE THINK that the discussion about heating the street-cars had better be postponed until next Summer. At present the disputants get so heated that there is but little chance for the cars.

FROZE-IN OYSTERS are all the go down the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. "Maurice Coves" are all eove in, and Sounds are *all* sound. They are now selling for two shillings a bunch.

LET'S GET UP a Mardi-Gras carnival. It's a wonder nobody ever thought of this before.

THE WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP—MARTIN'S CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—The gentleman who sent to us a deposit on behalf of J. H. Martin of Ypsilanti, Mich., who challenges the world at collar-and-elbow wrestling, forwards the following, to which attention is directed. If Owens fails to accept the fair terms offered, he can no longer lay claim to the title of champion:

YPSILANTI, MICH., Jan. 26, 1877.

MR. FRANK QUEEN.—*Dear Sir*: Some three weeks ago I inclosed a challenge to your paper, accompanied with a draft for two hundred and fifty dollars, as a forfeit for a wrestling match for five hundred dollars a side between James Owens of Fairfield, Vt., and Jacob H. Martin, I backing the latter gentleman. Mr. Owens and his friends, for some cause unknown, seem extremely reticent on the subject. Perhaps the challenge may have escaped their notice. If so, I merely wish to say that the money still awaits their covering, and I will extend the time two weeks from date of publishing this card, and respectfully ask Mr. Owens or his backers to make good his claim to the championship by covering my deposit and naming a time when they will meet me to sign articles and put up the balance of the money. Should Mr. Owens decline this match, I will back Mr. Martin for the sum stated to wrestle any square-hold wrestler in the world; the match to take place in any one of the principal cities of the United States. Should this proposition be accepted by parties on the Pacific slope, I will give or take one hundred and fifty dollars for privilege of naming place of contest.

Very respectfully, F. R. EMERICK.

A COCK FIGHT for twenty-five dollars a side was decided at Allentown, Mich., Jan. 20, between one of Trask's Tornado strain and one of Watts' imported bluered strains. The Tornado was a fine brownred, weight 6lb; the blue a splendid-stationed bird, 6lb, 5oz. The brownred was an extra good sparrer, and the blue was an equally good dodger, and after a few passes they buckled in and made a rattling fight, the brownred being the quicker. The blue got badly crippled, and was killed in 40sec.

TH. BAUER'S CHALLENGE to wrestle Col. J. H. McLaughlin, Ernest Treher, or anybody else who considers himself good enough to take hold with the challenger, has not yet been accepted, and his one hundred dollars remain uncovered at this office.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On Jan. 22: Simon Ragland, colored, was hanged at Williamston, N. C., for the crime of rape upon the person of Miss Caroline Bidgood, white. ......Thomas Duffy of Pottsville, Pa., was sentenced to death for the murder of Policeman Yost......The Astoria, L. I., burglars, John James, Jerry McCarthy and James Riley, were sentenced respectively to 35, 20 and 18 years' imprisonment. The first-named is 44 years old, and the others both under 21 years.....Alfred Tarrant was fatally injured while coasting at Boston, Mass......Phillip Callaquin was killed in Pittsfield, Mass., by a mass of frozen earth falling upon him......At Mauch Chunk, Pa., Chas. Wagner was acquitted of the charge of poisoning Louise Boyer......John Flanders, after setting fire to the barns of N. S. Adams of Eden, Vt., attempted to shoot the latter......The Warren Manufacturing Company of Warren, Me., suspended—the liabilities including $45,000 outstanding bonds. ......Henry C. True of Lowell, Mass., died from the effects of a fall......Three men were killed and several others dangerously injured by a boiler-explosion at Ink Bayou, Ark......A cable-dispatch stated that the loss of the American ship George Green, with all on board, was beyond doubt. An inquest was held at Kingston, Eng., on the body of the captain's wife......Martin Boyle, aged 44, was killed while coasting at Providence, R. I......Fires: Upson & Herrick's furniture-factory, at Rockford, Ill.—loss about $30,000, insured for $6,000; William Adams' City Flouring-mills, at Joliet, Ill.—loss $30,000, insured for $8,000; T. A. Harris' Continental Dye and Finishing Works, at Philadelphia, Pa.—loss $5,000, fully insured; Frank Hall's dwelling-house, at North Raynham, Mass.—loss $3,500, insured for $2,500.

*** Jan. 23: *The Washington* (D. C.) *Chronicle* suspended......Michael Sullivan, a 'longshoreman of this city, was arrested on suspicion of drowning an unknown woman......Billy Thomas, a saloon-keeper at Plymouth, Pa., was shot dead by Peter Stryker, upon whom he had drawn a revolver......Magliore Blanchette, the St. Hyacinthe (Canada) incendiary, was sentenced to seven years' imprisonment...... Gustavus Haas was killed and Herman Haas perhaps fatally scalded by a boiler explosion at David Haas' brewery, Buffalo, N. Y......George W. Farnham shot and dangerously wounded Frank Gillespie in Boston, Mass......Fifteen miners perished by fire at the Stonehill Colliery, near Bolton, Eng......Commercial intercourse between China and Russia was stated to have been suspended, the Chinese Government having issued a prohibitory decree........Michael Dingley, a railroad fireman, was killed at Montpelier Junction, Vt......Peter Chester was lost overboard from the schooner Nellie May in Halifax Harbor, N. S......Linforth, Kellogg & Co., importers of hardware and agricultural implements, of San Francisco, Cal., failed; liabilities $250,000, assets $300,000......Henry Cox was shot and instantly killed by Ben O'Neal at Memphis, Tenn......At the same place, Detective Pryde was shot and mortally wounded by a colored burglar named Williams..... Charles Deiterle committed suicide by placing himself in front of a railway train at Hudson, N. Y. ......Eugene Christ, who shot his mistress, Mary Kelly, in this city, was sent to State-prison for ten years......Fires: Brown's Lumber Co.'s box-shop dry-house and several cars, at Whitefield, N. H.—loss about $17,000; the old Mayhew school-house, Boston, Mass.—loss $15,000, partially insured; Leigh & Wingate's store, at Hallowell, Me.—loss $5,000, insurance $4,000......The President vetoed the bill abolishing the District of Columbia Police Board.

*** Jan. 24: John Roberts, one of the Astoria, L. I., masked burglars, was sentenced to twenty years in State-prison......In the U. S. House of Representatives Mr. Wood's resolution, referring the President's message on the use of troops to a special committee, was adopted......The Riot Relief Fund trustees presented $1,000 to Patrolman John McDowell of this city as a reward for courage and forbearance in an encounter with an armed burglar......Mrs. H. T. B. Taylor and Mrs. McH. Slauer, wives of planters, were murdered in Gentry Settlement, Ark., by unknown persons, whose object was plunder.......The body of a woman found in Brooklyn, she having committed suicide Jan. 23, was identified as that of Mrs. Christiana Wambach.....The importation and transportation of foreign cattle in the Netherlands was prohibited by royal decree........Antonio Murviello, a Chilian sailor, was arrested in this city on suspicion of having drowned an unknown woman, for which supposed crime M. Sullivan had previously been arrested......Albert Potter, foreman of the Union Ice Company, died while dining in a restaurant at Providence, R. I......A Montreal express train was thrown from the track near Dorset, Vt., one passenger being injured......The abandonment at sea Jan. 5 of the American schooner Richard Rhodes was reported. Her crew were rescued. ......Edward O'Hara of Hudson County, N. J., convicted of selling liquor and tobacco without a license, was sentenced to pay a fine of $2,000, and to be imprisoned until the same is paid.

*** Jan. 25: The Compromise Bill passed the United States Senate at 7.30 A. M......Upon conviction of highway robbery, committed in this city, George Lewis was sentenced to twenty years, and Peter Delaney to fifteen years in State-prison...... De Berry the telegraph operator testified to the receipt in Florida of improper dispatches from Secratary Chandler, the latter denying De Berry's statements......Sheriff Manning was reported to have died at Austin, Miss., on the 24th, from a gunshot-wound inflicted by John Fretwell, who was recently pardoned out of the Mississippi State-prison through the efforts of his victim......Garrett C. Vankirk, aged 24, committed suicide in this city, while laboring under a fit of despondency caused by ill-health......A memorial service in honor of the late Vice-president Wilson was held by the citizens of Natick, Mass......It was stated that, on the 24th, at Centre, O., Harrison Twiner shot and killed Anderson Richmond, and then committed suicide......Laren Grove of Concord, N. H., was frozen to death......Mrs. Smith, a nurse, was thrown from a sleigh near Hackensack, N. J., receiving injuries which produced instant death......A statue of Robert Burns was unveiled by Lord Houghton at Glasgow, Scotland......Otto Moses was dangerously shot by J. R. Walker at New Orleans, La......Daniel Knox fell overboard near Chelsea Bridge, Boston, Mass., and died from the effects of exhaustion..... The murder at sea on Nov. 4 of Marshall Fessenden, first-mate of the bark Newlight, by George Collins, a sailor, was reported.

*** Jan. 26: The Compromise Bill passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 191 to 86..... W. Kay Neil was hanged at Albany, Oregon, for the murder of Seth W. Hays......At Worcester, Mass., thirteen boys implicated in the riot at the Westboro Reform School were sentenced to the House of Correction for from one to three years.......B. W. Stockton, chief-clerk of the Willard Hotel, Louisville, Ky., was shot, perhaps fatally, by W. C. D. Whipps, his employer......Mrs. Mary Gerry, aged 55, was found frozen to death near Meadville, O......The Sixth Police Precinct of this city was abolished, its territory being divided between the Fourth and Fourteenth Precincts...... Mrs. Mary Drexel of Passaic, N. J., died from burns caused by her clothes taking fire........ The schooner Mary Louise was sunk by ice opposite Manhattanville, this city, Philip Handy being drowned......Mrs. Gustav Hubershoff committed suicide in this city......The importation into or transportation through France of horned-cattle, sheep or goats, from Germany, England, Austria, the Danubian Principalities or Turkey, was prohibited......The congregation of Cardinals ordered by the Pope to examine the Clerical Abuses Bill in Italy declared that it violates the liberty of the clergy......W. W. Christian and Wm. Howell were killed by the bursting of an agitator at an oil-refinery in Cleveland, O......Edward T. W. Wright of Contoocookville, N. H., was fatally injured by falling from a railroad train......Mrs. Crouch, recently deserted by her husband and driven insane by suffering and want, burned her ten-day-old infant to death on a stove near Sackett's Harbor, L. I. ......Ed. P. Haskell and P. J. Kelly, firemen, were dangerously injured by an explosion at South Boston, Mass......A snowslide occurred near Laramie City, Wyoming, by which Thomas Hodgson lost his life......A coroner's jury near Shawangunk, N. Y., found that the death of Mrs. Omelia was caused by injuries inflicted by her husband, Thomas....Nellie Crowley of South Boston, Mass., was drowned...... J. L. Whitey and a man named James were killed on the railroad at Worcester and Boston, Mass., respectively.........Deputy U. S. Marshal Robert Gibson was shot dead by Robert Drury at Memphis, Tenn......Fires: Jenney's kerosene-oil works, South Boston, Mass.—loss over $60,000; Smith's Block, at Medina, N. Y.—loss $50,000; the New Brunswick Red Granite Co.'s works, etc., at Carleton, N. B.—loss $25,000; the Garfield Building, at New Haven, Ct.—loss $30,000, partially insured......The Metropolitan Fire-insurance Co. of this city was placed in the hands of a receiver.

*** Jan. 27: Morris Springfield, who killed his sister Alice in a house of ill-repute in Philadelphia, was found guilty of murder in the second degree. ......William R. Massick, Democratic Sheriff-elect from Avoyelles Parish, was shot dead by Policeman McMahon at New Orleans, La......An explosion in a rag-cleansing establishment at Bronxville, N. Y., caused injuries to Fletcher and Thomas Wilson which will probably prove fatal......The schooner John Bright arrived at San Francisco, Cal., having on board Captain Stewart and three apprentice boys of the British ship Ada Iredale, which was burned at sea Oct. 14 ....Mrs. Bentley of Chatham, Ont., was burned to death, and her husband seriously injured, by the upsetting of a coal-oil lamp......George Richey was run over by an ox-team and fatally injured at Guildhall, Vt......J. W. Stockton of Louisville, Ky., died there from a gunshot wound received at the hands of W. C. Whipps......Losses by fire: The Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind.—loss about $150,000, partially insured; McLaughlin's furniture store, and other buildings, at Parker City, Pa.—loss $25,000, partly insured; the Ellenville (N. Y.) Glass Works—loss $16,000, lightly insured; H. Allen & P. Smith's creamery, near Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—loss $4,500, insured for $3,500........Three children named P. Dube were burned to death at St. Flaive, Quebec, Canada.

*** Jan. 28: Messrs. Moody and Sankey began their revival meeting at the new tabernacle, Tremont street, Boston, Mass......Col. Wm. B. Coan committed suicide by taking laudanum at Lawrence, Mass......Chas. Dodworth of Cincinnati, O., shot and killed a saloon-keeper named Henry Sasse...... Losses by fire: Merriman's block, Hartford, Ct., in which were located the Plympton Manufacturing Company and other firms—loss $220,000, insured for $144,250; Porter, Tennants, Boyts & Co.'s foundry, Connellsville, Pa.—loss $15,000, covered by insurance; Adams' block, Biddeford, Me.—loss $15,000; insurance $7,000; J. G. Cummings' boarding-house, Hallowell, Me.—loss $3,000, insurance $2,000...... It was cabled that W. E. Gladstone, in a speech at Taunton, Eng., denounced the Turks, and advocated a rigorous foreign policy...... Gen. Ignatieff, the Russian Ambassador, left Constantinople, Turkey. ....Prince Milan was reported to have manifested his readiness to open peace negotiations with the Porte......Lau An Fang, a Chinaman residing in this city, was fatally assaulted with a hatchet, by, as is alleged, Elan Ah Fun and Antoni Henchi.

*** Jan. 29: The Electoral Compromise bill was signed by President Grant, and at one o'clock P. M. U. S. Grant Jr. delivered to the Senate the bill and an accompanying message of approval......The appeal of Slade, the American spiritualist, was argued in London, Eng., his conviction being quashed on a purely legal technicality.

SKATING.—The sport was lively in the metropolis last week, and the Central and Prospect Park lakes were crowded to excess on the best skating days. On Thursday, Jan. 25, there was a grand roller-skating fete at the Brooklyn Rink, when nearly 4,000 people crowded the building, over five hundred skaters being on the floor. There were races and exhibitions, together with a grand concert. On Saturday nights twenty five cents is charged, and the result is a crowded attendance. At the Capitoline Lake the carnival day has been changed from Wednesday to Tuesday of each week, with boys' races on Saturday.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

ASHMEAD, Mrs. Ann Lehman—Daughter of Dr. George Lehman, who was a surgeon in the Revolutionary War—Philadelphia, Jan. 20, aged 89.

BURRELL, Rev. J. Dgen—Born near Bellefonte, Pa., in 1829, and in 1855 was graduated from the Pennsylvania Lutheran College, Gettysburg, Pa. About two years ago he became pastor of St. Matthew's English Lutheran Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., and there he died on Jan. 21.

BAXTER, John C.—Engaged in the ship-chandlery business for forty-eight years—this city, Jan. 19.

BLITZ, Signor—Magician, etc. (See amusement columns)—Philadelphia, Jan. 28, aged 66.

COLEMAN, Rev. Seymour—A leading clergyman in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and a member of the Troy Conference in this State—Williamsport, Pa., Jan. 26, aged 83.

DOWLSEY, James—For many years with A. T. Stewart & Co. Suddenly—this city, Jan. 28.

DEANE, Capt. Thomas M.—Of the U. S. Army—Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 21, aged 66.

DREW, Dr. E. C.—Owner of the Commonwealth Hotel, Boston, and president of the Eleventh Ward National Bank—Boston, Mass., Jan. 26, aged about 60.

FREEMAN, William P.—A block and pump maker in Baltimore, Md., for thirty-nine years past—there, Jan. 20, aged 66.

FARRELL, Anna Marie—Daughter of Martin Farrell, steward of the steamship City of Merida, and niece of the late Rev. John McGunn and Rev. Dean Gunn—this city, Jan. 28, aged 18.

GRANT, John C.—Well-known in Philadelphia and in Trenton, N. J.—Philadelphia, Jan. 26, aged 62.

HAINES, Hon. Daniel—A member of the Prison Reform Association, president of the Sussex County (N. J.) Bible Association, and a trustee of Princeton College. He was elected Governor of New Jersey in 1847, and was for many years one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of that State—Hamburg, N. J., Jan. 26, aged 73.

HOOD, Major Charles W.—A highly-esteemed resident of Carroll County, Md., where at one time he was a surveyor—Hood's Mill, Md., Jan. 19.

HANEWINCKEL, Frederick William—Of the Richmond (Va.) firm of F. W. Hanewinckel & Co., and Consul for Germany and Austria. He was born in Bremen in 1821, and settled in Richmond in 1841, becoming a member of E. W. De Voss & Co. In 1875 he presented to the Protestant Episcopal churches the spacious residence and adjoining lot on the east side of Fourth street, north of Lehigh, in that city—Richmond, Jan. 27.

HOLLINS, James B.—For thirty years a merchant in Philadelphia—there, Jan. 21, aged 69.

HAWORTH, Willis—Wealthy farmer of Roseburg, Ind.—there, Jan. 25, aged about 40.

JONES, George A.—A prominent business man of Zanesville, O., for fifty years past—there, Jan. 20, aged 77.

KNIGHT, Leroy—Well known at one time in sporting circles, and a warm friend of the late John C. Heenan. Reported to have died worth a half million dollars—this city, last week, aged 48.

LEE, JR., Capt. Luther—Collector of the Port of Norfolk, Va. He was born in Jamestown, N. Y., in 1833, being the son of the still living Rev. Luther Lee, D.D., who led the secession movement of the Wesleyans from the Methodist Episcopal Church. The deceased, at the breaking-out of the Civil War, returned from California and assisted in organizing the Twentieth Regiment of New York cavalry, in which he was a captain at the close of the war—Norfolk, Jan. 22.

LEWIS, Peter G.—A native of Morris County, N. J., a life long Democrat who voted for Jefferson for President and finally for Tilden, and a veteran of the War of 1812—Jersey City Heights, N. J., Jan. 24.

LYONS, Charles V.—A resident of the Tenth Ward, this city, for forty-three years, and a marshal and constable for fourteen—here, Jan. 22, aged 43.

LOOKE, Eliza—Eldest daughter of the late Captain Freeborn Looke—this city, Jan. 28.

LITTLE, Ralph B.—One of the oldest lawyers in Northern Pennsylvania—Montrose, Pa., Jan. 25.

LIVENSELTER, Mahlon O.—Well-known conveyancer in Philadelphia—there, Jan. 22, aged 50.

McKAY, Alexander—An old real-estate operator in Philadelphia—there, Jan. 21, aged 90.

McLELLAN, George William—Formerly Second-assistant Postmaster-general—Washington, D. C., Jan. 24, aged 72.

McGREGOR, Robert—Of the McGregor Linseed Oil Company, and treasurer of the Baltimore Pearl Hominy Company. He was also a member of the Corn and Flour Exchange of Baltimore, Md.—that city, Jan. 22, aged 37.

MILLER, Livingston K.—Counselor-at-law—Englewood, N. J., Jan. 24, aged 53.

MORGAN, Judith P.—Wife of General M. R. Morgan, U. S. Army—Washington Heights, this city, Jan. 26.

McNALLY, John T.—Long a hotel-keeper on the Coney Island road, L. I.—there, Jan. 20.

MATSINGER, Charles A.—Of the firm of Matsinger & Bros., Philadelphia—that city, Jan. 24, aged 41.

NORRIS, Col. John A.—For the past eight years U. S. Pension-agent at Columbus, O. During the Civil War he was colonel of the Ninety-eighth Ohio Regiment, and lost a leg at Lookout Mountain—Columbus, Jan. 19.

PAYSON, Rev. Charles H.—this city, Jan. 24.

PRICE, William—An old Baltimore merchant. In the War of 1812 he was a gunner on the frigate Constitution, and was in the engagement leading to the surrender of the British frigate Guerriere—Baltimore, Jan. 22, aged 84.

RYAN, Thomas—Formerly of the Volunteer Fire Department of this city, and for nearly thirty years captain at the Superior Court—Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 24, aged 62.

ROBBINS, Hon. Ebenezer—An Assemblyman from the Fourth Oneida District in 1842—Lee, Oneida County, N. Y., Jan. 22, aged 83.

SMITH, Richard Somers—Author of a work on topographical drawing and of one on linear perspective, and chief of the Department of Drawing at Annapolis, Md. Born in Philadelphia in 1813, and graduated at West Point in 1834, returning in 1840 as professor of drawing, after having spent four years at railroad engineering. In 1856 he resigned from the army, holding a professorship of drawing, mathematics and engineering at the Brooklyn Institute till 1859, and the directorship of Cooper Institute till the outbreak of the Rebellion, when he re-entered the army May 14, 1861, as major of the Twelfth Infantry. He served in the Rappahannock campaign, and commanded a brigade at Chancellorsville in May, 1863. In the same year he was chosen president of Girard College, Philadelphia, a post he held till September, 1867—Baltimore, Md., Jan. 23.

STRONG, Col. Robert—A prominent lawyer of Wilmington, N. C.—there, Jan. 24.

THORNE, Rollin—Father of Dr. H. M. Thorne and for many years a resident of Lima, Peru, S. A.—Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 27, aged 66.

UNDERHILL, Mrs. L. A.—Relict of the late Gen. James E. Underhill—Brooklyn, N. Y., Jan. 27.

VAN ORDEN, Capt. Jacob R.—Of Hook-and-ladder Company No. 5—this city, Jan. 22, aged 37.

WHITLOCK, Capt. Haddock.—Matawan, N. J., Jan. 24, aged 77.

WALES, Gideon—Prominent citizen of Sullivan County, N. Y., and a delegate to the last Constitutional Convention—Pike Pond, N. Y., Jan. 20, aged 68.

WINANT, Mary Johnson—Widow of Capt. Winant Winant—Rossville, S. I., N. Y., Jan. 22, aged 82.

WELLS, Mary S. Dwight—Wife of Hon. David S. Wells the economist, and sister-in-law of Dr. Fordyce Barker—this city, Jan. 27.

WARWICK, Corbin—A native of Amherst County, Va., but long a resident of Richmond. He was one of the members of the old Richmond Light-infantry Blues—that city, Jan. 23, aged 84.

AQUATIC.

ICEBOAT REGATTA ON THE HUDSON.—The opening regatta of the present season, under the auspices of the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Iceboat Association took place on Saturday, Jan. 27, the novelty and exciting character of the affair attracting to the scene nearly one thousand spectators. The entries numbered but six, viz., Aaron Innis' Haze, O. H. Booth's Restless, Jacob Buckhout's Gracie, J. A. Roosevelt's Icicle, A. Innis' Hail and F. V. Johnston's Ella, and the course was four miles down stream to a flag placed off Milton Dock and return, eight miles in all. Captain James Martin sailed the Ella, Frank Smith the Hail, and Rich. Knight the Haze, the others being sailed by their respective owners, while all but the Haze carried a runner-plank man. The vessels were sent off fifteen seconds apart in this order: Ella, Hail, Restless, Icicle, Gracie and Haze, and the flag at Milton was rounded first by the Hail, then by the Gracie, with the Restless, Haze, Icicle and Ella following, the last-named having occupied 43min. 10sec. in covering the four miles. The Hail held the lead on the run back, crossing the line five seconds before the Restless, but the latter won on time allowance. The speed attained was not great, in consequence of the bad condition of the ice, which was rough and soft. Summary of time:

	Start.			Finish.			Time of Race.	
Ella	11h.	53m.	00s.	12h.	58m.	45s.	1h.05m.	45s.
Hail	11	53	15	12	51	10	57	55
Restless	11	53	30	12	51	15	57	45
Icicle	11	53	45	12	53	20	59	35
Gracie	11	54	00	12	57	35	1.03	35
Haze	11	54	15	12	53	46	59	31

ICEBOAT RACING.—Lack of wind and the imperfect condition of the ice decided the Committee of Arrangements for the events advertised to take place Jan. 26 under the auspices of the New Hamburg (N. Y.) Club, to postpone the principal race until after a thaw or rain. The scrub race was started, however, eleven boats taking part, the course being up stream two miles, from the New Hamburg Dock to Van Rensselaer's Point and back, to be gone over twice. The wind was light nearly all the time, and the race devoid of interest in consequence. It was won by the Flying Cloud, owned by Irving Grinnell, which occupied 53min. 10sec. in the run. The Zephyr was second, Phantom third, Zero fourth, Quickstep fifth, and Whiff sixth. Judges: Philip Schuyler, A. Myers and P. M. Van Wyck.

THE ENTRIES for the Challenge Cup for scullers offered by the proprietors of *The Newcastle* (Eng.) *Chronicle* embrace all the notable English scullers of the day except Higgins, whose absence is attributable to the fact that, by entering into this competition, he would be waiving, in favor of Boyd, the very point for which he has been standing out in his negotiations for a match with the latter—that the Thames is the proper place on which to decide the question of the championship.

THE MALTA BARGE CLUB of the Quaker City is now officered as follows: President, Charles T. Illman; vice-president, Charles Breisford; secretary, W. H. Lees; treasurer, Samuel B. Illman; captain, Wm. F. Warthman; vice-captains, Edward A. Keene and Peter A. Sherman; representatives, John A. Huneker and Isaac Bedechimer.

A COMMITTEE has been formed in London, Eng., for the purpose of collecting funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of Izaak Walton, whose memory will be forever cherished by lovers of the "gentle art" of angling. Walton died Dec. 15, 1683, aged 90, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral.

SHOULD THE BAY become frozen sufficiently to admit of making a survey, a two and a three mile course will be laid out off City Point, Boston, Mass., by members of the C. P. R. Ass.

THE SHAWMUTS of Boston, Mass., are to have a new boathouse, to be located near Dover-street Bridge. Work will be commenced upon it shortly.

MAHONEY, FLANNERY and the Gookins are spoken of as a Boston, Mass., four-oared crew for the season of 1877.

WILL WRESTLE HIM.—John McMahon, who is now in San Francisco, Cal., writes to us under date of Jan 17, saying that, as soon as he fulfills his engagement with Col. McLaughlin, entered into some time ago, he will be prepared to wrestle J. H. Martin of Ypsilanti, Mich., or any other man, square hold, for $500 or more a side.

BASEBALL.

THE NEW CHAMPIONSHIP CODE.

Our Chicago correspondent has furnished us with a copy of the League championship code for 1877, as revised at the last convention, together with a copy of the constitution. The former we give in full below, and from the latter we make such extracts as will be of interest to our professional readers.

THE NEW CODE.

SECTION 1. The championship of the United States established by this League shall be contended for (by the clubs composing this League) under the following rules, namely:

No club shall be allowed to enter the lists for the championship until it has paid its annual dues.

The championship season shall extend from the 15th day of March to (and including) the 15th day of November, and no game shall count in the championship series unless played during the championship season.

No game played on Sunday shall count in the championship series.

SEC. 2. Every game played between two clubs from the commencement of the championship season to the completion of the championship series, between such clubs, shall be a game for the championship (unless played on Sunday).

SEC. 3. Each club shall play the following number of games with every other club: If six or seven clubs be members of the League on the first day of the championship season, twelve games; if eight or nine clubs, ten games; if ten clubs, eight games: provided, however, that if any game be prevented by rain, or if a tie or drawn game be played, the visiting club shall not be required to extend its stay, or to again visit such city for the sole purpose of playing off such tie or drawn game, or game prevented by rain.

SEC. 4. Each club shall be entitled to have half of the championship series of games with every other club played on its own grounds.

SEC. 5. All games shall be arranged for in writing, and so as to complete the championship series before the expiration of the championship season. Each agreement to play shall provide for an equal number of return games, and specify dates for each game covered by the agreement, which dates shall subsequently be changed only by the written consent of the parties to such agreement.

SEC. 6. A club shall be entitled to forfeited games—to count in its series as games won by a score of nine runs to none—in cases where the umpire in any championship game shall award the game to such club on account of the violation by the contesting club of any playing-rule of this League.

SEC. 7. Drawn, tie and postponed games shall not count in the series in favor of either contestant, but may be played off if sufficient time exist before the close of the season.

SEC. 8. The club which shall have won the greatest number of games in the championship series shall be declared the champion club of the United States for the season in which such games were played. In the event that two or more clubs shall have won the same number of games, then the club which shall have lost the smaller number shall be declared the champion.

The emblem of the championship shall be a pennant (of the national colors), to cost not less than one hundred dollars ($100). It shall be inscribed with the motto "Champion Baseball Club of the United States," with the name of the club and the year in which the title was won; and the champion club shall be entitled to fly the pennant until the close of the ensuing season.

SEC. 9. The championship shall be decided in the following manner, namely:

Within twenty-four hours after every match game played for the championship, the home club shall prepare and forward to the secretary of the League a statement containing the full score of the game, according to the system specified in the "playing-rules," the date, place where played, and the names of the clubs and umpire: provided that no tie or drawn game shall be considered "a game" for any purpose, nor shall the score thereof be forwarded to the secretary.

At the close of the season the secretary shall prepare a tabular statement of the games won and lost by each club, according to the statements so sent him (which statements shall be the sole evidence in the matter), and submit the same, with the statements so sent him, to the Board, who shall make the award in writing, and report the same to the League at its annual meeting. In making the award the Board shall consider:

1. The tabular statement of the secretary.
2. Forfeited games.
3. Games participated in by clubs which have withdrawn, disbanded or forfeited their membership without completing their championship series with all other League clubs; such clubs shall be counted to the following extent, namely: The Board shall ascertain the least number of championship games played by such club with any club remaining in the League, and shall, from the first games participated in during the championship season by such retired club, count in the series of each League club a similar number of games, and all other games participated in by such retired club shall not be counted in the championship series; provided that if such retired club shall have failed to play at least one championship game with every League club, all games participated in by it shall be thrown out entirely.

It will be seen that the number of games composing the championship quota this year will depend upon the number of clubs which have entered by March 15. Each club must play six games on the grounds of the opposing club. Drawn games do not count in the series.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL RULES.

The article of constitution governing special club rules reads as follows:

ARTICLE V.—CLUBS.

SECTION 1. Each club belonging to this League shall have the right to regulate its own affairs, to make its own contracts, to establish its own rules, and to discipline its own players; provided that nothing shall be done in violation of or contrary to this constitution or the playing-rules.

SEC. 2. No club shall employ as manager, scorer or player any person who has willfully violated any provision of this constitution or of the playing-rules, or who has been discharged, dismissed or expelled from any club belonging to this League, or who shall be disqualified from playing with a League club under any provision of this constitution; and any club which shall employ or play, or attempt to play, in its nine, in any championship game, a player disqualified by any provision of this constitution, shall at once forfeit its membership in the League, and all other clubs must and shall, under penalty of the forfeiture of their membership in the League, abstain from playing any such club until it shall have been reinstated or re-elected to membership.

SEC. 3. Any club having agreed to play with another club upon a day certain, and refusing or failing to meet its engagement, shall (unless the failure be caused by an unavoidable accident in traveling, or the game be prevented by rain or postponed with the consent, in writing, of the other club) at once forfeit its membership in the League; and all other League clubs must and shall, under penalty of the forfeiture of their membership in the League, abstain from playing any such club until it shall have been reinstated or re-elected to membership.

SEC. 4. In any case subject to the provisions of Sections 2 or 3 of this article, the club not in default shall at once notify the secretary of the League, by writing or telegraph, of the default of the other club, stating the particulars of such default, and upon the receipt of such notice the secretary shall at once notify all League clubs, and the club in default, of the forfeiture of membership of such club, stating in such notice the nature of the default, and referring to the section of this article under which such forfeiture of membership was incurred.

SEC. 5. Every club-member of this League shall have exclusive control of the city in which it is located, and of the territory surrounding such city to the extent of five miles in every direction, and no visiting League club shall, under any circumstances—not even with the consent of the local League club, until all League games on that ground shall have been finished—be allowed to play any club in such territory other than the League club therein located.

It will be seen that the second section is properly stringent in its application to managers as well as players. Clubs failing to play their quota of games are to be expelled from the League. The old five-mile rule is still in force. The article in relation to contracts with players will be read with interest. It is as follows:

ARTICLE XI.—CONTRACTS.

SECTION 1. Contracts hereafter made between the clubs, members of this League, and their players shall be made under and in view of the following provisions:

No club shall be prevented from contracting with a player for the reason that he is already under contract with another club; provided the service to be rendered under the second contract is not to begin until the expiration of the first contract.

No formal words of contract shall be required. It shall be sufficient if the contract be made in writing, be dated, specify the time, indicate the service, and be signed by the player and some officer or recognized agent of the club, and one witness.

Every contract made after Jan. 1, 1877, shall contain the following stipulations: "It is also agreed by the parties hereto that this contract shall not be valid or binding until the receipt by the secretary of 'The National League of Professional Baseball Clubs' of a notification, signed by the parties hereto, of the making of this contract; and it is further agreed that, should the club party hereto lose its membership in said 'National League of Professional Baseball Clubs' at any time before the expiration of the period covered by this contract, then immediately upon such loss of membership the mutual contract obligations of the parties hereto shall at once cease and terminate."

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of a club, as soon as it shall have entered into a contract with a player, to file a notification of the same, stating therein that the provisions of Section 1 of this article have been complied with, and signed by the club and the player, with the secretary of the League, who shall endorse thereon the date of its reception, and forthwith notify every other League club of such contract, and no contract shall be valid until the receipt of such notice by the secretary.

SEC. 3. Whenever a club releases a player from his contract, that club shall at once notify the secretary of the League in writing, who shall in turn notify all the other clubs. In case the release shall have been granted for a cause that does not in any manner reflect upon the character of the player, there must be written upon the notice a statement to that effect, otherwise it shall be inferred from such notice that such player has been in fact dismissed, discharged or expelled, and he shall not be eligible to make any contract for the remainder of the season with any League club.

A player who has been released from his contract without imputation may engage with any other club twenty days thereafter.

No player who has been dismissed or expelled from a League club shall, at any time thereafter, be allowed to play with any League club (either the one expelling him or any other), unless upon his appeal to the Board such dismissal or expulsion shall have been set aside.

SEC. 4. A player whose contract has expired or become void by reason of his club's disbanding, withdrawing from or losing its membership in the League may engage for the remainder of the season with any other League club, provided such engagement shall not commence within twenty days of such disbanding or withdrawal.

RULES FOR PLAYERS.

Most of the League clubs have drawn up special rules for the government of their players. Some of these are very good, while others could be improved upon. Below we give the rules of the Louisville:

1. Each player must keep his uniform clean, neat and in good repair, at his own expense, and must see that the spikes in his shoes are securely fastened.
2. Players in uniform must not converse or mingle with friends in the audience.
3. Smoking while in uniform or drinking at a bar is forbidden.
4. No player, excepting the captain or his assistant, shall dispute a decision of the umpire, unless called upon by the umpire or the captain to give testimony.
5. When at home, players must not appear on the ground in uniform earlier than thirty minutes previous to the hour advertised for commencing the game.
6. When on visiting grounds, players must enter the field together, or as near so as possible.
7. Fungo batting in the presence of an audience is prohibited.
8. Players must not invite friends or acquaintances to ride in conveyances to and from the grounds without the permission of the manager.
9. Players are required to deport themselves in a gentlemanly manner at all times, to dress neatly, to avoid association with gamblers or men who are known to bet publicly on the games.
10. While traveling, players must conduct themselves in a quiet and gentlemanly manner, and guard against practices which will injure their own reputation or that of their club.

The second clause reads strangely at first, but the intent of it is to keep the players from such conversation during a game, so as to preclude the idea of any betting arrangement being made. Not that such a thing might be done, but in order that no suspicion of the kind might be aroused. Of course when a player, in these days of pool-gambling influences, is seen in the midst of a contest talking with some spectator or other, the inference might be drawn from such act that something wrong was going on. This the club-managers wish to avoid. The third clause is not comprehensive enough. Not only should drinking at a bar be prohibited, but total abstinence from intoxicating liquors should be a fixed rule of the season.

The seventh clause is a good one. Of all forms of practice on the field, "Fungo"-batting is the least useful. All it does is to give outfielders practice in catches. It spoils the sight for batting at balls sent in by the pitcher.

"THE OFFICIAL BOOK OF THE LEAGUE" has just been issued by A. G. Spalding & Bro. of Chicago. It is fifty per cent. larger than last year, and presents a very neat appearance typographically. So many changes having been made in the rules of the game, it will be necessary for every ball-player in the country to post himself beforehand. Attention is called to the advertisement of the book in another column.

THE KING PHILIPS of Rockland, Mass., are to hold their twelfth annual bal-masque at Phoenix Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 2. This is one of the great events of the ball season in Rockland.

A GOOD baseball-player advertises for an engagement.

THE PLAYERS OF 1876.

The Short-stops.

We well remember playing in a match at Hoboken in 1847—thirty years ago that was—when we were placed at short-field, that being the position selected for the weakest players, as at that time the duties of short-stop were merely to attend on the pitcher, pick up balls for him, etc. Some years after this it began to be seen that the short-field was an important position, Dicky Pearce of the Atlantic nine being the first man to develop the points of play the position offered. Then came Johnny Grum of the Eckfords, and these two became rival and champion short-stops of the period. Among the old short-stops of twenty years ago were McKinstry of the Putnams, Cole of the Excelsiors, Gelston of the Eagles, Tooker of the Gothams, Sam Patchen of the Stars, Hoyt of the Empires, and Dr. Adams of the Knickerbockers. At that time, with the large and heavy bats in use and a ball having nearly three ounces of rubber in it, and being ten inches in circumference, most of the heavy work was done in the outfield. The infielders seldom thought of stopping hard-hit grounders, as it was too risky of broken fingers and split hands; but, instead, they laid for short bounders, the bound-catch of fair balls being then the rule. It can readily be imagined what a contrast the play at short-field presented at the period we refer to in comparison with the masterly work the position admits of now, as exhibited in the play of 1876.

The feature of a short-stop's duties is "backing up"—that is, supporting the players of the other infield positions. In doing this he very frequently becomes a second-base-player, as also a third-baseman for the time being. Last season we saw George Wright make a wonderful catch of a fly-ball right back of third-base, the base-player being unable to get back enough in time to catch the ball. When the second-base-player finds it a point to play to take up his position at right short-field to cover right-field ground-hits, the short-stop attends to second-base. This season this feature of a short-stop's play will have to be attended to more frequently than last season, owing to the character of the hitting which is likely to mark the season's play, and the fact that fair-fouls will be fewer than before under the new rule, and straight ground-hits to second-base more frequent. In regard to the percentage of chances for putting players out in the short-stop's position, Peters took the lead in the record of 1876, Dickey Pearce being second and Force third. But the most brilliant short-field play of the season was that of George Wright, who still ranks as the champion short-stop of the League arena. We have been surprised that the St. Louis Club allowed such an earnest and effective worker as Mack to leave the nine. Fully reliable, plucky in facing hot ground balls, quick in handling them, and generally accurate in his throwing, Mack did some excellent service in the St. Louis nine in 1876. Pearce played his old, steady and effective game when in good trim for play, and what he does no know about "points" in short-field play is not worth learning. A peculiarity of Dick's play is his nerve, coolness and judgment in critical emergencies, when most players "lose their heads," as the saying is. This was a weakness of Holdsworth before he went to his home position at centre-field, and it was also the case with Kessler, who too frequently did not know what to do with the ball after fielding it finely from the bat. Of all positions in the infield, that of the short-stop is the one which offers the most chances for strategic points, especially in making double-plays. Time and again have we seen a short-stop make a splendid pick-up of a hot ground-ball, while all the bases were occupied, and, from not having prepared himself how to act in just such an emergency, he has lost the chance to stop a run-in or make an easy double-play; frequently, too, adding to the mistake by failing to throw the striker out. Force, from his peculiar form—being the shortest of all the short-stops—is able to get at short-grounders with less difficulty than any of his confreres. He can play a fine game when "he feels like it." Carey played a telling game at short-field last season, his recovery of balls which he failed to hold on the first dash being noteworthy. Frequently Carey has what is called "muffed" a ball—that is, failed to secure it at the first attempt to field it—and afterwards got hold of it in time to throw the striker out at first base—a piece of play more creditable if anything, than throwing it from the first grasp of the ball as it comes from the bat. Fulmer did not play up to his high mark of 1875. In fact, Charley rather had too much to attend to to give his whole mind to his position-play. Booth did some good short-field play for the Cincinnatis; but he was not up to Kessler's mark in stopping the ball, though he led him in accepting chances. Hallinan—who ought to be as fine a player as any in the position—was last on the list in accepting chances, and in having the largest percentage of errors. The reason was very plain. The fact is, the Mutual school has proved to be a bad place to graduate from to all but old Joe Start, whom nothing can tempt.

WESTERN BASEBALL NOTES.

The St. Louis management have secured the services of Croft of the St. Louis Reds, who distinguished himself in the Brown-Red contests of last season. Croft is a fine general player, and it is not unlikely that he may occupy left-field for the Browns. The statement to the effect that Dorgan had returned his contract unsigned, and would remain with the Stars of Syracuse, is officially denied. Dorgan did return his contract, but it was duly signed, and there is no doubt about his playing with the Browns.

THE CLIPPER has already presented the names of the players whose duty it will be to strive to keep the champion-pennant in Chicago, and the playing positions assigned them by THE CLIPPER are believed to constitute a strong combination. Capt. Spalding has not, however, fully determined how he will place his men. Smith, the latest acquisition, made a good record in the Indianapolis nine, and showed fine form as catcher in trial-practice in Chicago last Fall, and it is quite possible that he may be placed permanently on the nine before the season is far advanced.

The latest acquisitions of the Louisvilles are Latham, formerly of the Boston Club, and Shaffer of Philadelphia. There is a strong probability that Fulmer will be re-engaged. The nine thus made up would be Snyder, c.; Devlin, p.; Latham, 1st b.; Gerhardt, 2d b.; Hague, 3d b.; Fulmer, s. s.; Ryan, l. f.; (vacant), c. f.; Shaffer, r. f. In Snyder and Devlin the Louisville Club has a nucleus for a nine as strong as any other in the League, and some of the other players named, especially Gerhardt, exhibited marked skill last season. The Louisville management have wisely determined to recruit their nine from rising players, thus laying a firm foundation for a strong and permanent combination.

Devlin has apparently concluded to shake off outside influences and put in his best work for his club. This will prove a good thing for all concerned—especially for Devlin.

No club in its first year has played more brilliant games, nor, considering the strength of its opponents, has made a finer record, than the Louisvilles of 1876, and there is no doubt they will make a still better record in the contests of the coming season.

During the long series of League contests of 1876, Mr. Keck, the manager of the Cincinnati Reds, was forced to be a helpless spectator of games in which his pet nine, representing his first venture in baseball, was quite uniformly "scooped." Mr. K. is not the kind of man to tamely submit to that sort of thing, and is known to have made sundry resolves which have found fruition in a team to represent Cincinnati on the ball-field this year that is very likely to hurry the best of the League nines. Should the negotiations now pending with Manning, with the consent of the Boston Club, result as expected, Cincinnati will gain the services of that fine fielder and change-pitcher, completing the nine as follows: Hicks, c.; Matthews, p.; Jones, 1st b.; Hallinan, 2d b.; Foley, 3d b.; Booth, s. s.; Addy, l. f.; Pike, c. f.; Manning, r. f.; Kessler, tenth man. Hicks and Matthews will find the Cincinnati discipline in striking contrast with that of the defunct Mutuals. They are capable of doing as fine work as any other players occupying the same positions. They have a strong field to support them, and Mr. Keck feels confident of their ability to avenge some of the inglorious defeats of last year. The veteran Bob Addy will probably captain the nine.

VERITAS.

THE PROFESSIONAL CLUBS OF 1877.

From the preparations thus early in progress for the campaign of 1877, it is pretty certain that the coming season will be an exceptional one in regard to the number of professional clubs which will enter the arena. Every prominent city of the North, East and West, as well as some portions of the South, will have its representative professional nine for 1877. Of these there will be the six League clubs of Boston, Hartford, Chicago, St. Louis, Louisville, and Cincinnati—four Western and two Eastern clubs. Of the clubs outside the League, as regular members of that organization, there will probably be from the East the clubs of Lowell, Fall River, Lynn, Providence, Worcester, New Haven, Taunton, Rochester, Syracuse, Binghamton, Ilion, Bridgeport, Brooklyn, Elizabeth, Trenton, Philadelphia, Wilkesbarre, New Castle, Baltimore, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, etc.; and thence to the West, the clubs of Wheeling, Indianapolis, Columbus, St. Louis, Memphis, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Paul, etc., besides three of the Canadian clubs. These will have stronger teams than the co-operative class have had before, and they will play with more confidence against the League clubs than in 1876. The clubs attached to the International Association will play under the twenty-five-cent tariff of admission, while the League clubs will still adhere to the fifty-cent tariff, the experience of the past season not having taught them how unprofitable such a tariff is in these times of retrenchment. All professional clubs which have organized for the season and engaged teams will please send a list of their club-managers and nines to this office, over the signature of their club-manager, as we shall prepare a record of the professional clubs for 1877 as soon as the season opens.

TRAINING FOR 1877.

A great deal of stress is laid upon the benefit of gymnastic exercise in training ball-players, and also on the advantages of handball and racket practice in imparting additional skill to a ball-player in fielding and batting; but, while these are both good in their way as aids, there is one thing necessary in preparing a professional for his season's work which is far more important than either, and that is to make him temperate in his habits. We respectfully urge upon all professional club-managers the importance of insisting upon abstinence from intoxicating beverages by every player in their employ, beginning in March and continuing until the close of the season. A professional ball-player requires keen sight, steady nerves, unclouded judgment and robust health to properly discharge his duties; and these are not at command except where temperate habits are enforced. Last season game after game was lost by first-class League-club teams mainly from the fact that one or more of their players were weakened by drinking. It is absurd to suppose that a man who "indulges" night after night can be in proper condition to play in a professional nine. Even moderate drinking enervates a player. There is no plan but total abstinence, and this should be the rule throughout the season in all well-managed professional teams. Without this, all the gymnastic training at command will be comparatively useless.

THE CHELSEA CLUB.—Should the arrangements now pending between Manager Cammeyer and the Hartfords fail to result in the Hartford nine being the representative League team of Brooklyn, the International Association Club—the Chelseas of Brooklyn—will probably take that position, as a reliable club like the Chelseas will be far better to have for that purpose than any such co-operative team as Brooklyn had as her League nine in 1876. The Chelsea Club have organized for 1877 with the following list of officers: President, John E. Hayes; vice-president, Dennis Clare; secretary, B. Van Delft; directors, Robert Rule, John Cassidey and Nicholas Hanrigan. The new club-manager is Biglow Meeker, and, financially, the club will start in 1877 with every promise of a successful season's play. Among

the players already engaged are Messrs. Clare, Rule, Hayes, Cassidey and Haurigan. Among those likely to play with the team will be Curran, McGinnis, B. A. Loughlin and Willets, all good players. There was some talk of getting in one or two of the Alaskas; but it should be borne in mind that six of the nine were proved on investigation by their club officials to have been engaged in such practices as to induce the officers of the club to disband them. It will not do for a club like the Chelseas, having a good reputation, to take in any players marked with the taint of suspicion in regard to their integrity of play. There are plenty of gate-money amateurs who are good and true men. W. Wert, the fine second-base player of the Chelseas of 1876, has gone with Nichols to the Allegheny Club. Harry Wright offered to take Billy on three months' trial, but he would not sign except for an entire season.

HUGH JUDGE, at one time the champion handball-player of Philadelphia, is now lying seriously ill of consumption at his residence in that city. After old Billy Baggs had retired, and before Phil Casey made his advent, Judge was looked upon as the equal of any player in the country, especially in a game where nerve as well as skill was requisite. His many friends in Philadelphia, headed by Tom Nicholas, Barney Doyle and John Morris, purpose giving him a complimentary benefit in that city at an early date.

GEO. HALL is in Brooklyn. He says the Athletics owe him $1,200, and that the Boston Club is the only one that ever paid him his salary in full. Unless he can get his terms from a League nine, he will play with a semi-professional at half rates.

DICK PEARCE has brought suit against the St. Louis Club for his salary as captain of the nine, which he was in May, 1876. The amount due is $300.

DENNY MACK has been appointed manager and captain by the directors of the Indianapolis Club.

A PITCHER AND CATCHER are open for engagements. See card.

PEDESTRIANISM.

AMATEUR LONG-DISTANCE WALKING.

A gold badge offered by the lessee, F. J. Englehardt, was competed for by the following amateur walkists at the Metropolitan Riding Academy, Third avenue, this city, on Saturday evening, Jan. 27: Chas. Connor, Y. M. C. A. Gymnasium; Thos. A. McEwen and Wm. W. Cornish, Scottish American A. C.; E. C. Holske, Harlem A. C.; Chas. Wigzell, Albion Society; C. W. Brace, G. B. Gillie and F. E. Leonardson, S. A. A. C.; and W. M. Merritt, American A. C. It required eight laps of the course to complete a mile, and the first to do it was McEwen, whose time was 8min. 5sec., two seconds before Holske, who had pushed him along from the moment of giving the word, both walking in undeniably fair style. Conner was but a little ways behind, and now commenced to pull upon Holske, and when five miles had been left behind he was second man, but five seconds behind McEwen, whose time at this point was 43:10. The leaders continued to put on the pressure, the first to feel the effects of this ill-advised policy being Mac, who had had enough of it at the end of seven miles, and jumped the track, resigning the lead to Connor, who was hard pressed by the member from Harlem. The tenth mile was scored by Connor in exactly 1h. 23min. 6sec., Holske being then 2min. and 17sec. behind, and at the close of the fifteenth mile the call was: Connor, 2h. 18min. 13sec., Holske having then pulled up to within 27min. of him, both showing signs of weakening. The exertions made by Holske to reach the leader towards the latter part of the succeeding mile brought on a fainting-fit, and he had to be carried from the track, seemingly completely done up. Connor was glad of the opportunity thus afforded him to relax his exertions, and, perceiving that he fell off in pace, Gillie, who had been plodding along quietly but persistently not very far behind, quickened, and gradually cut down the gap which separated him from the leader. Holske was brought upon the track again, but was unable to pursue the even tenor of his way, and relinquished the attempt after doing a lap. Connor was unable to hold his own longer, and the nineteenth mile saw Gillie take the premier position, twenty miles being completed in three hours twenty-four minutes three seconds, with Connor three minutes and nine seconds in the rear. Reluctantly the latter was now compelled to leave the field for a time, but a brief rest, during which stimulants were administered and his attendants were otherwise busy with him, he came to the front again, and courageously stepped out after Gillie. Three laps more took all the walk out of him, however, and he was carried off the track dead beat. At this time Gillie was leading Cornish five laps, with Brace third, but the latter got second place through the retirement of Cornish on the fourth lap of his twenty-second mile. Gillie finally won by a long distance, finishing the distance in 4h. 26min. 5sec. Of the other competitors, Merritt gave up after walking 9 miles, Leonardson 15, and Wigzell 20¾. Judges: C. Shaw, W. J. Kendricks, and J. M. Pollock.

O'LEARY AND WESTON FOR $5,000.

The articles of agreement for the second six days' match between Daniel O'Leary and E. P. Weston, and their first contest in England, are given below, and from them it will be observed that the stakes to be competed for amount to £1,000, instead of £600, as cabled at the time of making the match. Sir John Astley finds the money for Weston, and the match has created the liveliest interest in the British metropolis.

MEMORANDUM OF AGREEMENT made and entered into this 3d day of January between Daniel O'Leary and Edward Payson Weston, whereby they agree to engage in a six days' walking-match, for $500 a side; the race to take place in a covered building or ground (to be mutually agreed upon by both parties) within a five-mile radius of Charing Cross, at Eastertide, starting at five minutes past twelve A. M. on Monday, the second day of April, and teminating Saturday, the seventh day of April, 1877, at ten minutes to twelve o'clock in the evening (143⅚ hours from the start). Each man to walk upon a separate track, to be laid down according to his own directions, and surveyed, by a competent authority in the presence of the judges appointed. The measurement of each track to be made eighteen inches from the inside border-frame. Each man must walk fair—the judges appointed to be sole judges of fair and unfair walking—and any lap adjudged to have been traversed unfairly to be disallowed and canceled in the record-book. Each man must walk alone, and no attendant to be allowed to go more than twenty-five yards at a time with either competitor, and then only for the purpose of handing refreshments. The stakes and two-thirds of the "gate" money (after all expenses have been deducted) to be handed over to the winner, and the loser to take one-third. The editor of *The Sporting Life* is appointed stakeholder, and the whole of the stakes must be deposited at *The Sporting Life* office one calendar month before the time appointed for the commencement of the race. The said parties (Weston and O'Leary) to appoint the five judges at the time of the last deposit, and in case they cannot agree in making these appointments, the editor of *The Sporting Life* is hereby empowered to make such appointments; also, if the men cannot agree in selecting a building or ground for the decision of the match, the editor of *The Sporting Life* to have the power of naming where the race is to be decided. The judges to be four in number, and to have full control over the race from the time the men start; the decision of the majority of the judges to be final and conclusive under any circumstances. Two bands to be in attendance, and play from five A.M. till twelve P.M.; the bands to be under the direction of both men in alternate hours, and to discontinue playing whilst either man is absent for the purpose of sleeping. In the event of any question arising which may not be provided for in these articles the judges jointly to have full power to decide such question, and their decision to be final and conclusive. The stakeholder shall in each and every case be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the direction of the judges. Either party failing to comply with any of these articles to forfeit the whole of the stakes.

(Signed) DANIEL O'LEARY, E. P. WESTON.
Witness { THOMAS MATHISON, JNO. L. THOMAS.

PETER MCKELLIN, who has seen ten years' service in Scots' Greys, and is 43 years old and 6 feet 1½ inches in height, is reported to have successfully accomplished the task of walking 250 miles in 72 hours in Artillery Hall, Edinburgh, Scotland, finishing Jan. 4, with 1 hour 11 min. to spare. In the first twenty-four hours, during which he rested fifty minutes, he is said to have made 110 miles.

SERGEANT BATES' scheme of combining patriotism with pecuniary profit, by means of pedestrianizing outside of the Northern States under cover of the Stars-and-stripes, having failed, he is now engaged in illustrating the more useful and healthful art of sawing wood for family use in Bloomington, Ia.

WHILE RUNNING a race barefoot, for a wager, at Nassau, N. H., Frank Twist had both feet so badly frozen that they had to be amputated.

THE TURF.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

The purchase and exportation of draught and road horses to England is now an important and extensive branch of business in Canada, and numerous dealers have recently embarked in it. In nearly every case very remunerative prices are obtained for Canada horses in both Liverpool and Glasgow......M. N. West, a well-known breeder of trotting stock of Lockport, N. Y., accidentally shot himself recently, and died the following day. He owned the thoroughbred stallion Corbin's Scythian and the trotting stallion Country Gentleman.....Two horses were recently sold at auction at Hamilton, Can., for $1.15 and $1.75, a saddle and bridle being included in the latter sale. The horses' pedigrees were not forthcoming......Three valuable highbred colts, belonging to James W. Wadsworth of Genesee, N. Y., met recently with a most remarkable death, caused by licking up the salt on a stone-boat on which had been skinned a deer which had died of some disease......One of the colts, 4yrs. old, was valued at $4,000.....The trotting-horse Black Sam, owned by W. L. Merrick of Petersburg, Ind., was killed recently, while attempting to leap over a fence at the fair grounds of the Evansville Association. He had a record down in the thirties......In 1876 there were 2,718 thoroughbred broodmares in Great Britain, and the number of their foals 1,628, of which 804 were colts and 824 fillies......In Canada a discussion is going on whether it is best to form a Dominion Association for the better government of the trotting turf, or to affiliate with the National Association of the United States......The clever French turfman Count Lagrange, who is regarded by many as the most consummate racing manager of the day, always tries his yearlings himself, and his trials are said to be more severe than the English ones. He will take a score or more of yearlings and run them exactly as he would a number of grayhounds in a coursing stake, drawing one against another, and so on till he comes to the winner and runner-up. These latter he then tries with some old horse of established repute, and thus forms his own opinions of their racing merits......There were more runners for the recent Melbourne Cup than for any race run in England last year, no fewer than thirty-three jockeys sporting silk for that race. There were thirty-two runners for the Cambridgeshire, thirty for the Lincoln Handicap, twenty-nine for the Cesarewitch, and twenty-seven for the Stewards' Cup at Greenwood, these being the largest fields in England. Australia seems to be going ahead of the Old Country in racing matters......The large sum of 1,000 sovs., in gold, is to be given without any deductions to the Manchester Cup race this season......The Victoria Derby, run for Nov. 4 at Melbourne, was won by Mr. Wilson's Briseis, beating nine others; distance, one mile and a half; time, 2.43¾. Her name was never mentioned in the betting until the night before the race, when $1,000 against $10,000 was bet for the stable. The time of the race was 2¼ seconds faster than it had ever been run in before. Three days afterwards Briseis won the Melbourne Cup, two miles, in 3:36¾, beating thirty-two opponents by a length. On Nov. 11 she came out and won the Oaks, one mile and a half, carrying 122lb, in 2:51. It is rumored that her owners were two Americans from Portland Me......In the entries for the great Spring handicaps in England, there is a slight falling-off in the numbers. The Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool has 62 entries; City and Suburban Handicap, 127; Great Metropolitan, 62; Newmarket Handicap, 47; and the Chester Cup, 92—total, 390.

CALIFORNIA FOUR-MILE-HEAT RACE.—The four-mile-heat race for a purse of $5,000, to be run over the Bay District Course, San Francisco, Cal., on Feb. 22, closed on Jan. 7 with the following seven subscribers: Theodore Winters, B. Tinnons, John Cutter, W. H. Barnes, W. Armstrong, Henry Walch, J. C. Simpson and Mr. Krebs of Oregon. Subscribers are allowed until Feb. 14 to name what horses they will start. Mr. Winters will doubtless be represented by his filly Molly McCarthy, the winner of the California Oaks; Mr. Simpson will rely upon Lady Amanda, Mr. Walch upon Sherman, Mr. Barnes upon Bradley. Mr. Krebs has Billy Bigham, Mr. Armstrong has Mattie H., and Mr. Tinnons has Waddill and Waterford to select his representative from.

THE AMERICAN HORSES IN ENGLAND have been entered in the following Spring stakes: Mate in the City and Suburban, about 1¼ miles the Newmarket Handicap, 1¼ miles; in the Newmarket International Handicap, a little over 1¼ miles; in the Derby Trial Handicap, 1½ miles; and the Chester Cup, 2¼ miles. Bay Eagle is entered in the Newmarket Spring Handicap, 6 furlongs; and Bay Final in the Chester Cup and Derby Trial Handicap.

COWHIDED.—At the conclusion of the trotting race on the Bay District Course, San Francisco, on Saturday, Jan. 13, a difficulty arose between the well-known horseman Jim Eoff and Henry Lyons, which, it is said, terminated in the latter giving Eoff a cowhiding, after which he quietly drove away.

BOWLING.

A CLOSE TOURNAMENT GAME.

The most interesting and yet the poorest game of the series came off Jan. 26 at the Germania Assembly Rooms, Bowery. It was interesting on account of the friendly rivalry existing between the Nassaus of Brooklyn and Empires of New York, and also because of its closeness throughout, the victors winning by the skin of their teeth, or by five pins only. The house was well filled, the Eastern District being pretty well represented by the solid men, among whom was Kettler, who never attended a match on this side before. At 8.15 P. M. the eleventh game of the tournament was called by Charles Eisman, who was selected as umpire; and, the Nassaus winning the toss, they sent in their captain, R. Orr, to open the ball, and he retired on a spare, followed by Assemblyman Carty with eight. The captains being disposed of for a while, the remainder bowled in regular order, with the Nassaus leading all through the first frame. In the third inning Joe Church made the first strike, and in the eighth Wallace made a humming-bird of a strike that brought down the house. At the end of the frame the visitors stood 135 and the Empires 105. The fourth frame was very exciting, and at its close the New-Yorkers were two pins ahead, the score standing 534, 532. It was now nip-and-tuck until the seventh frame, which closed with the men of Gotham ahead 56 pins; but from some cause the men in both teams rolled badly, and their captains bowled worse. The game was really won in the eighth frame by Jim Orr making a miraculous spare, on top of which he scratched a strike, and that settled the Empires; for King O'Neil, the mainstay of the club, could not do anything worthy of himself. George Grum, Old Baseball, rolled a terrific ball, which generally went through the centre, leaving two corners to peg at. Jim Orr led the score on both sides, and King Tom O'Neil paired off with E. Church for lowest honors; and at the end, when victory was declared for the Nassaus by five pins, the veteran oarsman became more excited than he did on Greenwood Lake when he became champion junior-sculler. The following is the score, the returning-board being correct.

EMPIRE.		NASSAU.	
Carty	117	R. Orr	137
Vossler	134	E. Church	114
Hayes	131	J. Church	139
O'Neil	114	G. Conover	133
Sullivan	128	G. Grum	151
Conn	154	J. Orr	162
Moran	124	G. Stamford	112
Wallace	128	F. Baker	120
McEvoy	141	J. Grum	130
Donenbaum	145—1316	W. Wilson	123—1321

EXCITING GAMES FOR A GOLD MEDAL.

On Jan. 22 a tournament for a twenty-five-dollar medal with suitable inscription commenced at the alleys of the Broadway Club, Williamsburg, subject to the following conditions: A series of three games, to be played on the first Monday of each month; after which the winners are to play the best two out of three to decide the honors of ownership. Fifty bowlers participated in the game of the 22d, and among them were a host of amateurs who contended for first place with a stubbornness that made the old-timers wink. It was a tight race between McAlister, Jake Moller, and Sheffer; but the representative of the Pin Knights could not reach the novice McAlister, who made a clean score of 223. Sheffer was presented with a box of cigars for making the second best score. The following is the total of the two best teams in the race:

MOLLER.		THOMAS.	
McAlister	223	Sheffer	199
J. Moller	193	Reitscher	183
Wood	180	Oschaff	186
Whitcomb	171	Thomas	172
Hoffman	170	Ebel	170
Smith	168	Staples	162
Hopkins	160	Cameron	160
Prosh	160	Shook	156
Moore	150	Yeomans	154
Kelly	152—1727	McAuslin	146—1608

A PARTY BY THE NAME OF MURPHY.—On Wednesday evening, Jan. 24, M. C. Murphy, an amateur, walked into the lair of the Empire Club, and, seeing the greenback pinned onto the stocking, inquired the cause of so much extravagance. On being told, he challenged the manager. When the ten frames were bowled, the board called for eight tenstrikes for the stranger, which did not astonish him a bit, but he was surprised on going out to have that identical note handed him. The balls still roll for a prize of the same value, and on Jan. 26 Mr. Rotkar of the Athletics and Mr. Colon of the Pin Knights went for the next greenback with a vengeance, the former scoring 180 and 204, and the latter 220 and 236, making seven strikes in the last game. This issue closes on Wednesday, and it will take a Murphy to overcome a Colon.

ON Jan. 25, at Dions', a match came off between George Ballou and Mr. Pickerell, the winner of the most games in thirty-one getting the stakes. There was no attention paid to scores; for, as soon as it was seen a game could not be won, another commenced. Ballou won the match, and, as there was considerable money bet on the result, his backers were well pleased.

THERE IS a Thursday-night club in Brooklyn, and a Saturday-night club in the Bowery. The latter have the more fun, as they don't go home until morning.

THE ATHLETICS in their practice games for their contest with the Nationals are making immense scores. Rotkar and Bartlett on the night of Jan. 26 made 220 each.

THE RING.

CHAMBERS HOME AGAIN.—Arthur Chambers left Liverpool, Eng., in the steamship Pennsylvania Jan. 11, and arrived at Philadelphia on the 26th, the passage being slower than usual, in consequence of encountering heavy weather and head winds nearly all the way. A number of friends were at the dock when the vessel made fast, and they gave Arthur a warm welcome. Prior to his leaving Manchester, Chambers was tendered a dinner at the Three Legs of Man, on Portland street, kept by Owen Conroy, upwards of fifty persons, including Jack Rooke, Sam Hurst, Peter Crossland the ped., George Hoggart and John Lees of Oldham, being present. Upon this occasion Chambers was presented with an elegant diamond and gold badge valued at fifty guineas, the same being the gift of Capt. Gribbon, Owen Conroy, Thos. Harrison and Joseph Castle. It is in the form of a star, surmounted by a crown, a solitaire diamond being screwed in the centre of the star in such manner that it can be detached and worn either as a stud or in a ring. It bears the inscription "Presented to Arthur Chambers by a few friends for his gentlemanly, sterling qualities as a boxer. Manchester, Jan. 8, 1877." There was a large delegation of sports to see Arthur off.

THE ALLEN-GOSS MILL.—Consternation was created in sporting circles in Cincinnati, O., last week by the appearance in that city of officials from the neighboring State of Kentucky, armed with requisitions from the Governor thereof for the arrest of all who made the excursion to Boone and Kenton Counties last September to see Joe Goss and Tom Allen cross daddles. The first to fall into the clutches of the myrmidons of the law was A. F. ("Blackey") Edwards, the stakeholder, who was bailed in $1,000 Jan. 23, and subsequently other prominent sporting men and sons of leading families were subjected to a like process. The indictments number over one hundred, and the Sheriff's list is said to include a number of city and county officials and representatives of the press.

FRANK LIVINGSTON, the clever variety performer, didn't have so good a house as his merits entitled him to upon the occasion of his benefit at Harry Hill's Sporting Theatre on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 25. Neither did the boxers come forward so freely as usual. However, the performance, taken all through, was pleasing, Livingston's equilibristic exercises gaining well-deserved applause, and the sets-to between Warry Edwards and Jack Cash, Jack Bowles and Mullen, and Jim Kelly and John Riley being just as good as the spectators expected or cared to see. Riley volunteered to take the place of "The Mouse," who was not feeling well, and he and Kelly made it red-hot. Uncle Tovee was M. C.

PROF. "WOODS," instructor of sparring at the Montreal (Canada) Gymnasium, defeated Prof. Richardson of Richardson's Gymnasium, in that city, in a glove contest at Nordheimer's Hall, recently. The gloves used were colored respectively with white chalk and indigo blue, and, after an hour's display of science which greatly pleased the spectators, Woods, who is well known in the States as a very clever boxer, was declared the victor by two points. After the match had been concluded, the winner was presented by his pupils with an elegant gold medal commemorative of the affair. Billy's friends will be pleased to hear of this.

JOHN MAR, alias "Chicken," and Cook, alias "Kid," are reported by a correspondent to have "fit" for a purse of $100 at Deadwood, in the Black Hills country, Jan. 8. They hammered each other for an hour and forty minutes, in which time fifty-two rounds were contested in anything but scientific fashion, when they agreed to postpone the finish until Jan. 28, when an additional stake of $250 was to have been battled for.

THE GLOVE-CONTEST between John Long and Wm. J. Gould, advertised as for $500 a side, the men to spar an hour, each round to occupy ten minutes, with two minutes' rest between rounds, is to take place at Central-park Garden, Seventh avenue and Fifty-ninth street, on Monday evening, Feb. 5. It will be preceded by a wrestling contest, Græco-Roman, between W. J. Austin and Jacques De Lion.

THE GLOVE CONTEST between Harry Hicken and Lew Chambers, announced as for $200 a side, the men to spar fifteen minutes with blackened gloves, is to take place at the Parisian Varieties, Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 6. Young Seeley and Manning are also down to spar half an hour for a silver cup, and other attractions will be presented.

JACK BOWLES, whose face is familiar to the frequenters of sporting shows in this city, is advertised to give an exhibition at Emmet Hall, Brooklyn, on Saturday evening, Feb. 3. He will have the assistance of his brother boxers, and in the wind-up will face Arthur Mullen.

JOE GOSS and Steve Taylor reappeared at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Jan. 24, and continued there throughout the week.

THE ST. GEORGE CRICKET CLUB of this city held their annual meeting at Delmonico's on the 26th inst., when the following officers were elected: President, J. T. Soutter; vice-president, G. T. Green; treasurer, F. Satterthwaite; secretary, M. H. Talbot; committee, W. R. Bowman, E. H. Moeran, B. Mostyn, J. R. Sleigh, D. B. Gilbert. The club contemplates sending an eleven to Canada during the coming season. The reduction in the dues from fifteen to ten dollars a year has resulted in a handsome surplus in the club treasury. The club will open play early in May. The junior department will be a feature this season, as Mr. Soutter proposes to place a strong junior eleven in the field, one which will probably take the club's second eleven into camp easily.

THE HUGHES BROTHERS have not yet covered the one hundred dollars left on deposit with the skating challenge issued by F. Lee and E. McGean in our past issue.

CURLING.

CURLING AT BROOKLYN, L. I.

On Jan. 26 a challenge curling match was played on Prospect Park Lake between picked rinks of the Caledonian and Thistle Curling Clubs of Brooklyn for a ton of coal, to be given by the losers to any needy and deserving person the winners might name. The game from beginning to end was one of the most closely contested ever played on the Park Lake, and when time was called, after three and a half hours' play, the score stood as follows:

THISTLE.		CALEDONIAN.	
A. Miller,		J. Irving,	
J. Galloway,		J. Maltman,	
George Everett,		J. Nicoll,	
A. Robertson, skip	17	J. Paterson, skip	18

The annual bonspiel between the Caledonian and Thistle Clubs was played on the lake on the 25th inst., and, after four hours' good play on both sides, the umpire, Alex. Galloway of the Thistle Club, announced the score as follows:

CALEDONIAN.		THISTLE.	
Rink 1.			
James West,		J. Shorick,	
G. B. Lewis,		A. Millar,	
J. Irving,		A. Robertson,	
J. Maltman, skip	11	G. Everett, skip	32
Rink 2.			
A. H. Rome,		J. Haffy,	
W. Laird,		W. Meek,	
R. McPherson,		J. Galloway,	
J. B. Nicoll, skip	11	J. Rankin, skip	18

CURLING was one of the attractions to visitors to Central Park, this city, on the anniversary of Robert Burns' birthday, Jan. 25. The New York Club defeated the Caledonian Club by a score of 61 to 50, and the Burns Club vanquished the New York Thistles; score, 54 to 28.

THE ST. ANDREWS CLUB defeated the Yonkers (N. Y.) Club, at the latter place, Jan. 23; score, 90 to 59. The highest skip was James Kellock, who made 37 points. Umpire, Mr. Patterson.

A CURLING MATCH between the St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., Clubs took place at the latter city Jan. 18. Four rinks were laid out, and St. John won by a score of 71 to 67. Umpire, H. D. Troop.

BILLIARDS.

PHIL. TIEMAN'S TOURNAMENT.—This affair was inaugurated at Philip's rooms, Vine street, Cincinnati, on the 22d inst. Added to the entrance-money—$10 from each contestant—is a purse of $100, given by Mr. Tieman, the whole forming three prizes. The announced contestants are Messrs. West, Niles, Prather, Brannies, Francis, Myers, Ratterman, and Pickett. Up to the advices of Saturday, Jan. 27, Pickett had been beaten by no one but Ratterman, who had not lost a game. They are playing three-ball caroms, 200 points up.

SEXTON DISCOUNTS STONE.—At Turner Hall, Galveston, Texas, on Jan. 16, William Sexton discounted George Stone in a three-ball game of 500 points, in which he was required to score a total of 915, his average being 23.18-39, and his best runs 221 and 165. Stone scored 415, and averaged 10.25-39. Sexton, according to a private letter received in this city, was to have gone from Galveston to Houston.

THE BINGHAMTON (N. Y.) TOURNAMENT, by a change of date, was to have begun on Jan. 25. There are five competitors, at least ten games will have to be played, and at last advices a run of 76 had been made.

LAMBERT VS. MORRIS.—In Indianapolis, on the 24th ult., Robert Lambert defeated Charles Morris by 200 to 176, three ball game. On the 29th they were to have played 250 up, for $100 a side.

CHOATE VS. DAVIS.—It is announced from Cincinnati that a ten-dollar forfeit binds a $200 match at three-ball caroms between Harry Choate and C. W. Davis, both four-ball ex-champions of Ohio.

BAKER VS. CLARK.—At the Star Billiard-room, Cincinnati, on Jan. 24, Clark was beaten by J. Baker in a three-ball game of 40 points, for a purse of $10.

THE TRIGGER.

LONG ISLAND SHOOTING CLUB.—The monthly slaughter of the innocents by the experts of this club took place at their grounds, Dexter Park, on Jan. 26. The prize contended for was the champion cup, and there were fourteen participants, who shot at seven birds each, 25 yards rise (except Mr. Henderson, holder, who stood at 27 yards) and 80 yards boundary. The birds were strong and swift, and, nearly all flying close to the snow-covered ground, were very difficult to hit—so difficult, indeed, that, after several unsuccessful attempts, over one-half of the shootists concluded not to persist in their deadly purpose. B. West proved equal to the occasion, however, killing every one, while Judge (the only other contestant who finished his string) brought down five, one other falling dead out of bounds. An $18 sweep followed, nine shooting, the conditions being singles each, 25yds. rise, 80yds. fall, $10 to first, $6 to second, and $2 to third. Van Wyck won first prize, killing all, while five others tied on two, Hance securing second prize by killing three birds in succession, and Levi the third by knocking over his first bird in a second shoot-off with Judge, who missed. The club held an election Jan. 24, with this result: President, Wm. M. Parks, re-elected; secretary, Charles Wingate, re-elected; treasurer, R. Robinson, re-elected; executive committe, Messrs. Eddy, Wynn and Gildersleeve.

CHARLES "MURPHY" the wrestler seems to have misinformed us in regard to having made a match with James Owens of Fairfield, Vt., as the latter, under date of Jan. 23, offers to wrestle the New-Yorker at Providence, R.I., Feb. 8.

AMUSEMENTS.

TAYLOR'S OPERA-HOUSE, TRENTON, N. J. Legislature convenes January 9, continues in session until April. All dates now open with two or three exceptions. For terms apply to [42-4t*] JOHN TAYLOR.

C. A. BOYD, LEADER AND MUSICAL DIRECTOR. Open for engagement. Address Parkinson House, Washington, D. C. 44-2t*

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WANTED, AN ENGAGEMENT by a first-class Orchestra, viz., First Violin, Second Violin, Violoncello or Trombone, Flute or Piccolo, Contra Bass. Strictly temperate, and can play brass if required. TERMS LOW. BUT MUST BE SURE. Apply to J. G., care of CLIPPER. 44-3t

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THE PROOF: THE OPINION AND ENCOMIUMS OF THE PRESS EVERYWHERE, THE GENERAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF ALL HALL PROPRIETORS, THE VERDICT OF THE PEOPLE, THE EXCLAMATION OF EVERYBODY, and the notice placarded nightly, STANDING-ROOM ONLY, before the rise of the curtain at every stand. NO EXCEPTION.

FROM THE ALBANY PRESS.
The Buffalo Bill Combination appeared at Martin Hall last evening before a large audience, the auditorium and gallery being filled to overflowing. The sensational drama "The Red Right Hand, or Buffalo Bill's First Scalp for Custer," was presented. It abounds in hairbreadth escapes, startling situations and comic incidents, and many of the daring scenes the hero scout was engaged in during the Indian war in the past Summer's campaign. If applause is any criterion to go by, the audience was immensely pleased.—ALBANY ARGUS, Jan. 27.

The Buffalo Bill Combination opened in Martin Hall last evening for a short season of two nights and a matinee. To say the house was crowded would scarcely express the jam that so cordially greeted the popular scout and his company. Many were obliged to leave the hall, unable to procure even standing-room.—ALBANY KNICKERBOCKER.

The Buffalo Bill Company appeared at Martin Hall last evening to the largest house that has been in this city for several years; excelling even the initiatory performance of the scouts here some five years ago.—ALBANY EVENING POST.

Of the three entertainments in this city last evening, Buffalo Bill and party received by far the largest patronage. Martin Hall was packed almost to the ceiling, showing that the scare produced by the Brooklyn fire is about over.—ALBANY DAILY EVENING TIMES.

WILL CONTINUE WEST to the end of the season. C. E. BLANCHETT, 45-1t* BUSINESS MANAGER.

RETURN EAST. ED. GUSS BANKER and MILLS, THE GREAT CHANGE AND VOCAL SKETCH-ARTISTS. Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Jan. 29, two weeks. 45-1t*

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MILTON NOBLES, supported by Rochester Opera-house Co., Buffalo, Batavia, etc., week of Feb. 5; Rochester, week of Feb. 19 (second engagement). OPEN DATES, Feb. 12, 26. Address 45-1t* 72 Fourth place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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MISS MARY ANDERSON'S GREAT SUCCESS IN CHARLESTON, S. C.
FROM THE BALTIMORE EVENING BULLETIN.
It is pleasant, in the midst of the general depression of theatrical business this season, to welcome a gleam of brightness in the report of great houses and enthusiastic audiences in Charleston, South Carolina. From *The News and Courier* we learn that during Miss Anderson's recent engagement the houses, on several occasions, were filled to overflowing, and the immense concourse of people demonstrative in approval of the performances. The opinion is general that similar results will follow the appearance of all attractive stars that may visit Charleston this season. The belief of the people that Hampton will be permitted to retain his seat as Governor has greatly restored confidence, revived business, and inspired faith in prosperity for the future. The public have been so long without amusement that they are determined to enjoy themselves whenever an opportunity offers in the way of first-class lyric or dramatic performances. Under these circumstances, Charleston gives promise of pleasant and profitable engagements until the close of the amusement season. 45-1t

MISS FANNIE BEANE. OPINION OF THE WESTERN PRESS.
CINCINNATI TIMES, JAN. 5, 1877.
MISS FANNIE BEANE.—This versatile little actress, who, by the way, is one of the prettiest little ladies on the stage, has attracted considerable attention. A perfect gem of a comedienne, a striking resemblance to Lotta, and as sweet and pretty a lady as ever graced the stage.
CHICAGO TIMES, JAN. 16, 1877.
ADELPHI THEATRE.—The new protean actress MISS FANNIE BEANE is exceedingly clever. She sings like a canary, dances like a sylph, and has more fun in her little finger than most comediennes have in their whole anatomy.
CHICAGO JOURNAL JAN. 20, 1877.
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Six-Penny Savings Bank, BROADWAY AND ASTOR PLACE. 47th Semi-Annual Dividend. The Trustees have ordered a dividend at the rate of five per cent. per annum out of the earnings of the last six months, to be credited to the accounts of all depositors entitled thereto, subject to draft on and after the 20th February. If not called for, the same will be entitled to interest from the 1st February. Money deposited up to the 10th February will also draw interest from the 1st of said month. WM. MILES, President. A. C. COLLINS, Secretary. E. G. MATURIN, Ass't Secretary. 45-2t*

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A MEMORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

Your beauty others praising,
To-night I saw you gazing
Upon the bright stage, blazing
With glittering display.

I saw you, seeming fairer,
Your charms grown riper, rarer,
Than when I was a sharer
Of all your wealth of love.

And so, against my choosing,
This night I fell to musing
Upon the past, confusing
Its visions with the play.

Your perfect face before me,
A magic spell threw o'er me,
While fitful fancy bore me
Upon its backward flight.

I saw the actors playing,
But wide my thoughts were straying;
Their art was but portraying
A mimic scene, at best.

I thought of those rare hours
When Love's unfolding flowers
Were plucked by us, and ours
Was happiness supreme.

And now, when all is ended—
Love's golden goal transcended—
I feel the bitter blended
With all the sweet in life.

No more shall beauty thrill me,
Nor restful visions still me,
Nor any sweet thing fill me
With satisfied content.

The Autumn and the Maytime—
The darkness and the daytime—
The working and the play time—
All these are one to me.

Forever in me burning,
All hopes and passions turning
To endless, hopeless yearning,
The demon Memory dwells.

With all that's good he clashes,
And turns my hopes to ashes,
And stings me with the lashes
Of unforgetfulness.

From fitful dreams upstarting,
I feel the sharp pain darting
Through that old wound, whose smarting
Time's magic fails to heal.

And thus, with others praising
Your beauty, I sat gazing,
Upon the bright stage blazing,
But heeded not the play!

THE FATAL LETTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

She was young, beautiful, wealthy, and the wife of a French marquis. What more could the heart of woman desire? In the midst of a crowd of adorers thronging about her, and heaping adulation upon her in her luxurious home, with her unequaled beauty, it was hard to imagine "a speck upon the garnered fruit."

I mingled with the crowd of guests in her costly and elegant salon, watching her as she stood a queen among them all, for, though the beauty of the Parisian metropolis was congregated within those walls—the magnificent chateau of her husband, the Marquis De Valerie—yet, in personal attractions, Madame la Marquise surpassed them all.

How can I describe her face?
It has filled me so with despair.

Snowy complexions, faultless features, these all have been written and sung about until such descriptions did pall upon the hearers. I can only say that madame was beautiful, exceedingly. There was a subtle charm about her, something that reminded me of "the bird of grace and beauty," the bird of Apollo and Juno. There was something intangible in her presence and nearness which involuntarily recalled all sweet and unapproachable moments of my life, brought back to me long-forgotten memories, dead and buried dreams, faint and voiceless strains of music, pictures long vanished from their niches in the galleries of memory. It was intoxication—aye, and I forgot that "that way madness lies."

I was not her equal, for I was poor. But my ancestors had been among the grand old Saxon kings, whose deeds are deathless, but whose very names are now forgotten by the base-born rabble, and whose only heritage to their children was pride—unbending, unflinching, undying pride—and the souls that scorn an ignoble action. Of what avail is such an inheritance in the eyes of the world of to-day? Less than naught!

But for days and weeks I had been happy in her companionship. I know not what impulse had drawn her to me; but we had often met—sometimes there were a few, brief, happy moments alone—and to-night, as I watched her graceful form moving about amid her grand and titled guests, I gloried with a wild thrill of helpless ecstacy in the knowledge that I loved and was beloved! It had been an accidental revelation. We realized the sin of it. We knew, also, that discovery meant death—aye, worse. But I threw all scruples to the winds, and hugged the secret of her love close to my lonely and empty heart. I forgot that of all my noble ancestry I was the first to stoop to dishonor. In such an hour the only thing a man can do is to forget. At first it is easy—oh! so easy. Afterwards? Ah! there is always a coming back, for the serpent Memory nestles closely in a man's bosom, and stings him into consciousness again.

I saw the cold eyes of the Marquis fixed upon his lovely wife—the woman who bore his name entertained his guests, and was the envy and jealousy of all the women for miles around. He was cold and haughty, tyrannical, stern, and unforgiving. He loved his wife as such men do love—because she was his property and did honor to his establishment. The mere fact of his having selected her from the bevy of fair ones had verified his taste as a connoisseur. In his eyes she was not a living, breathing creature, a woman of flesh and blood, but rather a beautiful machine, to do his will, and upon which in return he delighted to shower rich and costly gifts, and to parade her before the admiring eyes of his friends as a triumph of his skill, and something as desirable yet unattainable as a star, and yet which *he* alone owned—body and soul. The result of this course—madame being a high-spirited, sensitive woman—was an exceedingly natural one. She hated her husband with all the strength of her nature. Perhaps this explanation may serve to palliate her after-weakness, but through it all I only was the real culprit. I say it now with contrition; then I exulted in the shameful truth.

It was late in the evening, when, wandering through the half-deserted rooms, I encountered Madame la Marquise alone and pensive. I stepped to her side, and laid one hand on hers. She raised her great, black, fathomless eyes, and I noted the shadows nestling there.

"You are still unhappy, Hortense?" I whispered.

"Unhappy?" she cried. "O Eric!"

Not another word; but volumes could have been less explicit. There was the rustling of garments, and the lady started in alarm. A female entered attired in the costume of a waiting-maid.

"Oh!" said madame, looking relieved. "It is only Felice, my maid. Well, Felice, what do you wish?"

"If you please, my lady," began the girl in a low, trembling voice, "Monsieur la Marquis is searching for you. *Pardonnes moi*, madame, I mean not to be officious; but I knew that you were here and not alone." She paused, blushing painfully.

I slipped a gold piece into her hand. Beggar as I was, it was worth my earthly all to purchase one moment of happiness with Hortense.

"Go," I said to Felice. "Stand near the door yonder and observe; if anyone approaches, warn us in time. I wish to speak a few words to your mistress."

The girl bowed her head; she put the gold piece back into my hand.

"I love her," she murmured, and I saw then that her soft eyes were full of tears. "I do not wish your money, monsieur!"

She stepped near the door and bent her head in an attitude of listening. Feeling that all was safe, I turned again to the woman before me.

"Hortense! are you ready—ready to fly with me? I am poor, as you know; but I have opportunities; wealth and position are offered to me if I emigrate to America. Say that you will come, and we will depart at once. Speak quickly; we have no time to lose!" I grasped both her matchless hands in mine. She turned her beautiful eyes upon me; her lips opened to reply.

"Par l'amour de Dieu!" cried Felice hastily. "Monsieur la Marquis comes this way. Go, monsieur, go at once!"

She pointed to the opposite door as she whispered the words of warning, consternation depicted on her face.

"Answer me, Hortense," I pleaded.

"Go, go, Eric," she cried. "I will send you my answer to-morrow morning by Felice. You know that I love you. Go!"

I stooped and pressed one burning kiss upon her pearly hand, and vanished hurriedly through the door indicated, which led into an ante-room. I heard the Marquis enter the boudoir where his lady sat, and in stern and harsh tones chide her for her absence from her guests. I heard the faltered apology of faintness and sudden illness; the presence of her maid stamped the excuse as genuine; and, with many frowns and harshly-muttered words, the Marquis drew her hand through his arm and conducted her back to the salon.

Alone, in the silence of her chamber, when the lights in the grand rooms were out and the gay company departed, Madame la Marquise penned me a hasty letter, in which she acknowledged her undying love, and promised to elope with me the following night. Then, sealing the letter with her own private seal, she hid it away in her costly escritoire, and retired, to toss wearily from side to side of her luxurious bed; and, finally, just as the morning sun rose brightly and penetrated even the velvet-curtained windows of her palatial apartment, she fell into an uneasy slumber.

On a couch near by, Felice watched over her mistress. There was something in the attitude of the Marquis De Valerie towards his wife that night which troubled the faithful heart of the girl. She felt convinced that a fierce storm was gathering, and resolved to defend her lady to the last extremity. At length, wearied with her self-imposed watch, the eyes of the girl closed in fitful sleep. How long she slept she knew not, when she was aroused by a shriek of horror. Springing hastily to her feet, she beheld her mistress sitting up in bed, her long, golden hair streaming wildly over her shoulders, her magnificent dark eyes dilated with fright, one slender finger pointing before her into space. With a single bound Felice was at her side.

"My lady, O my lady!" she shrieked. "What is it? What do you see?"

But still the dark eyes stared before her, still the red lips were speechless; she seemed frozen by her own terror. With a madly throbbing heart Felice laid one trembling hand upon hers. The touch seemed to arouse her, for she started and shuddered violently; then, with a long, gasping sigh, she hid her face upon the shoulder of her kind attendant and burst into a paroxysm of sobs and tears.

"Felice," she said at length, looking up into the girl's grave face, "I have dreamed a terrible dream, and the awakening is still more horrible. When I opened my eyes I saw—just as surely and plainly as I now see you—standing at the foot of my bed, a female figure. It was gazing at me; and I saw, O Felice! as distinctly as I ever saw anything, that it was my own features upon which I looked!"

The lady paused and buried her face in her hands. The maid made no reply, and, with an effort, Madame la Marquise continued:

"You know the significance of the vision, Felice. It was my wraith, or, as the Germans call it, my *doppelganger*, my second self. It never appears to a person but to bring a warning of sudden and approaching death. I accept the warning; I know that I soon shall die. Felice, I have a confession to make. In my desk yonder lies a letter, which I have written to—to—*him*, in which I accept his proposal of an elopement."

"*Grande Ciel!*" cried Felice, clasping her hands in agitation.

"Yes," continued madame with a stern determination to spare herself no humiliation, "I cannot tell you, my good girl, how I have been goaded by the wicked conduct of my—of Monsieur la Marquis—and tempted by the only being in the world whom I can love. But my dream has revealed to me the pit into which I was about to precipitate myself; my eyes are open now, and shall be closed no more on the sinfulness of my own course. I shall arise at once, Felice, and write him another letter, in which I revoke my former decision. Assist me to dress, and then leave me."

With dextrous hands the girl did as she was bidden, and soon left Madame la Marquise seated at her escritoire.

An hour later the bell from madame's dressing-room summoned the maid thither, and with hasty step Felice obeyed the call. To her surprise and consternation, as she hurried up the wide, oaken staircase towards the luxurious suite of rooms, she saw her mistress standing at the head of the stairs. Her large dark eyes were full of tears; her long, golden hair was disheveled and streamed in confusion over her mauve morning-robe.

"Why, my lady," cried the warm-hearted girl, "whatever is the matter?"

To her extreme amazement she received no answer, and as she hastened towards her mistress, with the vague impression that all was not right, the form of Madame la Marquise vanished from her view.

In a whirlwind of fear and anxiety, Felice burst open the door of the dressing-room. Her mistress still sat at her pearl writing-desk, and as the maid entered—in her alarm forgetting to rap at the door—the lady hastily pushed the letter, which she had just sealed, under the lid of the desk, and arose. Then Felice observed that her large dark eyes were full of tears, and she trembled with agitation.

"Pardon, my lady," stammered Felice, "you startled me so out on the landing I feared you were ill, and burst into the room without rapping."

"*I?* Out on the landing? Felice, I have not stirred from this seat since you left my presence. Oh, I see it all! It is the *doppelganger* again! Felice, I feel that my time is short. I shall soon be dead."

The voice of madame was very low and distinct, and her face was like that of a statue, the tear-drops glistening, Niobe-like, upon her marble cheek.

"Thank God that I have retraced my steps before it was too late!" she went on musingly.

"Felice, make haste, and convey the letter in my desk to Monsieur Eric at the Hotel St. Maur. Give it into his own hands."

The girl hastened to obey. She raised the lid of the desk, took thence the letter, and hurried from the room.

Down the broad staircase she ran hastily, hiding the letter in her bosom as she went. Should she meet Monsieur la Marquis, her life was not worth a straw. She knew that he was possessed by the demon of jealousy, and that, with the will and power to commit any dastardly deed, was only biding his time.

Felice reached the outer door in safety, and, once upon the grounds, turned her face in the direction of a small gate, half-hidden in the garden wall. Her desire was to escape by this secluded outlet, and so reach the Hotel St. Maur, unobserved by anyone about the chateau.

She had proceeded some distance, and had nearly gained the gate, when a rustling in the shrubbery startled her, and, with a horrible scowl upon his coarse and sensual face, Monsieur la Marquis stood in her path. The heart of the girl grew cold and numb; something choked and gurgled in her throat as though the grip of an icy hand was upon it. Monsieur seized her shoulder.

"Give it to me," he hissed, as her slender form tottered in his grasp.

"What do you wish, monsieur?" faltered the poor girl.

"The letter!" was the laconic reply. "Make haste."

He tore at her shawl as he spoke, as though to wrench the missive from her keeping. Then a thought flashed into her recollection. If she gave him the letter, he would see by its contents that his lady was innocent, for in that letter she had revoked her sinful intentions, and with a heart full of true repentance had written me that she could not consent to her own dishonor, and begging me to help her conquer this passion and be true to our own souls.

So, all trembling with terror and excitement, Felice obeyed the command of her master, and, drawing forth the letter, placed it in his eager hand.

He tore open the envelope, and his eyes devoured the contents. His face grew livid, his teeth closed with a snap over the under-lip, which was bitten through and through. He wheeled suddenly, and grasped the arm of the trembling girl.

"Viper!" he cried, "I wonder that I do not kill you! No; I will reserve you for a worse fate. Go!"

He pushed her from him as he spoke, and, turning fiercely, strode away. Half dead with fear, Felice returned to the chateau, and, seeking the apartments of her mistress, told her the whole story. With a face as colorless as the face of the dead, Madame la Marquise ran to the escritoire. She tore open the lid, and, drawing therefrom a letter, glanced it hastily over; then, with a low moan of anguish, she fell senseless to the floor.

In her haste, Felice had taken the wrong letter from the desk—the one in which madame had consented to my rash and wicked proposition, and which she had not yet destroyed. Madame knew that she was lost!

Meantime, at the Hotel St. Maur, I waited impatiently for the promised letter. But hour after hour passed by, and at last I knew that I should hear no tidings that night. Filled with uneasy forebodings, vague surmises and anxieties, in despair I seized my hat, and rushed out into the gathering twilight. It was a lovely Spring evening. A faint vapor rising from the adjacent sea spread over all things, and made surrounding objects dim and indistinct to my view. In the branches of a tall tree a little bird was twittering good-night; overhead, the new moon showed one pearly rim, and a sweet, earthy odor pervaded all things. I paced slowly up and down upon the narrow beach. The little bird ceased singing; a fleecy strip of cloud passed over the face of the young moon; I felt a strange grasping at my heart-strings. I turned suddenly, and saw, standing there upon the beach, a few feet from my side, the form of Hortense De Valerie.

With an exclamation of mingled joy and surprise, I sprang towards her. But my arms clasped only empty air. She vanished as suddenly and quietly as though but a dream; yet I know that I saw her as plainly as I had ever seen her in my life—pale, sad, with traces of tears upon her perfect face, her long hair unbound, her sweet eyes turned imploringly to me. It seemed as though my heart would break with agony. I turned and darted off towards the chateau. When I reached the grounds I paused. A dark figure stood on the terrace, wildly wringing its hands. It was Felice. I approached her and touched her arm.

"Felice!" I cried, "where is she?—Hortense—the woman I love?"

With a loud shriek the girl darted away, but I pursued her closely.

"Answer me, girl!" I demanded sternly. "Where is she?"

"She is dead!"

I reeled, and would have fallen—I could not speak—and Felice continued:

"Oh, it is all my fault! Oh, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! I murdered her!"

Then she told me the story of the letters, and the fatal mistake. The words sounded afar off, like the rushing of distant waters. At last they grew more distinct.

"When Monsieur la Marquis left me," continued Felice, "he went straight to the Hotel St. Maur, but you were not there. Then, returning home, two hours ago, he sought the apartments of madame. I know not what passed between them; but, shortly after, hearing loud shrieks, the servants burst open the door, and, rushing in, found madame lying on her bed with a sword-thrust in her body. With horrible curses monsieur leaped from the window and rushed off, as we all believe, to seek you and vengeance. You must fly at once, monsieur, or you too will be murdered!"

But her warning fell on dulled ears.

"You say," I cried wildly, "that all this occurred two hours ago?"

"Assuredly, monsieur! Two hours before dusk!"

"And I swear that I saw her upon the beach yonder at exactly that very hour!"

"Monsieur, it was her wraith!" answered Felice solemnly.

A silence fell between us two, standing alone, in the faint moonrays on the terrace, under the Spring sky.

There was a rustling through the trees, and then Monsieur la Marquis rushed forth, his eyes bloodshot and wild, his dress disordered and bloodstained, and a naked sword in his hand.

"Traitor!" he howled, rushing wildly towards me.

In the uncertain light and the mad passion that consumed him, he saw not which way he went; his foot slipped on a projecting shrub; he stumbled, he fell, and his own sword ran nearly through his body. With a sickening horror at my heart, I turned and fled from the dreadful scene.

The next morning the papers teemed with accounts of the murder and the fate of the murderer. Had he been poor, untitled and unknown, he would have been consigned to a nameless grave, whither the contumely of the world would have pursued him, granting him, even there, no rest from the shafts of their derision. But the case was different. Being the rich and envied Marquis De Valerie, his accidental death was deplored, while the horrible murder which preceded it was excused on the plea of "temporary insanity!" Fortunate plea! Strange that so large a portion of mankind are tainted with the poison of madness, which is concealed from the eyes of the world until there is some crime or wrong to hide or palliate; and then the hackneyed plea is brought forth to cover iniquity like a cloak—now, however, fast growing threadbare.

I sailed for America soon after, and have made my home there ever since. Mine is a lonely lot; but I sigh not for my short dream of unstable happiness, founded on wrong-doing. And, looking back upon the dreadful sin from which she and I had been saved—notwithstanding the terrible consequences thereof—I cannot regret the fatal letter.

WHAT FASHION HAS DONE.—Fashion has established the custom of late years of celebrating certain anniversaries of the marriage, these being named as follows: The celebration at the expiration of the first year is called the cotton-wedding; at two years comes the paper; at three, the leather; at the close of five years comes the wooden; at the seventh anniversary the friends assemble at the woolen, and at ten comes the tin. At twelve years, the silk and fine linen; at fifteen, the crystal-wedding; at twenty the friends gather with their china; and at twenty-five the married couple that have been true to their vows for a quarter of a century are rewarded with silver gifts. From this time forward the tokens of esteem become rapidly more valuable. When the thirtieth anniversary is reached they are presented with pearls; at the fortieth, come the rubies; and at the fiftieth occurs the glorious golden-wedding. Beyond that time the aged couple are allowed to enjoy their many gifts in peace. If, however, by any possibility they reach the seventy-fifth anniversary, they are presented with the rarest gifts to be obtained at the celebration of their diamond-wedding. In issuing the invitations for celebrating these anniversaries, it is customary to print them on a material emblematical of the occasion. Thus, thin wood, leather, cloth, tinfoil, silk, silver and gold paper and other materials are brought into use. Those who accept such invitations, and partake of the hospitalities of host and hostess, are expected to contribute to the collection of gifts that will grace the occasion.

A GOOD JOKE.—Few people enjoked a joke better than Bishop Morley. On one occasion, his footman happening to be out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. Jehu objected on the ground that his business was to drive, not to run errands. "Well, then," retorted the Bishop, "bring out the coach-and-four, set the pitcher inside, and drive to the well." A service he was obliged to repeat several times, to the great amusement of the villagers.

A CRUEL FATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LIEUT. E. H. KELLOGG.

Like dew-drops on a quivering leaf,
Her tears the maiden's sorrows tell,
As from her heart, o'ercharged with grief,
They upwards to her eyelids swell.
How could the grim-faced lover see
Those sad mementos, as tney rose,
Of his sweet darling's constancy,
And let them trickle down her nose?

How could such cruelty be found
Within a gallant lover's breast?
How could he feel the heart's rebound
That beat against his Marseilles vest,
And fail to soothe the maiden's sighs
As onward through the grove they roam?
He would have wiped her weeping eyes,
Had he not left his wipe at home.

PUT TO PROOF.

Rosalind Wayne paused, with her hand upon the door-knob, to listen to a repetition of her mother's injunctions about wrapping up before she went out.

"Wear my hood, won't you, Rosie? Yours is so light," said Marian, a great hoyden of thirteen, looking up from her algebra.

"Better wear my boots and mittens," said Rob, from over his algebra also, not daring to look up.

"I shall be sure to take good care of myself," was Rosalind's reply, with a bright glance towards each and all of the family group.

She closed the door behind her, and ran quickly up to her chamber to dress for the party. Mrs. Wayne had taken care that the chamber was sufficiently warm and bright with well-trimmed lamps this Winter-night. Rosalind's party-dress lay upon the

"PUT TO PROOF."—The clergyman knelt a few moments in silent prayer. Then, in a few impressive words, he united the pair before him.

bed. It was her first "regular" party-dress. She had been satisfied with a white muslin or a bright merino hitherto, but for to-night she had a snowy tarletan, training and puffed, and beside it lay the pretty fan, the bracelets, the embroidered handkerchief, which were to make the costume complete. Her girlish heart fairly bounded at the sight.

This party at Florence Grey's was to be a great event for Rosalind. She was to appear for the first time with Walter Hastings as her acknowledged lover. The match had been made during a visit to Lynne a few months before. Rosalind's pride and love were both fully gratified. Perhaps no girl ever looked forward to prospects that seemed brighter.

"Walter will have a cold drive from Lynne," remarked Mr. Wayne as his daughter left the sitting-room.

"Young folks don't feel the cold as we do, papa," returned his wife. "I suppose you've forgotten a ride we took once upon a time?"

"No," said Mr. Wayne a little gravely. "I haven't forgotten. You were a trifle older than Rosie is now, a little better fitted to know your own mind and weigh your choice. Wasn't that so?"

"Yes; I was older than Rosie. The child is hardly eighteen. Pretty young to be thinking about getting married, and no mistake."

"You and I were a good deal better acquainted, mamma, than Rosie and Walter before we spoke our minds. As for their getting married, it mustn't be talked of yet a while. I must be better acquainted with Walter myself before I give him my girl."

"They don't do things as they used to," said Mrs. Wayne with a resigned, complacent air. In her heart she liked the excitement of Rosie's being engaged, and was already planning in a motherly way about her outfit, numbering the linen-sheets and hem-stitched pillow-slips which should make the bride's portion.

In the meantime Rosalind was dressing and dreaming in her warm, cosy room. Her toilet was not lengthy, for there was no "making-up." She had only to put on her dress when the clock struck eight. Walter would not be there for half an hour still. She drew a shawl about her shoulders and sat down before the fire. A moment or two only had elapsed when the servant tapped at the door, and, opening it, held out a note. Rosalind rose to take it.

"Thank you, Ellen," said the girl gayly.

There was, in fact, something exquisitely spiritual about Rosalind's beauty. There had always been. When she was born, old ladies said she would never live to grow up. She was very fair, with a regular oval face, the pale gold hair of the Vikings' daughters, the large, heavenly blue eyes that wore such a misty, far-away look. To night there was a rose-pink flush in her cheeks, a radiant, enrapt expression. With this upon her face, she walked towards the light to read her note. It startled her somewhat to see that it was from her lover. The writing looked agitated and hurried. She broke the seal. If the external traces upon the note were alarming, its contents were still more so. Alarming? That is no adequate expression. Standing there in her airy dress, with her fair, girlish face and rapt, wistful eyes, Rosalind read these words of doom:

ROSALIND.—I may not say my Rosalind—read this with patience and pity. By writing it I peril my liberty and my life; let that fact exculpate me from any suspicion of treachery or meanness towards you. I stand to-night a suspected defaulter. I fly from pursuit. In escaping disgrace I forfeit all that makes life precious. I almost wonder that I go. It is for your sake. But in going I abandon hope and you; let me make that clear to your heart, which must think only of forgetting me. You cannot know the agony with which I pen these lines. Till now I knew not that I could. But at least they clear me from the charge of falsehood towards yourself. They relieve you from suspense; they charge you to forget me. Nothing else lies within my power.

In return for what this letter cost me I have to exact from you fortitude—instantaneous fortitude. The least flaw in your self-composure to-night ruins me. You must attend the party. Excuse my absence by illness. Appear as always. I leave Lynne at midnight—for ever. Some time—some time, perhaps, O Rosalind! when you have forgotten and are happy—you may know the story, the temptation, the struggle, which has led to this. Your heart-broken lover, W. H.

Rosalind stood as one dazed. She was numb and shivering at once. It seemed as if only violent emotion would save her reason or her life. Yet she stood still, clenching the paper, reading it again and again, till she commanded herself. It was as if her heart had been torn out and held up bleeding and quivering before her very eyes.

Suddenly she heard the carriage drive up and stop before the door. She locked the letter in her drawer, and went on to complete her toilet. At the last minute she looked in the glass at her white, frightened face, and stopped to coax back its customary expression. He had given her a hard task. Then she ran downstairs, got into the carriage, and was driven to Florence Grey's party. Walter Hastings had imposed too much when he wrote that there must not be a flaw in her self-composure.

Everyone perceived that Miss Wayne was agitated and ill at ease. They connected the fact with her apology for Mr. Hastings, and hoped there was "nothing like a quarrel in the way." If so, it was generally decided that Walter must be the one to blame. They were glad to see that she had spirit enough not to stay at home.

With this sort of by-play an hour wore on, and ten o'clock struck. At the moment Rosalind was dancing. She started, unobserved, at the sound of the hour. When the set was finished she asked her partner to go with her for a cup of coffee. She drank it silently, and excused herself to go to the dressing-room. Miss Grey followed her there a moment later.

"Rosalind, what is the matter? You are not enjoying yourself."

"I am not in good spirits to-night, Florence, and I think it is best to go. I promised mother not to stay late."

The hostess attributed Rosalind's dejection to Walter Hastings' absence, and forbore to make any comment beyond some polite regret. She assisted her to wrap her cloak about her, and sent a servant to call her carriage.

"Let me get away as quietly as possible," she said, "so that everyone will not be asking why I have gone."

The man who drove could not forbear some expression of surprise at being called so early. He had been in Mr. Wayne's family since a boy, and felt privileged to hint what everyone else was surmising.

Rosalind listened in silence while she wrapped herself in some extra shawls which she had left in the carriage. She was thinking painfully how she was to manage the most difficult part of the task which lay definitely before her, than which she had no other thought since the moment she read Walter Hastings' note; she was thinking how she should tell the servant that she must be driven to Lynne as fast as the horses would take her.

"Jim," she said abruptly as they approached a turn in the road, "I have been thinking for an hour or two how I should ask you to do me a favor."

"You needn't have thought that long, miss. I don't forget all the favors you've done me."

with her first and only passion was in trouble, dan-

"Then take the Lynne turnpike, and drive as fast as the horses will go."

"Why, Miss Rosa?"

"You mustn't ask any questions, Jim. I won't ask you never to tell, but if you do not—oh, I'll prove my gratitude somehow!"

"Bless your heart, Miss Rosa, it isn't my place to say anything. It seems to me 'tisn't just the thing for us to be doing; but I sh'an't open my mouth if you say I'm not to."

"Here is the turn. I want to be driven to the station when we get to Lynne."

"Bless my soul!" was Jim's inward ejaculation. "Is she going to run off, or what on earth is she going to do? I declare I don't know as I ought to take her."

Rosalind had selected the station as her destination for various reasons. In the first place, the arrival of the carriage would attract no notice there, and from there she could easily walk to Mr. Hastings' lodgings. Her chief difficulty would now be to obtain access to him. What if in the end her efforts should be in vain?

Her agitation prevented her from feeling the extreme cold. The horses fairly flew over the frozen ground, and drew up at the Lynne station as the clock struck eleven.

"I shall be back in an hour, Jim. You must put the horses in somewhere, and get yourself warm."

There was an almost terrible dignity in her voice and look.

"Miss Rosalind," said the man, "let me go with you."

"It is impossible," she answered, in a tone which admitted no more.

A train was due, and the station was rather crowded. The girl, shrouded in shawl and cloak, walked along the platform. Among all her sensations she was unconscious of fear. She was dominated by one thought—the man whom she loved was about to be separated from her forever. She must see him. The necessity was one with which no prudential motives might interfere. She must see him, and Heaven would take care of the consequences of so pure a desire.

Just as she reached the end of the platform a man stepped upon it. He, like herself, was muffled almost past recognition, his cap drawn down over his face. But Rosalind's eyes pierced the disguise. She stepped to his side and touched his arm.

"Walter!"

He recoiled suddenly, as if to brush her aside and pass on. Then he saw her.

"Rosalind! Great Heavens, Rosalind Wayne!"

"Hush! I wish to see you."

"My child, how did you get here? Why did you come?"

"No matter how I got here. I came because I love you; because I wish to tell you that I believe in you; that I extenuate you for whatever may have happened; that I shall never forget you; my love will never change. When you can come back for it, you will find it unaltered."

"O Rosalind! you must not talk so. I am guilty—disgraced. I am fleeing forever from my native land, from prosperity and hope. I dare not listen to such words as you have spoken. I dare not feed my heart upon them. To believe in them like a madman, and to find them, as I must find them, false, would be worse than all the rest."

"I cannot say more," she replied piteously, "than that you will never find them false. If they are any good to you, Walter, keep them in your memory, and hope for the time when you may put them to proof."

The young man, more sinned against than sinning in the guilty transaction in which he was implicated, looked into the lovely face raised to his by the garish light of the station-lamps, and the leaden despair which weighed upon him seemed to lift.

"O Rosalind! if I could only permit myself to hope I should still be saved, I should come back to prove myself worthy of you."

"You may believe what I have spoken, Walter. I would that I might put my words to proof."

"You might, darling. But I would not ask it."

"How, Walter?"

At that moment they heard the distant shriek of the approaching train.

"No, no. I must not ask it—must not think of it," he said.

"Tell me, Walter, what you mean?"

"Rosalind, why do you tempt me? I am going to take this train to Millbrook, five miles off. I shall wait there for the twelve-o'clock express." He paused. The whistle sounded again. "In Millbrook, Rosalind, we might be married."

He felt her start.

"It would be but a ceremony, darling, but it would be life and salvation to me. To feel that I had you to live and work and strive for, and some time to come back to."

She was silent still. The train dashed up to where they stood.

"I am yours, Walter," she faltered, "heart and soul. Take me to Millbrook with you."

He assisted her into the train. They took their seats. She clung to him in silence. A few moments only, and they reached the station to which they were bound.

"My old college-chum Sutherland resides here, Rosa; he will not refuse me what I ask."

Mr. Sutherland was the most unworldly wise of his class, yet he demurred at his college-mate's surprising request when awakened from his early dreams to perform the marriage-service.

"My brother Dan is in a bad scrape, Sutherland, and I must go to him at once," was what Hastings said. "We were to have been married soon, and we want to fix the matter securely before I start."

"Does Miss Wayne go with you?"

"Oh, no, not immediately. If we are married, though, I can send for her, you see, in case I don't get home very soon."

Mr. Sutherland looked into Rosalind's angelic eyes.

"Is this right?" he inquired of her with fixed meaning.

"I most conscientiously believe that it is, sir," she answered.

The clergyman knelt for a few moments in silent prayer.

Then, in a few impressive words, he united the pair before him for better or for worse. Whomsoever Heaven has joined let not man put asunder.

A sleepy boy was roused for a witness, the certificate was signed, and Rosalind and Walter reached the station again just as the glare of the red light announced the approach of the midnight express-train.

Few words were spoken during the sacred moments of that return ride.

"You have saved me, Rosalind. Never before did man owe to woman what I owe to you. Heaven grant that I may be worthy at last of your sacrifice."

She pressed his hand.

"I have only done what my own heart bade me."

"You realize, dearest," he went on, "that I may never be able to live in this part of the country again. I am going abroad, if possible to make a competence; then, if all turn out well, will return to claim you."

"If I were but going with you."

"Hush. You must not mention such a thing."

"I know it. My poor mother! how little I have thought of her to-night."

"I do not think your mother will utterly condemn me when all is known. I cannot take this time for explanations. In a day or two all must be public. Shall our marriage be made public too, Rosa?"

"Oh, no. I could not make it public—all alone so. It is sufficient that it assures us to each other. No one need know till you come back, Walter."

"Let it be so. O my darling! it is hard to go."

They were again at Lynne.

Rosalind stepped alone from the train, and walked to where she had left the carriage. Jim had just driven back to the same spot. It was five minutes past midnight.

"I've worried myself almost to pieces about you, Miss Rosa," said Jim. "Isn't it fearful cold?"

"Have you suffered, Jim? And the horses?"

"I got them under shelter, miss. We've done well enough. It's you I'm thinking about."

"I am not very cold. We shall soon be home now."

They drove past Florence Grey's; the lights were still bright, the music gayer and faster than before. Rosalind Wayne had expected to dance with the latest dancers that night. She shuddered at the contrast of the evening she had spent to that she had anticipated. The great burden she had accepted lay heavily upon her heart as she alighted again at her own door, went noiselessly through the silent house, found refuge in her own warm room, and sat down to think of what had befallen her. Her wrappings slipped from about her, she untied her hood: Her pretty, delicate dress was soiled and tumbled. She smiled pathetically to herself. It seemed as if her young life had separated itself from all such things.

* * * * * *

Rosalind woke from the void of delirium, the torpor of brain-fever, to find that weeks had elapsed since the night of Florence Grey's party. It was a mild, fair morning in February. She was in her mother's chamber, which opened from the sitting-room. She heard her father rustling his newspaper there as he turned it. She lay perfectly still, so thankful that she was alone. Her eyes roved about the room, trying to fasten upon some clue to the recollections which thronged her mind indistinctly. Beside her bed was a small table covered with a fringed napkin; upon it was a wine-glass holding two snowdrops, and beside them Florence Grey's card. At the sight of these Rosalind's confused thoughts cleared. She began to tremble, and burst into hysterical tears. Her father came to her at the first sound. He saw that reason, for which they had feared, was restored. Holding her tenderly in his arms, he administered a restorative.

"My darling," he whispered, "you are saved to us at last."

"Papa, tell me all."

"You are too weak to talk or to listen."

"I can't rest until I am told," she answered.

"Some way, Rosalind, I never liked him," said Mr. Wayne slowly. "You will get over this shock, dear, and life will be bright and fair again, as if you had never seen him."

Rosalind buried her face in the pillows. Nothing was known, then, of what she had done.

"I can never give him up," she said.

"First of all, we will think of getting well and strong, dear."

"Tell me how I was taken ill? Have I talked much?"

"Your mother found you ill with diphtheria the morning after Florence Grey's party. She did not go to you till near noon, thinking you were asleep. When she went you were unconscious. Late in the afternoon we heard that Mr. Hastings did not accompany you to the party. That evening your mother found his note in your drawer, and almost at the same time I learned of his defalcation and flight."

"Have you heard any reason given for—for what he did, papa?"

"There is very little virtue in reasons, dear, for such an act. He knew he was stealing—that is the simplest term for it, and one reason is no better than another."

"Wouldn't it be worse for a man to take money to spend in dissipation and self-indulgence, than if—if he saw some way of making it right, you know, in the end, papa?"

"I don't know about that, Rosalind," said Mr. Wayne gloomily.

He wanted to see his daughter turn against Walter Hastings, just as he had.

"I'm sure he wasn't dissipated, papa. Tell me, if you know, what reason he had for taking the money. It will rest me to know."

"As to his being dissipated or not, I don't know much about it, Rosa. I don't suppose it matters to us now. We have done with Walter Hastings, I take it. They do say, I undertsand, that he became involved through a brother, who is a reckless sort of fellow, a bold speculator and the like. But then it was mere weakness, or worse, for him to be so involved. However, we won't talk about him, my precious pet. We'll forget that he has crossed our path and given us all this trouble."

Rosalind lay with her eyes shut. How little her father knew what he was talking of; that the man he sentenced so severely was her husband. Could she tell him? The words sealed her lips, palsied her tongue. The tears crept through her closed lids.

"You must not ask me to give him up, father," she said in a quiet, patient way.

No rumor of Rosalind's visit to Lynne on the night of Florence Grey's party had been heard at home. Jim had been faithful as the grave. The mere supposition that she had been elsewhere than to the party did not exist. Rosalind could not reveal the truth. She waited to gain strength for it. The family watched her tenderly—every change of color, every light and shadow of her face.

The sweet Spring-time came and passed. Rosalind got about the house, though very fragile. She seemed always waiting and watching for something that never came. The wistful, yearning look of her large eyes was almost painful. What the poor child watched for it may well be surmised. But she watched in vain. Weeks and months went by, Summer and Autumn, Winter and Spring again. But no word came from Walter Hastings. Nothing to tell her he was still among the living. He seemed to have slipped from his place in the world since that bitter night when with one mad, heart-breaking clasp he had parted from his new-made bride. Without some token by which to feel that the events of that night were not a delusion, Rosalind could not tell of the tie which bound her to this lost, disgraced man. But her secret weighed upon her sadly. She was no longer the bright, blithe girl who went to dress for Florence Grey's party. She gave her pretty dresses, her ornaments and ribbons, to Marian, one by one. She shrank from admiration or attention. Her fair, exquisite beauty faded like that of a flower.

Once the desire to speak to someone on the subject which seldom was out of her mind pressed her so strongly that she resolved to pay a visit to Mr. Sutherland. He was a man—had a man's facilities for gaining information, which she had not. Possibly he might know some paltry fact which would allay the gnawing anguish of her heart. She took advantage of the plea of going to Lynne to do some shopping, as had frequently been her habit in the old times. Her father and mother were but too delighted at whatever evidenced any interest in her life, and gladly helped her off for the day. On reaching Lynne she took the first train for Milbrook.

What an experience that was—passing over the road where she had gone that night with him! It was a still, sumptuous September day. She walked along the street, and inquired for Mr. Sutherland's parsonage. It was pointed out to her, and she was admitted once more into the minister's study, every belonging of which was impressed upon her mind.

Mr. Sutherland, who was a scholarly man, unmarried, usually unsocial, recognized her at once, and offered her a seat with a look which betrayed that he guessed her errand.

"I have always hoped that I should see you again," he said in a voice which sounded to her full of exquisite sympathy. "I have hoped for your assurance that I did well, not ill, that night, the only time I ever saw you before."

"I felt that it was well for you to do what you did, Mr. Sutherland. We have to judge always in the present."

"May I ask if the future—those three years which have passed since we met—have borne out the wisdom of your decision?"

"They have given me nothing, neither affirmation nor denial. From that night to this I have never had any information of Mr. Hastings. The secret of my marriage is a secret, Mr. Sutherland, between you and me and him. I have no means of inquiring of what my heart is breaking to know. That is what has brought me to you."

"My poor child, I know no more than yourself. Doubtless he has never thought it best to write, for fear of furnishing a trace to his whereabouts."

"It is dreary waiting," said the girl with a sad sigh.

"I think, though, you may hope for the very best," replied Mr. Sutherland. "I know Walter Hastings well. He was always honorable and true. This trouble was not of his making. He ought not to bear the blame. If you will allow me, I will make such inquiries as are possible. If I obtain any results, I will communicate them."

"Oh, thank you."

His heart ached to see how eagerly she caught at his words. They talked a little more about Hastings, then she rose to go. Mr. Sutherland held her hand a moment, rather awkwardly, to detain her.

"Before you go there is something I must say. Your marriage—you were not of age—it might easily be set aside."

She stopped him with a slight gesture.

"What I said that night was spoken forever," she said simply.

From that day one visitor came from time to time to Mr. Wayne's whom Rosalind welcomed. The nature of her intercourse with Mr. Sutherland was so confidential that rumors soon prevailed of their intimacy, and report declared them engaged. Fortunately, these stories did not reach the ears of the principals.

A couple of years were added to the three which had already elapsed, and still no word came from Walter Hastings. All but Mr. Wayne had given up the hope that Rosalind would ever recover from her disappointment. He still contended against the lover, who had proved unworthy of her love. But she answered with the same pathetic patience as at first:

"I cannot give him up, papa; I cannot give him up."

Marian was to be married. Mrs. Wayne was to be gratified at length by a wedding in her family. Like her sister, Marian had found her mate young, and the approaching nuptials gave promise of a happier consummation.

"What an exquisite bride you would have made at eighteen, Rosalind," Mrs. Wayne remarked, surveying the white-silk bridal-dress. "Marian can't compare with you in beauty."

Rosalind shivered, then she asked suddenly:

"Have I changed very much, mamma, in five years?"

"Perhaps not so much as if you had been unhappily married."

Poor Rosalind shivered again.

Marian was married at home. Mr. Sutherland, though he did not officiate, was present. Those who observed him closely were convinced, from an unusual elation about him, that the time for his own wedding was fixed.

The first moment that Rosalind was disengaged during the evening, Mr. Sutherland took his place beside her.

"I wish to say a few words to you alone," he said; "can you go with me?"

She looked at him. A death-like faintness came over her.

"You have news?" she said.

"Yes."

"Good news?"

"Control yourself."

"I will. Tell me."

"He will be in Milbrook to-morrow."

She placed her hand upon Mr. Sutherland's arm, and led the way to an unoccupied room, where they set down together.

"What have you heard?" she asked.

He drew a letter from his pocket and handed it to her. The address was not in Walter Hastings' handwriting, but the writing within was. Rosalind read:

MY DEAR FRIEND.—If I may still so call you—I shall be with you on the 13th of the month, having need of your assistance in a delicate matter. I take your good will for granted, and subscribe myself Yours, W. H——s.

Five years—what a long time it is! For five years Rosalind had dwelt almost wholly upon one idea—the return of her lover-husband. At the last the news shocked her—it seemed so sudden.

"Will you not come to Milbrook to meet him?" asked Mr. Sutherland.

"Yes—if it is best."

"I think it is. You can come by the afternoon train?"

"Yes," she replied.

He left her and went back to the parlors. By-and-bye he saw her moving about among the company with a new, sweet serenity in her face. He did not understand women, and he had been almost shocked at the manner in which she received his news, but her later expression reassured him.

Rosalind quite surprised them all by announcing her intention of accompanying the bridal-pair as far as Lynne upon their wedding-journey next day. She parted from her sister at noon, and a half-hour later was for the third time making her way towards Mr. Sutherland's parsonage. It impressed her rather painfully, all at once, as she walked along, that maybe she had best have waited for Walter to come to her. It was somewhat odd that he had not seen fit to announce his return to her as well as to his friend. Her heart was very sensitive with its long waiting.

The doors of the parsonage stood open in the still September weather. No one was in sight. She walked into the hall, and, almost unconscious from agitation of what she was doing or whither she was going, went into the parlor opposite the study. The room was darkened by outside foliage and heavy curtains. For a moment Rosalind thought it empty. Then she saw a lady kneeling, evidently praying, before a small crucifix. Rosalind paused, amazed. To find a lady in Mr. Sutherland's bachelor establishment was sufficiently wonderful; to find her engaged in her devotions still more so. The lady rose. She was a dark, superb beauty, apparently a foreigner. She moved towards Rosalind with perfect grace and self-possession.

"I beg your pardon," said Rosalind faintly; and she moved as if to retire.

"Do not go," said the lady, with a smile. "You do not interrupt me. I am the wife of Mr. Hastings, who is Mr. Sutherland's guest."

Rosalind did not shriek or swoon. The strange, beautiful lady saw with surprise a look of horror, of agony beyond what words can paint, spread over her face. She turned and tottered towards the door. At the instant steps approached. She heard Mr. Sutherland's voice. Then Walter Hastings stood beside her.

"Rosalind," he whispered, "at last ——"

She recoiled from him.

"Let me go," she implored.

"What is the matter? What does this mean?"

"I have seen her."

"Who, Rosalind?"

"Who?" she echoed.

"My brother's wife? What is she to us?"

"Ah!"

Rosalind's breath came again. She understood the cruel mystery.

"Is your brother here?" she asked.

Walter threw himself beside her and held her in his arms. Mr. Sutherland had drawn the others away, and they were alone. For a few moments they abandoned themselves mutely to their emotions.

"It has seemed as though the time would never come," he said at last. "O Rosalind! I had no right to impose such a probation upon you."

"Why did you never write to me?"

"For two reasons. I dare not, for one. And I did not feel that I had the right to keep alive your affection for me."

"I was your wife."

"Yes. Yet had you chosen to repudiate the tie so rashly assumed I could not have gainsayed your right."

"Walter, do you love me still?"

"I am going to let my life, not my words, answer that question, Rosalind."

He told her then how that he would not come to her till he had heard through Mr. Sutherland some news of her. He explained his brother's presence with his wife. They had been through their exile together. They were rich men. They had, in returning, sought an interview with the Lynne bankers, in whose employ Walter had committed his terrible fault. They had made complete indemnity for all losses incurred through his defalcation, and Walter had submitted the proposition to them to take him back in their service. Such an act of generosity—more than life to the young man—these worthy bankers had resolved upon. With this news, with her heart full of happiness, Rosalind at length went home.

The following morning Walter, having received his appointment to his old position in the bank, came to Mr. Wayne, and together he and Rosalind told their story and implored forgiveness. Mrs. Wayne was not to be cheated of a wedding-party, after all. It occurred a few weeks later, and Rosalind made, for all her five years' waiting, a most lovely bride. Happiness gave back what her beauty had lost, and there were those who declared she had never been so lovely before. The night had been long, but the perfect light seemed now to shine upon their pathway. Rosalind feels repaid for all when her husband says, with eloquent eyes:

"It might not have been as it is, Rosa, but for your love and trust that night. The thought that you could still believe in me strengthened me against the world."

HOURS OF NIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY LOUIS BROCKWAY.

Quaint shadows lie on the garden-wall
From the fruity trees above;
Hushed is the woodlark's merry call,
The coo of the turtle-dove.

A full moon shines on the garden-bower
With its fairy silver light,
Where blossoms alone the poison-flower
Throughout the livelong night.

he bittern wails his mournful note
From the grasses rank and tall,
By the streamlet where the ibis float
In a downy, snow-white ball.

The sweet song echoing down the dale
From the woodland far away,
Is the song of the sorrowful nightingale,
Which ceases at dawn of day.

The hawk, with ever-changing flight,
Searches in quest of prey,
And the fire-flies swing their lanterns bright
To guide him on his way.

The brown herds sleep in clover-bed
Under the starry sky;
Though eft is raised some horned head
At the red-owl's fearful cry.

The purling streamlet winds its way
Through the meadow's grassy breast,
Wandering ever, night and day,
Without a thought of rest.

But a golden light tints the eastern sky,
As, with slow, majestic pace,
Old Sol mounts to his throne on high,
And Luna hides her fickle face.

"CRICKET ON THE HEARTH."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
NOT BY CHARLES DICKENS.

We do not play much cricket in this country; but, when a boy, I was at a famous old school in England, where to be "somebody" in the estimation of the "captain of the eleven" gave one a higher standing in the sight of the boys than to be *optimus* as a fifth-former. That same Captain Leslie Biers was a desperate martinet in the matter of practice, and terribly exacting upon his command. Blow high, blow low—rain, drizzle, or cats-and-dogs—we had to do our two hours' daily work of single-stump bowling and right and left hand batting, fielding at short-stop, long stop, wicket-keeping, etc., etc. Now, practice as I might, I was ever down at zero on Leslie's barometer of esteem. I could not distinguish myself at cricket. In pulling an oar in our "eight" I passed muster pretty creditably; football and "golf" afforded me occasional triumphs; but, before a pitched wicket, nothing seemed able to keep my "balls" on when I held a bat, nor take the balls off when I delivered a ball.

"Stick to your dactyls and spondees, old fellow," would Leslie Biers say to me, when he took my inaptitude good-temperedly. "Confound you, go in for hexameters, and leave the stumps to your betters," was the word when he was chafed. Under all discouragement, however, I would not give up my place in Bowney, as the meadow was named where our cricket-matches took place; for the great annual match between another of the large public schools and our own was drawing near, and I had an ambition to be selected as one of "the eleven" to uphold the honor of old E——. It will sound odd to my readers, when I state that this same annual match is regarded as a matter of sufficient consequence, not only to engage the attention of the newspaper-press in England, but also to attract to it an immense concourse of spectators, the sovereign not infrequently being amongst them.

It does not take place at E——, but in London, nearly twenty-six miles distant from the school, at Lord's cricket-ground, a sort of public lists where the knights of the bat fight out their tourneys.

After all, my perseverance would not have availed to win me Leslie Bier's suffrages, but for an accident which incapacitated three members of the selected eleven only a week before the match-day. The boat they were rowing in on the Thames was upset, and so nearly were they all drowned that, though rescued ultimately, the exertion of cricket was absolutely prohibited, and they were removed to their homes. For want of a better, I was one of the three chosen to take their places.

The week slipped away, and we were all in London. Only one day, a Sunday, had to intervene before I donned the light-blue flannel suit which was the school-club uniform; and the nearer the time came for doing so, the more distressingly diffident I felt of my own powers to do credit to it. The words which my father kindly intended for encouragement produced quite a contrary effect in my mind.

"Well, my lad," said he, when I wished him good-night, "do not slight the triumphs of the cricket ground and boat race; they are no bad preparation for the more serious triumphs which attend perseverance and endurance in mature life."

I could not help thinking what the old gentleman would feel when he saw my name in the report of the score after this fashion:

FIRST INNING.	SECOND INNING.
Philip, runs.............. 0	Runs.............. 0

"What would I give," thought I, as I lay stretched on the hearthrug in my bedroom (a favorite attitude of mine in those days), with the gas turned down so as to leave only just light enough for me to read "Lilywhite's Manual of Cricket;" or rather, what would I *not* give to feel sure that I should play a good bat to-morrow? Only fancy the astonishment of Leslie Biers and the fellows when they saw me drive the ball for a "six," then cut it for a "three," next send it square away over "long-stop's" head. In imagination I saw the "White Flannels" (our adversaries) running madly after my ideal ball, as it hopped over the smoothly-mown turf to the very boundary wall. Would not our fellows cheer! What a cry would come out of the booth of "Well hit, Phil!" What a flash of waving cambric from the benches, where the ladies were closely packed. "By George!" (E—— boys always swear by St. George), "I would give everything I have in the world if I could really bring it all to pass."

"I will not ask as much as that," said a total stranger to me, whom I saw for the first time when the sound of his voice attracted my eyes to where he stood, with his curious-looking feet crossed, and his elbow resting on the corner of the mantel shelf.

"I beg your pardon," I stammered, as I sat up on the hearthrug to look at him. "What did you say?"

"Merely that I will accomplish your wish for you for a very trifling return on your part."

He spoke so blandly, and rubbed his hands with such cheerfulnes, that my first sentiment of ill ease vanished.

"Pray, sir, how do you know what I was *thinking* about?" said I, clasping my hands in front of my knees and looking steadily at him.

"Why, you see, it's my particular business—my specialty—as I may say, to interpret people's thoughts. Any vulgar huckster can hand a customer the article he *asks* for over a counter. I interpret the *unspoken* wants. Nothing affords me so much satisfaction as to minister to the pleasures and enjoyments of such as you, my dear young friend."

Observing my eyes fixed upon his feet—they were most curiously formed—he dropped into a chair and tucked them away underneath the seat, which led me to surmise that the poor gentleman was afflicted, and to feel quite ashamed of my involuntary rudeness.

"Come, now," he continued, "you wish to play in such a manner at the match to-morrow as to excite the astonishment and admiration of Leslie Biers and your schoolmates. A most laudable wish, too. The admiration of your fellow-creatures is the prize you should always keep steadily in view. The happier you are in this world the more you will be envied; therefore the greater the degree of envy you excite in others, the greater must be your own stock of happiness. Never mind that just now, though you will do well to bear it in mind; at present we are considering your match. If you like, I will enable you to play so that the honor of winning the game shall be yours exclusively."

"I win the match?" I gasped.

He nodded pleasantly.

"I do not see how you ——"

"No, no, of course you don't," he added hastily. "Suppose we say a score of ninety for the first inning."

"*I* make ninety runs? My dear sir, I ——"

"I know what you mean to say—that you never made nine in all your life. That does not signify; it depends on yourself now whether you make ninety at the match, or for the matter of that, a hundred. I am not particular as to a few more or less."

I shook my head, feeling he did not know what a hopeless "muff" I was at cricket.

"Oh, yes, I do," said he patly; "but that does not signify, either. If you will make a little bargain with me, I in return will guarantee that you shall play in such a manner to-morrow as never yet E—— boy played at Lord's."

"You will?" I exclaimed, carried away with the ideas his words suggested. "You *can* do that."

"I both will and can. Besides, if you are not satisfied that I have fulfilled my part of the bargain, you are under no obligation to fulfill yours."

"Well, sir," said I diffidently, running over mentally the catalogue of all my worldly belongings, and wondering whether he would require my new silver watch, or the gun my grandfather was having made for me at "Purdey's," as the equivalent for a full, perfect, and unanimously acclaimed triumph the next day at Lord's. "Well, sir, if it lies in my power to make you a return, and you really possess the ability you say, I am willing to part with anything I possess that you may feel disposed to accept as an acknowledgment of your goodness."

"My goodness? Ahem! just so, though you need not call it goodness, my young friend; that is a meaningless word." He slipped one hand inside his vest and drew out what I at first took for a roll of paper, but which, as he opened it, crackled and gritted like a sheet of tin.

"Just give me your autograph upon this," said he with a careless smile. "I have a great fancy for autographs, and to-morrow you shall show yourself the finest cricketer E—— school ever produced."

Up I jumped to get a pen: the bargain was too easy a one on my side not to be clinched promptly.

"You do not need a pen," said he. "Just trace your name at the bottom with your finger. It is not the *act*, but the *intent*, that gives significance to everything, even to an autograph, my young friend."

I ran my finger over the scroll as he held it open, writing imaginary letters, but, to my amazement, no sooner had I completed the shape of the last letter of my name, than in glowing characters of fiery red I saw distinctly:

PHILIP ——,

while at the same moment I was conscious of a sudden shock, as if I had received one from a galvanic-battery. My visitor relinquished the lower edge of the scroll, which instantly rolled itself compactly, until it was no larger than a small ruler.

"Come," said he, "that is all right. You have performed your part of the contract, now for mine."

In went his hand inside his vest once more, and when it came out a cricket-bat came with it. There was so much that was unusual about the gentleman that I did not feel much surprise at his carrying cricket-bats in his bosom.

"Allow me to present you with a bat which, in *your* hands, mind—*not* in anybody else's—will defend a wicket against the best bowler in England. And now go to bed, that you may get up fresh. We shall meet when the match is ended."

He placed the bat across the arms of an easy-chair, nodded to me, and walked straight away through the looking-glass into the reflected apartment visible therein, out through the door at the end of it, and I was alone.

* * * * * * *

Never was a brighter, cheerier morning than that on which I entered Lord's with my highly prized cricket-bat in its green-baize bag. Leslie Biers was not beaming, but decidedly overcast. He almost scowled at the crowds of pretty faces as they came trooping in, and rendered curt answers to all questions. To us—his command—he was less reserved.

"I tell you fellows what it is," said he, with ferocious bitterness. "You look deuced happy *now*; but when you see old E——'s name over a beggarly score, you'll look miserable. We have the weakest eleven E—— ever brought to Lord's, and H—— has about the strongest they ever mustered. That is all. So now laugh away as much as you like."

Now, usually I was quite lamblike in my demeanor to our captain—smiling when he smiled, dolefully subdued when he frowned. On that occasion my old nature appeared to have slidden away from me, for, with supercilious confidence, I felt myself impelled to reply:

"Bah! Fudge!"

Leslie Biers looked at me in blank amazement, but I went on:

"If any of you fellows are 'spooney' enough to believe Leslie, you deserve to have your wickets lowered without scoring a run; and, if he thinks that the captain of an eleven knows what he is about when he does his best to discourage his men before the first 'over' is bowled, why, he is not fit for his place. That is all, Leslie. And now you may *growl* as much as *you* like."

A murmur of applause greeted my words, and just then the umpires summoned our captain to the "creases," and an insane fancy took possession of me to try and hide my cricket-bat inside my vest; so I went behind the booth to attempt the operation in private. It stowed away very conveniently all except the end of the handle, but I buttoned my jacket over that, and, by the time I was satisfied with my appearance, I heard a cry that H—— had won the toss and took the wicket first. During the whole of that inning, strange to say, I was doing all sorts of odd things besides fielding. Yet the game went on very well without me. Sometimes I left my post to chat with my people, who were all there, though why my father had brought his office-table with him, covered with "briefs," I could not conceive; at others, I clambered up to the back of one of the carriage-horses and simulated a postilion. Occasionally, however, I was hotly in the game, and the "catches" I made and the "throws-up" I delivered were beyond belief. At last H—— sent their final pair to the wickets, and when the survivor carried out his bat, the score was displayed at the signal post: "H——, 211 runs, 19 wides, 4 byes." Then everybody cheered H——'s sympathizers very heartily. E——'s with attempted irony. As for me, I laughed out in bitter contempt:

"I can make that little lot to my own bat."

"You are a confounded ass," was Leslie Biers' comment. Lunch ensued; I remember I took some lobster, but when I cracked one of the claws it was full of strawberry jam, which I did not think odd—nothing was odd in my eyes that day—after which two of our "cracks" confronted each other at the wickets, and our inning began.

I lay in the scoring-booth watching tall Pelham Clifford "blocking" ball after ball in that safe way of his, and fat little Gus Palmer at the other end, leaning on his bat-handle waiting his turn. Presently came the "thud" of a hit, and away the pair ran, crossing once, twice, thrice. "One more—run, run!" shouts Leslie Biers. They ran—the ball came up too fast; Pelham's long legs carried him inside the crease, but little Gus was a long yard outside his when the bails were tipped off by the H—— wicket-keeper. First wicket down to three runs for E——. Leslie himself replaced him, and then the runs began to come quickly. Our captain was a brilliant hitter, but, perhaps, wanting in equanimity, and, consequently, in patience. When our score stood at twenty-seven, a slow, creeping ball beguiled him into stepping out to "swipe" it. We all looked for a "five" at least, but, horrible dictu! the ball twisted under the bat, and Leslie's middle stump went out of the perpendicular.

Such a cheer as went up from H——! In vain E—— attempted to drown it. Leslie came to the booth trailing his bat, and, seeing me on my back, sneered morosely, saying: "Now, then, David, go and slay the Philistines." I arose, feeling as collected as Washington's statue looks in Union square; drew my bat out of my bosom and out of its green-baize bag, and my first emotion of surprise came when I observed that it was of a crimson-red color.

"Now, confound it, youngster, keep cool and play steadily," said Pelham Clifford to me as I passed him.

Two balls of the "over" remained to be played at my wicket. I looked at the bowler, he stood with his hands poised; the umpire cried "Time!" "Play!" vociferated the bowler, his arm swung, and on came the ball, swift and straight for mid-stump. A giant's strength was in my arms, and as my bat swept upwards I heard Pelham call out:

"Steady!"

Bat met ball with a thud; a little black speck was whizzing away far beyond the farthest of the H—— fielders, and off I started for my run. When I once more stood in my place "four" were added to E——'s score.

Again the ball came leaping to my wicket; a nasty, twisting one it was, but, like its predecessor, it traveled off to the boundary wall, and "hallelujahs" went up from the spectators. Breathless and panting, Pelham Clifford smiled radiantly at me when "six" was called, and I heard our provost demand three cheers for Philip ——.

Well, space fails to tell all the achievements of my crimson bat; suffice it that from the time I stepped to the wickets until our last man confronted me, it successfully defied every bowler that H—— pitted against it, and, with a maiden-wicket, I carried it out after the E—— score stood at three hundred and forty-three runs.

Our fellows rushed upon me like a pack of wolves, Leslie Biers the first to pull my right leg from under me, while Pelham Clifford did as much for the other. Hoisted on the shoulders of our eleven, I was borne in triumph to the booth, where the band struck up "See, the Conquering Hero Comes," and, foremost amongst the performers was my mysterious acquaintance of the odd feet, blowing frantically through a trombone. Never before had E—— boy such a saturnalia of glorification.

Leslie declared that he resigned the captaincy of our eleven in my favor. The other fellows vowed I should be marshal at the next "montem." The ladies kissed me all around; the gentlemen shook my hands and squeezed five-pound notes into them, while suddenly my mysterious acquaintance passed his arm through mine and led me away, though I wanted to go to my own people.

"Come along," said he; "you have had your triumph, and now you belong to me."

"To you, sir?" I exclaimed, while a feeling of horror crept over me. "Pray, may I ask who you are?"

"Oh, certainly," he replied with a grin that froze my blood in my veins. "Look at this; that will tell you who I am."

Passing his hand under his coat-tails, he drew out a long curly black tail spiked at the end like a harpoon! I shrieked out and glanced at his feet—*they were hoofs!!!*

With a desperate plunge I tried to break away from him, and then my father's voice sounded in my ears:

"Why, Phil, how do you expect to do any good to-morrow after passing your night on the hearthrug? Get up, my lad, and go to bed."

It was all a dream. In my struggles I had dragged the table-cover, with everything on it, to the floor, and rubbed the skin off my nose against the fender; and although, when the next day came, I did not distinguish myself by any means to the same extent as in my vision, I infinitely preferred the result to that which waited upon my game of "CRICKET ON THE HEARTH." V. W. JONES.

PRACTICAL JOKING.—The only practical joke in which Richard Barham (better known by his *nom de plume* of Thomas Ingoldsby) ever personally engaged was enacted when he was a boy at Canterbury. In company with a schoolfellow, D——, he entered a Quakers' meeting-house, when, looking round at the grave assembly, the latter held up a penny-tart, and said solemnly: "Whoever speaks first shall have this pie." "Go thy way, boy," said a drab-colored gentleman, rising; "go thy way, and ——" "The pie is *yours*, sir!" exclaimed D——, placing it before the astounded speaker and hastily effecting his escape.

THE YANKEE FACULTY for getting the best of circumstances receives an illustration in the fact that the captain of a schooner which was solidly frozen in the Mystic River, in Massachusetts, is now loading her with the ice taken out in making a channel, and will sell it at a good profit in Florida.

THREE LITTLE WORDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It was a handsome lover,
It was a pretty maid,
And with her golden tresses
The handsome lover played;
Oh, brighter than the sunshine
The eyes he turned on her;
Three little words he whispered—
What do you think they were?
"I love you! I love you!"
These were the words he said;
O happy, handsome lover!
O happy little maid!

The birds were singing sweetly,
The breezes sweeping by;
O happy little maiden!
O charming little sigh!
What did she say in answer?
What did she say and do?
Her soft white arms were 'round his neck;
Said she: "And I love *you!*"
"I love you! I love you!"
These were the words she said;
O happy, handsome lover!
O happy little maid!
J. H. B.

AN INCIDENT OF ASQUITH RACE-GROUNDS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The Asquith Race-grounds, near Liverpool, England, is a most beautiful spot, and race-week is like it used to be in our own Charleston, S. C., in days gone by—a carnival week. The town of Liverpool is completely deserted by everybody who can get away, and even those who have not a shilling to spare can walk out and enter the general grounds free, as every opportunity is given the shopkeepers of England's great seaport to enjoy the pleasures of the turf, and get a little relaxation from the confinement of the shop. The fare by rail is sixpence, and the company coin money at that, for at least twenty excursion trains depart daily for the course. A better way to reach it is by walking, for to an American the sights on the road are a curiosity. Plodding along on a well-laid path or sidewalk, with a splendid shade the whole distance, all kinds of vehicles can be seen, from the four-in-hand to the butcher's cart; but the majority of the travelers on the road are family parties, with their baskets of grub, porter and children, riding in any kind of a conveyance that will hold seven.

It was during this great holiday week that Mark Lewis, an American who had sowed his wild oats at home, reached Liverpool on his return to the land of his birth; and, having to remain in the town a few days waiting for the Cunarder's day of sailing, he put up at the Queen's Hotel, Lime street. No matter what part of the building he went, whether it was the bar, billiard-room, office or barber-shop, the same old talk greeted him, and offers to name this horse or that at short odds were as plenty as blackberries in a Delaware patch. Mark Lewis concluded that the races were a fine thing, and he determined to take them in, and see if they were conducted on the same plan as the Augusta, Ga., track when under the management of Hen. Glover.

Mark made all kinds of inquiries about how to get to the promised place, and the proprietor of the "Queen's," who was going out next day with a party in a handsome drag, courteously invited him to become his guest and make one of his company; but Mark politely declined, saying that he had only a few days more to remain in England, and he wanted to see all he could of it, and therefore he preferred walking. The next morning came, and from early dawn all was bustle and preparation, and as early as nine o'clock wagons of all descriptions, filled with merry parties, were seen passing the hotel. Mark, after asking which direction to take, and being told to follow the crowd, took his departure. The scenes on the road were as good as a variety show to him, for it was a constant change from the sublime to the ridiculous, and no one enjoyed it more than he. Every now and again some sharp fellow, with a vision keener than his companions', would detect an American in Mr. Mark Lewis by the cut of his coat, and sing out:

"There's no use in walking, you know; so come and take a seat, my Yankee lad."

But our traveler would politely shake his head, laugh, and walk on. After an easy, pleasant walk of six miles, he entered the race-grounds, feeling like a spinning-top after his ramble, and having plenty of time before the first race to take a quiet observation of the surroundings.

In the first place, he wondered at not seeing a ticket-taker, but naturally thought he was overlooked, and booked that as luck number one. Going out on the track, he was surprised to see the turf growing there, and said to himself: "This is something new, for we don't have it this way in Georgia." But he enjoyed the surprise he received when he crossed into the field inside of the track, and saw the many happy families seated on the grass, with a tablecloth spread before them covered with roast-beef, cold chicken, and other fixings, and all in the best of humor. Says Mark to himself:

"This is not a race-meeting. It's a regular first-class picnic, and I am glad to see the people take to it so kindly."

It was not long, however, before the first race was called; and as Mark had not seen a trial between horses since Elizabeth McNairy beat Gold Pin (which race he got "broke" on, and swore off), he was anxious to see this one. The numbers were a puzzle to him; and, when he was told there would be twenty-six races that day, he exclaimed:

"What! do they run all night?"

But Mark was innocent in regard to the way they do things over there. He thought that every race would be one of heats. While he was cogitating, the horses got off. Mark turned round to spit, and when he turned his face again to the track he saw the people all running in one direction, and he ran, too, thinking it was a fight, or else it was a place where the people would have a better view. But on reaching the spot he was disgusted when told the race was over. Speaking to one of the jockeys, he said:

"Do you pretend to say the race is over?"

"Yes, sir; and I ought to have won it."

"Why didn't you toss a cent for it, my boy?"

"Oh, we don't toss for it, you know, sir. We always ride for it."

"There will be twenty-five more of those things to-day, did you say?"

"Yes, sir; there are twenty-five more races to be run to-day."

"Well, my boy, all I have to say is, you had better bunch them and make a *race*, for this is the worst I ever saw, and I think I'll look for fun somewhere else on these grounds. I've seen enough of racing."

So saying, Mr. Mark Lewis walked off disappointed. He was not to blame, for when he had patronized the turf in his native State imported amusements were not so thick as they are now, and he had no idea what English racing meant. In his time American racing was good enough for American people, and they did not care about borrowing racing notions from England or elsewhere, being perfectly satisfied with heat-racing, where a man could hedge—if he got wrong at first—without even feeding the pool-box.

Although Mr. Mark Lewis admired the surroundings of Aintree Race-course, and especially the happy families seated on the lawn, English racing had no charms for him, and he sought pleasure in a different direction, and found it. After seeing Punch-and-Judy, and while watching two gladiators taking exercise in the manly art of self-defense, a little white boy with his face blackened ran past him, and as he did so a gentlemanly-appearing person approached Mark and said:

"It will take that boy some time to get his face clean, you know."

"A little soap and water will make short work of that," responded Mark.

Here a conversation commenced, the Englishman asking about all his relatives, from Montreal to Galveston, and wondering that Mr. Mark Lewis did not know them; but the truth must be told—Mr. Lewis did not know them. Mr. Higby, the name of Mark's new-found friend, was very sorry indeed that his people in America had not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Lewis, and wound up his sudden grief by asking Mark to join him in a glass of bitter beer, to which proposition the latter consented, not being a bit bashful. Entering a new "booth," Mr. Higby picked out a nice clean table, with a fresh bench, and, entering first, Mark was placed on the outside or edge, and in facing Mr. Higby his back was to all those passing in and out. The bitter beer being served, Mark had no sinecure in answering all the questions put to him about America, and felt greatly relieved, if not astonished, at hearing a voice behind him sing out:

"Do you want to buy a knife?"

Now, if Mark had been almost anywhere else, he would have put the knife-seller down as a man from Maine, for the nasal tone was there; but, looking at the curious specimen of manhood behind him, he was compelled to laugh and to say:

"My friend, I am not swapping knives to-day!"

The Yorkshireman, for such he proved to be, expatiated on the merits of his knife, the price of which was tenpence only; and, while he was expending his wind, a gentleman, whose outward sign showed him to be a "boniface," entered, and took a seat at the same table. The knife was handed to both gentlemen, and, when pronounced not worth tenpence, Yorkshire made a novel proposition, to wit: Each of them was to put up a shilling—and his knife would represent his shilling—and they would raffle for the whole caboodle, the highest one taking all. Messrs. Boniface and Higby agreed to do so, but Mr. Mark Lewis would not join in, for, as he said:

"Gentlemen, I don't gamble; I have sworn off."

But before the twinkling of an eye, when asked what he was going to raffle with, Yorkshire pulled out three cards, greasy at that. If Mr. Lewis had been struck by lightning, or at that moment met his mother-in-law, he could not have been much more surprised; and, forgetting himself, he gave vent to his feelings: "Shades of evening, close not o'er us," and the balance passed through Mark's head like a brain-whisper, for he was interrupted by Mr. Higby's saying:

"That's a charming song you quoted, Mr. Lewis."

But Mark was not thinking of songs—his thoughts were of another land, and he said to himself: "Can such things be?—the national American game of three-card monte imported into England, or is the latter annexed or hitched onto our glorious Union?"

Turning around, he looked Yorkshire squarely in the face, and the sudden thought struck him that the last time he had the honor of facing three cards the manipulator was strung up to a pine-tree, and left there as a sign. Yorkshire forgot all about the raffle, for as soon as the cards touched the table he commenced singing out in his cheerful way:

"I'll bet sixpence, a shilling, half a crown, five shillings, or a pound, that no person can pick out the seven of diamonds."

Mark kept still, but Mr. Higby ventured a shilling, and, contrary to his expectations, lost. Boniface took the next back at it and won, but Mr. Lewis could not be prevailed upon to risk a cent. While Yorkshire was chaffing the American, and trying to force a bet out of him, a man who may have been the Cardiff Giant reached over, crimped a card, and winked at Mr. Lewis; but the latter, having been there before, kept his own counsel. As the dealer directed his whole remarks to him, Mr. Mark Lewis, before proceeding further, made a little speech, in which he thought he gave good advice.

"My young friend," Mark began, "you are losing time and money in looking on me as your intended victim, and I would advise you to take a walk, for something serious may happen if you tarry longer."

"Give us a bet!" cried Yorkshire.

"I see that my good intentions are thrown away, and will ask you what you think would be done with you in my country?"

Mark had in his mind's eye the artist swinging on the tree, and was dumbfounded when Yorkshire answered by saying:

"Why, they would give me a bet."

"Well, I see it's no use in talking to you, my raffling friend, as a parent would, and therefore shall have to break my promise and wager you one pound that I can pick out the seven of diamonds."

Yorkshire was nudged by the stranger behind him, and he offered to make it five pounds.

"Anything to accommodate you, my young friend," says Mark.

The stakes being laid on the table, Mr. Lewis raised the seven of diamonds; but he had not picked out the one that was crimped. Yorkshire grabbed for the money; but an ivory-handled Colt's revolver suddenly came out of Mr. Lewis' pocket, and the money was laid back on the table, Mark coolly picking it up and placing it in his pocket.

To Mr. Higby things were getting serious, and he invited his friend Lewis to come out and see a race, which invitation was accepted. After the twain got outside, Higby remarked:

"It's my opinion they are all a blarsted set of scoundrels," to which Mr. Mark Lewis gave his assent.

As before remarked, our American was not partial to English racing; so, after seeing *one* "toss of a cent," he became tired of it, and he and Higby went in search of other sights. But what puzzled him most was, that Mr. Higby would not allow him to pay for any beer, saying: "It is not in accord with English hospitality, you know." After a while Higby's funds seemed to run short, for he had a spat with the lady under the grand-stand, whom he hung up for two beers, and Mark, who had begun to weaken, offered to pay the damage. Higby would not have it, and with a peculiar wink at the hostess Mr. Mark Lewis induced Higby to take a walk. While they were looking at an individual giving away gold, the two friends of the day became separated, and Mark, becoming wretched in being left alone, started in search of the lost one. His first visit was to the window under the grand-stand, to whom he paid Mr. Higby's indebtedness, and from there he wandered along by the "booths." Reaching the not-to-be-forgotten one, he entered to get some bitter beer, and lo and behold! who should be sitting at the original clean table but the whole party, Higby included.

Mr. Mark Lewis was not slow of comprehension, and took in the situation at once; so, instead of getting angry with his friend Higby, he walked boldly to the front, and said:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry you have wasted so much precious time on an unworthy object like myself, and I thank you, and especially *you*, Mr. Higby, for your kind attentions. I assure you all that I have no hard feelings; so walk up to the bar and take a drink with me."

Not knowing what to think of the coolness of Mr. Mark Lewis, but feeling assured by the invitation to partake, they one and all faced the bar and took it "bitter." There were no formalities; but, after the bitter was turned into sweet, Mr. Mark Lewis raised his hat with Georgian politeness, and said:

"Gentlemen, I will now bid you an affectionate though hasty farewell." SPERRY.

"I'LL BRING THE PAPER BACK TO-MORROW."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Years ago, in New England, the village-store was the resort of idlers. There they were wont to gather nightly around the great stove, and while away the earlier hours of long Winter evenings, cracking jokes, telling stories, drinking hard-cider, and occasionally indulging in messes of oysters or eggs. Those times have in a measure passed away; but in some places the depot serves at present as the rendezvous. A number of the people hereabouts regularly congregate in the barn-like edifice which serves as the railroad-station, and, owing to characteristics peculiar to certain of them, the title of "Gape-and-swallow Society" has been conferred on this informal club. Occasionally a good story is told, or a really sparkling witticism is given utterance to. It is one of the former I intend to recount.

It was a cold, bleak, stormy night, and the wind blew almost a hurricane, whistling through crevices in the rickety building, causing the rafters to creak and the old frame to tremble and moan. The rough, wooden benches looked unusually bare, for the Gapers and Swallowers were not out in full force, and the few who huddled in a circle about the roaring, crackling fire seemed oppressed with melancholy.

Mr. Janders, a sallow-looking, dried-up little man of doubtful age, whose short legs were so bowed that a cannon-ball might have passed between them without inflicting injury, and whose dark eyes had a soured, wicked twinkle, had been more bitter in his remarks than was his wont. Old Sam Simons—so called to distinguish him from his son, young Sam—had been mournfully deploring the departure of the times of hustlings, musters and turkey-shoots. Mr. Joiner was thoughtfully munching a geranium-leaf which ever hung from his lips down upon his jet black beard, for he firmly believed that a sprig of that plant carried in his mouth would preserve him from all harm; a pert young man, who bore around with him without staggering the name George Washington William Brown Archer Cook, had just effectually silenced old Daddy Bugbee, who had been bragging about his three-hundred-pound pig, by coolly telling of one much heavier, when a very ancient party named Piper, who had apparently been sleeping, suddenly straightened up, and, addressing Mr. Janders, said in a sort of squeaking voice:

"I suppose you ricklet old Shedebiddy Jones, who lived in Skunk Holler? He wasn't any smarter than he might have been, was Shedebiddy Jones—even his wife used to call him a poor, shiftless critter. Well, once in the while he was chipper as anybody, and gave vent to some allfired good things. In those days Uncle Josh Hawks kep store here and he was about the smallest-souled man I ever knowed. One day Shedebiddy came down on an arrant, but forgot what he came for. He was puty old, and his mem'ry failed him every now and then. So he thought he'd buy something to pacify the old lady—for she was a tartar, and no mistake, when her dander was up—and he asked for a quarter of figs. Now, Uncle Josh he knowed to a fig how many it took to a quarter pound, and he put the usual number in the scales, but they overweighed. One was larger than the general run, I guess; anyway, he took one out and put another in, and then the weight was short. So he took *that* one out and put in another, and still the weight was short. Uncle Josh would no more give under than over weight, so he took up the big fig again and cut off one end and dropped it in, and the scales balanced exactly. Old Shedebiddy's eyes were a-growin' dim with the frosts of seventy Winters, but they weren't so dim but what he seed the fig-splitting; but he never said a word. Uncle Josh wrapped them up in a small piece of brown paper, and then looked about for something with which to tie up the parcel, but it happened that the twine had gin out.

"'You don't mind if there isn't any string, do you?' asked he in an insinuating sort of way.

"'No,' answered Shedebiddy, as sober as a Judge; 'and I'll bring the paper back to-morrow.'" ARTHUR KNUTTNONE.

"ANNIE LAURIE."

"If you want to hear 'Annie Laurie' sung, come to my house to-night," said a man to his friend. "We have a love-lorn fellow in the village who was sadly wrecked by the refusal of a girl whom he had been paying attention to for a year or more. It is seldom he will attempt the song, but, when he does, I tell you he draws tears from eyes unused to weeping."

A small, select company had assembled in a pleasant parlor, and were gayly chatting and laughing when a tall young man entered, whose peculiar face and air instantly arrested attention.

He was very pale, with that clear, vivid complexion which dark-haired consumptives so often have.

His locks were as black as jet, and hung profusely upon a square white collar.

His eyes were very large and spiritual, and his brow such a one as a poet should have.

But for a certain wandering look, a casual observer would have pronounced him a man of uncommon intellectual powers.

The words "Poor fellow!" and "How sad he looks!" went the rounds as he came forward, bowed to the company, and took his seat.

One or two thoughtless girls laughed as they whispered that he was "love-cracked"—but the rest of the company treated him with a respectful deference.

It was late in the evening when singing was proposed, and to ask him to sing "Annie Laurie" was a task of uncommon delicacy. One song after another was sung, and at last that one was named. At its mention the young man grew deadly pale, but did not speak; he seemed instantly to be lost in reverie.

"The name of the girl who treated him so badly was Annie," said a lady, whispering to the new guest. "But, oh, I wish he would sing it; nobody else can to do it justice."

"No one dares sing 'Annie Laurie' before you, Charles," said an elderly lady. "Would it be too much for me to ask you to favor the company with it?" she added timidly.

He did not reply for a moment—his lips quivered a little, and then, looking, up as if he saw a spiritual presence, he began. Every soul was hushed—it seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel. The tones vibrated through nerve and pulse and heart, and made one shiver with the pathos of his feeling; never was heard melody in a human voice like that—so plaintive, so soulful—so tender and earnest.

He sat with his eyes thrown back, his eyes half-closed, the locks of dark hair glistening against his pale temple, his fine throat swelling with the rich tones, his hands lightly folded before him; and as he sang:

"And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,"

it seemed as if he shook from head to foot with emotion. Many a lip trembled, and there was no jesting, no laughing, but, instead, tears in more than one eye.

And on he sang, and on, holding everyone in rapt attention, till he came to the last verse:

"Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' of her fairy feet,
And, like wind in Summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet—
And she's a' the world to me"—

He paused before he added:

"And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'll lay me down and die."

There was a long and solemn pause. The black locks seem to grow blacker—the white temples whiter—almost imperceptibly the head kept falling back—the eyes were close shut. One glanced at another—all seemed awe struck—till the same person who had urged him to sing laid her hand gently on his shoulder, saying:

"Charles, Charles!"

Then came a hush—a thrill of horror crept through every frame—the poor, tired heart had ceased to beat—Charles, the love-betrayed, was dead.

DANGER AHEAD.

"Heave dat cotton!" called old Si to a man at the Georgia depot.

"Ef you hollers heave at me, an' I hangs dis cotton-hook in dat beaver-hat, you'll see mo' lint in de a'r dan ef a clykion struck a gin-house!" replied the cotton-roller.

"Heave! heave! heave dat cotton fur yo' bred, nigger!" again said Si.

The negro started for the old man, but Si raised his saw and said:

"Stan' back, charcole-stack, er I'll d'vide yer up wid dis saw tell de kuriner'll t'ink dat he's bin called upon ter set on de droppin's ob a rickety cole-kyart!"

There the fight ended.

An Unpleasant Increase.—R —— was the first manager in Paris who filled up his company with young lady novices who were no actresses, and who were usually glad to pay out of their own pockets for the privilege of appearing on the stage. One of these amateurs once declared to a friend that she was about to leave because R —— had raised all the actresses' salaries. Upon being remonstrated with, and told that she ought to be delighted at such a measure: "You don't understand," replied the indignant *carte-de-visite* actress; "I used to give R —— sixty francs a month, and now he wants a hundred."

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. IV.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN:" ITS EARLY DAYS, AND THE PEOPLE WHO PLAYED IN IT.

Apart from having, as much as Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel itself, been instrumental in fostering the Republican Party, the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" possesses a special interest as being the pioneer of the "long runs" familiar to the American stage of late years. It is the purpose of this article to enter briefly into a history of that play, with respect to the early days of which many erroneous impressions exist. It has been supposed that the late George L. Aiken was the first to dramatize it, that it first saw footlights in the Summer of 1853 at the National Theatre, in this city, and that the talented Howard family were throughout identified with the wonderful success it achieved at that establishment. On the contrary, it had been "done to death" in England, France and Germany before it entered upon its protracted "run" in this city.

The first "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of which we have any record was written by Prof. Hewett of Baltimore, Md., and it is said to have been produced at the Museum, in that city, on Jan. 5, 1852. Subsequently in that year it was brought out at the old Marshall Theatre, Richmond, Va. We mention these asserted facts to enable the reader who happens to be in either city to satisfy himself by referring to the newspaper advertisements of the Museum or the Marshall Theatre, as the case may be. Some of our correspondents may have leisure to hunt up the documentary evidence, or some one of our readers may have a bill of Mr. Hewett's play, and may not object to forwarding to us either the bill itself or a copy of it. It was not a dramatization of Mrs. Stowe's novel, but was written as an offset to that book, and was called "Uncle Tom's Cabin As It Is."

The first production, in America at least, of a dramatic conversion of the famous anti-slavery novel occurred at the National Theatre, this city, on Monday, Aug. 23, 1852. It was withdrawn after the night of Saturday, Sept. 4, after being performed eleven times, a change of bill having been made on Sept. 3 for Treasurer Crouta's benefit. Its author was Charles Western Taylor, who died at West Farms, N. Y., about two years ago. He was an experienced dramatist, and he took care not to encroach upon the sentiments of the patrons of a theatre that, if politics is ever permitted to influence a playhouse, was intensely Democratic. His drama was purposely but a feeble reflex of the novel. He even changed the names of some of the characters. It could disappoint the anti-slavery man, but it certainly could not seriously offend the most radical Democrat. As a critic wrote who went there in expectation of seeing benches torn up, as at the Bowery Theatre when George W. Smith, still a ballet-master in Philadelphia, was driven from the stage by the fury of a mob that clamored for Julia Turnbull while not permitting Signora Ciocca to dance—as this critic wrote of the piece: "There was nothing in it." And here is its original cast:

NATIONAL THEATRE,
Chatham street.
MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1852.
First night of Mr. C. W. Taylor's dramatization of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's novel, entitled
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Uncle Tom.....C. W. Taylor	Little Ariel..Master Murray
	Sam..........Mr. Marsh
Edward Wilmot.W. G. Jones	Mrs. Sedley..Mrs. Bannister
Arthur Sedley..J. M. Cooke	Morna Wilmot,
Burley Hammond,	Mrs. H. F. Nichols
N. B. Clarke	Emiline......Miss M. Barber
Rory Marks....Mr. Toulmin	Crazy Meg.Mrs. W. G. Jones
Jasper Skeggs.....J. Herbert	Phillis......Miss Armstrong
Joe Adams.........Mr. Siple	Aunt Chloe..Miss Thompson

The only persons in the cast known to us to be living are Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Jones, and Mr. Marsh. Miss Mary Barber, after a long connection with the metropolitan stage, inclusive of that of Mitchell's Olympic Theatre, married and retired. Of Mr. Toulmin we have lost trace, and Miss Armstrong and Miss Thompson have also escaped us. J. M. Cooke, who had come to New York as an equestrian actor and broke his leg by falling with his horse while playing Putnam at the Bowery Theatre, was in this city about seven years ago; but his name is no longer visible, and he may be no longer of mortals. All the others are dead, except possibly Little Ariel—Master Murray. This lad's measure of fame had almost been filled by his portraiture of Little Mose to the Big Mose of Frank S. Chanfrau. What has become of Master Murray? We have not heard of him since about 1859, when he was again at the National Theatre. Possibly he is now a merchant in good standing, perhaps he is under the sod. Mr. Frank S. Chanfrau's lantern of memory may be able to throw light upon this dark subject. As to the three known survivors, Mrs. Jones will appear in a subsequent cast; Robert Guerineau, professionally known as Marsh, and organizer of the once noted troupe of children headed by Little Mary and George Marsh, is in San Francisco; and Mrs. Nicholls (now the wife of Mr. Rogers, a scenic artist) is in Chicago, but is represented among stars by her daughter Genevieve Rogers, now traveling with a company managed by one of the brothers of G. L. Aiken.

It has been remarked that the foregoing was the first dramatization produced in America. It may or may not have been the first anywhere. As early as January, 1853, MM. De Wailly and Texier's version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was being performed at the Gaiety, Paris, while another translation of the novel by MM. Dumanoir and D'Ennery was being enacted at the Ambigue Comique. At the same time versions were being performed in Prussia. About November, 1852, at the Adelphi, London, there was produced "a new version by Mark Lemon and Tom Taylor," it being entitled "Slave Life." There had already been other versions at other London theatres, one having been brought out about September, 1852. These are the results of a cursory glance at our records, among which is a statement that five different versions of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" were being played in Paris at one time. One of these may have been brought out prior to September, 1852. It is left to others to pursue the foreign branch of the subject.

The since celebrated version by George L. Aiken was the second one brought out in America. The date of its production was Sept. 27, 1852, and the place the Troy (N. Y.) Museum. We have not at hand a bill of the original cast, but a copy of it will probably be forthcoming in good time. In lieu of it we present the original announcement, which gives the leading characters. "S. Hayes," the scenic artist, must have been the late James E. Hayes, afterwards lessee of the Olympic Theatre, this city.

TROY MUSEUM,
Corner River and Fulton streets.
Manager.........................G. C. Howard
Treasurer.......................R. Cruikshank
Scenic-artist...................S. Hayes
Musical Director................Prof. Barnekoy
MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 27, 1852,
the new drama by G. L. Aiken, from Harriet Beecher Stowe's popular work entitled
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, OR LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.

Uncle Tom....G. C. Germon	Topsy....Mrs. G. C. Howard
St. Clair.....G. C. Howard	Aunt Ophelia....Mrs. E. Fox
Geo. Harris....G. L. Aiken	Eva..Little Cordelia Howard
Eliza....Mrs. G. C. Germon	

To conclude with
THE FIRST NIGHT.
Mr. Peter Paul Pearlbutton..................C. K. Fox
Doors open at 7. To commence at 8. Admission, 25c.; children half price; boys to gallery, 12½c.; box seats, 12½c. extra; orchestra spring seats and cushioned arm-chairs, 25c. extra. Seats secured during the day.

As Mrs. E. Fox will not appear again, we shall state that she was the mother of C. K. and G. L. Fox and Mrs. G. C. Howard. George Aiken's name will not appear again, and it may be stated that, while being a contributor to one of our metropolitan story-papers, he died last Spring on Jersey City Heights, and of diphtheria. His drama ran for one hundred nights at the Troy Museum, and was then transplanted to the stage of the Albany Theatre. We remember that the late Asa Cushman, who nearly a dozen years later became a conspicuous Uncle Tom in England, and after his return from that country played it at the Olympic Theatre, this city, to the Eva of his promising daughter, was the original Lawyer Marks in the Troy cast. Before dismissing this cast, a few words are due to the granddaughter of Joseph Jefferson the first, and mother of Nellie and Effie Germon, the latter of whom was until last week the Mlle. Zulu of trapeze fame in "Forbidden Fruit" at Wallack's Theatre, this city. Mrs. Greene C. Germon, who still adorns the stage upon occasions, was the soubrette of the Franklin Theatre, this city, over forty years ago, at which house her sister Elizabeth, then a very young woman, was at that time playing "old women." The latter lady, now Mrs. Saunders, will be referred to hereafter as Mrs. Jacob Wonderly Thoman. It is a coincidence worthy of at least a line that one of these sisters was the original Eliza in Aiken's transcript of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," while the other was the original Aunty Vermont in Conway's.

The late Henry J. Conway's dramatization had its initial representation at the Boston Museum, of which William H. Smith, who died in San Francisco four years ago, was stage-manager. Particular attention is called to the statement that Conway dramatized the piece for the Boston Museum, because farther on we shall present, also upon managerial authority, the statement that, eight months prior to that, the same author had prepared this same version expressly for another house. Apart from these managerial contradictions, we know that the drama had been in preparation at that other house many months before the curtain was first rung up on it. The scenery actually encumbered the place, the management lacking the moral courage to utilize it. "Uncle Tom" at this particular establishment may be likened to the dreaded Sagittary among the people of ancient Troy. The management were afraid of it, and yet could not rid themselves of it. At present let us deal with the cast at the Boston Museum. The bill appended is of the fourth week, and the implication is that the drama was first produced in Boston on Nov. 15, 1852.

BOSTON MUSEUM—CROWDED HOUSES.
Fourth week of the new and intensely interesting play,
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN,
OR, LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY,
dramatized expressly for this establishment, from Mrs. H. B. Stowe's celebrated work, by H. J. Conway, Esq.
ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, DEC. 8, 1852,
and every evening during the week, at seven o'clock, also on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons at 2¾ o'clock, the performance will commence with an Ethiopian medley overture, composed and arranged for this piece by T. Comer. After which will be acted the highly successful play, in five acts, entitled
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Mr. Shelby....R. Stephens*	Andy...............Ramsay
Geo. Shelby (1st act),	Sambo.............D. Ralton
Matilda Hart	Ginger (with banjo-solo),
Penetrate Partyside,	Thayer*
W. Warren	Skeggs..............George
Geo. Harris....E. F. Keach*	Little Mose...Master Preston
Simon Legree......J. Davies	Eliza.......Mrs. Wulf Fries*
Uncle Tom.....F. Whitman*	Eva.........Helen Western*
Geo. Shelby (5th act), Palmer*	Mrs. Shelby..Miss Lucy Cutler
Haley.............T. Joyce*	Aunty Vermont, Mrs. Thoman
St. Clair.........J. A. Smith	Topsy...........Miss Gazinski
Driver John.......J. P. Price*	Mrs St. Clair, Mme. Radinski
Adolph...........G. H. Finn*	Cassy...........Mrs. Vincent
Sam...............J. Adams*	Aunt Chloe.....Mrs. Preston
Loker.............S. Palmer*	Aunt Dinah.....Miss Mason
Marks..............Ralton	Little Polly.....Miss Clarke
Mr. Wilson.....J. L. Munroe	Mammy.....Miss Fredericks
Pompey (with plantation	Rose..............Miss Cutler
jig)...............Gray*	Jane..............Miss Preston

Those marked with a star are dead. Loker and George Shelby (in fifth act) were doubled by Samuel Palmer. D. E. Ralton, who doubled for Marks and Sambo, is still before the public, and so is J. A. Smith. A. L. Thayer was a negro minstrel specially engaged for Sambo, and Edward Gray, who is dead, was a jig-dancer known as the "Boston Rattler." William Warren is still the favorite comedian at the Boston Museum; J. L. Munroe will be referred to later in connection with his wife, who played Mrs. Shelby in New York. Ramsay and George were useful persons, but not indispensable, and may be playing yet. Master Preston, son of Mrs. Isabella Preston (Aunt Chloe), and brother of Miss May Preston (Jane), did not pursue the profession of which his mother and sister are yet members. Miss Mason played in Boston for many years, and her present whereabouts is unknown to us. Miss Lucy A. Cutler, who doubled for Mrs. Shelby and Rose the quadroon, was a native of Boston, and is no longer on the stage. Mrs. Thoman is now Mrs. Charles Saunders, and is residing in California, not having formally retired from the stage, yet not playing of late. Mrs. J. R. Vincent is still before the Boston public. Mme. Radinski was a fine vocalist, who afterwards played at Barnum's Museum, this city, has since turned her attention to opera, and is still living. Miss Gazinski was a dancer, and married and withdrew from public life. Special mention is due one of the females who are known to be dead. Helen Western, who personated little Eva, and afterwards became a star, was the sister of Lucille, who died in Brooklyn on Jan. 11 last.

We next hear of Conway's version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the late William C. Forbes' Providence Museum, where it ran for four weeks and one night, and was revived twice or thrice during the same year. We as yet lack the cast, although courteous friends are industriously hunting up a bill of it. Here is the sole announcement in the Providence press. It was its first night in that city:

MUSEUM.
W. C. Forbes.........................Lessee and Manager
THIS EVENING, JAN. 10, 1853,
will be performed the new and interesting play in five parts, entitled
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, OR LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY,
dramatized from Mrs. Beecher Stowe's celebrated work by H. J. Conway, Esq., and will be produced with new scenery painted by J. V. White.
On account of the length of the play, no other piece will be acted.

After leaving Albany, the Howards produced Aiken's version on July 18, 1853, at the National Theatre, this city, where it was performed almost consecutively until April 19, 1854, and thereafter for three evenings a week, besides Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, until May 13. We now give its original cast in New York. But seven are known by us to be living. The dead are marked by a star. Those whose whereabouts are unknown to us are marked by a dagger. They are Miss Mary Barber, previously spoken of; Mr. Toulmin, who had played Marks in C. W. Taylor's version of the year before; and Miss Fanny Landers, who was a pupil of the late Henry E. Stevens, who had made her debut at the Bowery Theatre, and who probably married early and re-entered private life. Mrs. J. W. Lingard is now the wife of a physician in this city; Mrs. W. G. Jones, now Mrs. Benjamin Dean, still pursues her profession; Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Howard still pursue theirs in "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" G. L. Fox is a convalescent in Brooklyn, N. Y.; Cordelia Howard married and retired; and H. F. Stone and Edward Lamb continue in that vocation which both adopted at about the same time, the latter being now at the Grand Opera-house, this city. Mrs. Bradshaw, mother of Blanche Bradshaw, is living in Canada.

Uncle Tom....G. C. Germon*	Marks...........J. Herbert*
St. Clair.......G. C. Howard	Tom Loker......G. Lingard*
Gumption Cute...C. K. Fox*	Eva........Cordelia Howard
Phineas Fletcher..G. L. Fox	Aunt Ophelia,
George Harris...S. M. Siple*	Mrs. Bradshaw
Legree.........N. B. Clarke*	Marie......Miss F. Landers†
Deacon Perry.J. W. Lingard*	Emeline....Miss M. Barber†
Mr. Wilson..........Toulmin†	Eliza......Mrs. W. G. Jones
Mr. Shelby........Mr. Rose*	Cassy.......Mrs. Bannister*
George Shelby...H. F. Stone	Chloe....Mrs. J. W. Lingard
Haley............Ed. Lamb	Topsy....Mrs. G. C. Howard

Cordelia Howard continued to play Eva, and G. L. Fox also continued as Fletcher; but G. C. Germon and G. C. Howard withdrew shortly, J. W. Lingard assuming the role of Uncle Tom, while Siple took that of St. Clair until superseded by J. B. Howe, now in England, and who as St. Clair made his American debut. H. F. Stone took the place of C. K. Fox as Gumption Cute, Mrs. J. J. Prior succeeded Mrs. Jones as Eliza, and Mrs. Mack for a month took the place of Mrs. G. C. Howard as Topsy. Some of these changes necessitated others, until it may be said that before the close of 1853 but little remained of the original cast. On Jan. 9, 1854, new scenery and new characters were introduced. The last performance was on May 13, 1854, for the benefit of Cordelia Howard. It was her Eva that made the piece a fixture. While Topsy's antics delighted the children, Eva's gentle voice and sweet face won the ladies. G. C. Howard had composed some pretty song-music for the drama; but the warblers of the street and of the fireside spurned all tunes but those that had been impressed upon them by the death-scene of Eva. Wherever a whistle or a vocal note was audible could be heard "Eva to her Papa" or St. Clair's "Eva, Eva, darling daughter, smile upon me from above."

CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.

THE LATE JAMES DELMON GRACE.

The subjoined letter as to the identity of a once popular actor lately deceased raises the new point that his name was James Armstrong Grace, and disposes of the story, which found but little credence in this section, that in his early days he was the husband of the late Charlotte Crampton:

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Jan. 24.

EDITOR N. Y. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*: The newspapers, and especially those of Cincinnati, have confounded Delmon Grace with J. Delmon Grace. They were both sons of Isaac Grace, a pilot on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers. Delmon Grace was the oldest son. He was an elocutionist and a tragedian, and also the editor of a newspaper at the West, where he died at the age of thirty years. It was this Grace who is referred to by Sol Smith as the husband of Charlotte Crampton. And Col. T. Allston Brown has confounded the two brothers where he says that J. D. Grace was "born in 1827, and traveled in 1833 (*sic*) with his wife (Charlotte Crampton), playing under the name of Delmon." The last son of Isaac Grace was James Armstrong Grace, who was born in Louisville, Ky., on July 29, 1824. His father died when he was one year old, and after his brother's death he dropped the name of Armstrong and substituted that of Delmon. The real Delmon Grace would have been over sixty years of age now; James Armstrong Grace was fifty-two on the 29th of last July. This information was furnished me by Mr. Benjamin Durfee, proprietor of an oyster-house in Orange street, this city, who has a record of the births and deaths in Isaac Grace's family. Mr. Durfee was the last man who ever got up a benefit for J. A. (Delmon) Grace, and upon the latter's return from Europe did more to assist him than any other person.

Respectfully yours, J. D. HOPKINS,
Manager Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I.

Little by little we are arriving at the truth, which is the main purpose THE CLIPPER has always had in view in making a specialty of theatrical reminiscences, and fortifying them by dates wherever possible. The first husband of Charlotte Crampton (we believe he was the first, and he was then a mere boy) traveled with Sol Smith under the stage surname of Delmon (stage-biographies have it Delman). Will Mr. Hopkins or Mr. Durfee kindly furnish us with the date of this Mr. Delmon's birth and of his death, so as to complete our records?

OUR ENGRAVING.

Sheridan Corbyn, son of Wardle Corbyn—a gentleman familiar to old New-Yorkers by reason of his connection with Niblo's Garden, this city, his managerial enterprises at Brougham's Lyceum and the old Alhambra, his musical ventures with the Campanalogians, and (in connection with the late George Loder) his experiments in the publication of musical or theatrical newspapers, and his experience as a publican in the shadow of the old Broadway Theatre—was born in London, Eng., on March 13, 1835, and in the following year came to America with his parents. The fact that such a person had an existence was first made apparent to us in the box-office of Brougham's Lyceum, where he was assistant-treasurer in 1850-1. In 1853-4, under the late William F. Brough, he was assistant-agent for Jullien and his colossal band of instrumentalists. After Jullien had left the country, Sherry Corbyn went ahead of Gen. Tom Thumb, whose service he left to become, in 1856-7, the pioneer of Miss Emma Stanley, who had come from England with her entertainment entitled "The Seven Ages of Woman." After managing her in nearly all the leading cities of the Atlantic coast, he went with her to California, where he remained during the next nine years, venturing into various theatrical enterprises in San Francisco, inclusive of the management of the Metropolitan, American and Eureka Theatres, the establishment jointly of Gilbert's Melodeon and the New Idea, and the opening of the pleasure resorts known as "The Willows" and Hayes' Park. In 1866 he returned to this city, bringing with him the celebrated Buislay Family, and engaging the Academy of Music, which was destroyed by fire on May 21-22, together with the wardrobes and properties of that troupe. He then leased the New Bowery Theatre, but the Summer was intensely hot and the season was unsuccessful financially. In Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston and Chicago the troupe met with greater success. In 1867 he opened a theatrical agency in this city, shortly after which he removed with his family to London, Eng., where he met John Wilson, the circus-manager of the Pacific coast, and with him originated a concert and variety troupe consisting of the Dashwood Sisters, Marian Ridgeway, and Maurice and Raphael De Solla. Wilson took the troupe through India, China and Japan, while Sherry returned to California with the Webb Sisters. In San Francisco he soon afterwards assumed the management of Maguire's Opera-house, where he remained until the house was finally closed, when he took charge of the Metropolitan Theatre, which in its most prosperous season had its career terminated by the authorities cutting through it to open Montgomery avenue. He then began the practice of the law, in which he continued until the death, in 1875, of his partner, G. J. Wright, when he resumed the managerial reins by first taking Wilson's Circus to Oregon and British Columbia, and by afterwards piloting Herrmann the wizard over the same ground. Next he took the California Minstrels, Jolly Nash and the Lentons through California and Nevada, and in the Spring of 1876 formed the company known as "The Merrymakers," consisting of Sophie and Irene Worrell, George S. Knight, Frank Jones, Geo. Richards, Louis Bodecker, and a miniature Sixty-ninth Regiment composed of twenty-four boys. He managed this company successfully until June last, when the serious illness of Sophie Worrell necessitated its disbandment. Returning to San Francisco, he organized what is called Corbyn's Original Georgia Minstrels—all men of color, and as performers reputed to possess marked merit. A private performance by them attracted the attention of John Bennett, the Australian manager, then in San Francisco, and he at once engaged them to travel through the Australian colonies for one year. Mr. Corbyn and his minstrels sailed from San Francisco on Nov. 8 last, in the steamer City of Sydney, and our own advices as to the troupe are that they have been received in Sydney with extreme favor.

A Novel Game of Chess.—Most persons who have any acquaintance with the literature of chess have heard of the games said to have been played in the Middle Ages with living chessmen. Lord Lytton recently revived this amusement in India. During his visit to Mooltan last month, his Lordship, after receiving and replying to an address from the municipality of the city, engaged, we are told, "in a novel game of chess with Col. Millett. The chessboard, if such a term may be allowed to a carpet of red and white calico with checkers a yard square, having been spread in front of the hall, chessmen, men and boys dressed in opposing red and white uniforms appropriate to the various pieces, were marched in and took their places. Then, by word of command, each piece moved to the square indicated, and a very lively game ensued, ending in an easy victory for the Viceroy." An Emperor of Morocco who once indulged in a similar amusement is said to have added a terrible realism to the game by causing all the pieces taken during its progress to be beheaded.

A Big Cargo.—The great capacity of the big cotton-carrying Mississippi steamboats was demonstrated by the recent champion trip of the New Orleans and Memphis packet Grand Republic, W. H. Thorwegen commander, which left Memphis, Tenn., Nov. 29, 1876, and arrived at New Orleans, La., Dec. 6, 1876, her cargo consisting of 8,210 bales of cotton, 873 sacks of cotton-seed oilcake, 400 sacks of cotton-seed meal, 525 sacks of cotton-seed, and 550 barrels of cotton-seed oil, making the largest amount of cotton ever carried into the Crescent City at one trip. The boat had eleven tier of cotton on forecastle, capped with half-tier, six tier under guards, and four tier on boiler-deck guards, capped with half-tier. She drew 9ft. 3in. forward, and 7ft. 10in. aft, and her guards were two feet clear of the water in the lowest place.

A recent census places the population of Paris as 1,936,738—a gain of 84,956 since 1872. That of Marseilles is 318,742.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

GETTING AT THE FACTS.

BY GNIMMUC.

TAMBO.—Say, Bonesy, old boy, did you ebber know dat a female dorg was populus wid de aristocracy?

BONES.—Did I know she was popular wid de 'ristockasey?

TAM.—Yas.

BONES.—Well, I allers heerd tell it was de odder kind of dorg which was.

TAM.—No, sar; de female is de most populus kine. Doesent she hav to attend *receptions* whar de whole *litter-ati* (time) is?

BONES.—Yah! yah! dat's so. What's de difference 'tween de *Trybune* clock and my gorgious necker-chief?

TAM.—Guv 'em up. I gess, perhaps, its sumpen about de *young head I tare*, or suthen.

BONES.—No, sah—no, sah. It's because *one towers high* and the *other's our tie!* See?

TAM.—I dunno about dat; speo, mebbe, it belongs to your feller what you works for, an' you's been borried it when he was out.

INTERLOCUTOR.—No personalities, gentlemen.

TAM.—All right, boss. Say, Billy, can you tell me why a prompt-man is like de Morse alphabet?

BONES.—What *am* de Moze alphabet?

TAM.—Why, don't you know? It am de alphabet dat a telegraph-operator uses.

BONES.—Oh, yes. Is it because he always gets tick where eber he goes?

TAM.—Dat's good; but de real answer am because he comes in wid a *dash* right on a *dot*, and he's *sound* to de core.

BONES.—I thought a telegraph instrument was *sound* to de *ear*.

TAM.—*Core*-rect.

INT.—Shut the wind-ey. It's too fresh in here. We'll now have Mons. Wagonini in

The Old Elm-tree.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Oh, the old elm-tree,
It has ceased to be
In our cherished pleasure-ground,
For the tempest's blast
Found its prey at last,
And the monarch a master found.
It has passed away,
But many a day
It will linger in memory,
And we'll shed a tear
As we linger near
The wreck of the old elm-tree.

Chorus.—Then here's to the tree, to the old elm-tree,
Oh, its glory has ceased to be;
It has passed away, but for many a day
We'll remember the old elm-tree.

Oh, the old elm tree,
How little can we
Ever know of all it has seen—
Of pleasures and plays,
In youth's golden days,
'Neath its far-spreading branches of green.
And the hopes and fears,
With the joys and tears,
And scenes of innocent glee,
With our weary limbs laid
'Neath the sheltering shade—
'Neath the shade of the old elm-tree.

Chorus.—Then here's to the tree, etc.

Bridgeport, Ct.

THE FIRST VARIETY COMPANY That Visited New Orleans, La.

Frank Rivers, who is now in temporary retirement in Philadelphia, Pa., contributes a bill of the performances of the above named-troupe. Dr. Spalding and Charles Rogers are both in retirement; Julia Mortimer is living in Prussia, having married a Count of that nationality in New York in 1868; J. Tophoff died in St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 27, 1865; Miss Dora Dawron is performing in Texas; Alexander Zanfretta is before the public; Signorina Teresa Contoli returned to Italy in 1865; Mike McKenna is dead; Josephine Florance died in New Orleans, La., about 1865; Miss Josephine Parker, now Mrs. C. B. Bishop, is in temporary retirement in Baltimore, Md.; Billy Emerson is with the minstrel troupe bearing his name; James Collins is stage-manager of the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.; Charles E. Collins (the Cure) died in New Orleans, La., Nov. 19, 1870; Josephine Zanfretta is still before the public; Millie and Clara Fowler were lost at sea Oct. 3, 1866, in the steamship Evening Star, while en route from this city to New Orleans, La.; A. J. Leavitt is at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass.; Martini Chiriski, Ida Devere, and Beppo Zanfretta are before the public; Willis Armstrong, we think, is living in retirement; W. H. Fuller, whose benefit is underlined, is now commander of an ocean steamship running between New York and Hamburg and other German ports.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
St. Charles street.
SPALDING & ROGERS.......................Proprietors
FRANK RIVERS............................Stage-manager
Admission—Dress-circle, parquet, and family-circle (all arm-chairs), 50c.; Quadroon boxes, 50c.; colored gallery, 25c.; private boxes, from $2 to $5.
FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 13, 1864.
GRAND GALA NIGHT.
Benefit of
MISS JULIA MORTIMER,
the New Orleans favorite.
Observe the bill.
GRAND PAS DE DEUX by MISS JULIA MORTIMER and MONS. J. TOPHOFF.
NEW BALLADS BY MISS DORA DAWRON.
COMIC PANTOMIME, ENCHANTMENT.
CLOWN, ALEX. ZANFRETTA.
MISS JULIA MORTIMER IN NEW SONGS.
PART I—VARIETY.
Grand Overture—"Magic Flute" (Mozart)........Orchestra
Grand Cavatina..................Signora Teresa Contoli
Irish Jig..................................Mike McKenna
Dance—Double Mazourka,
Misses Josie Florance and Josephine Parker
Song-and-dance—"Sally, Come Up".......Billy Emerson
Ballad—"The Day our Mother Died"........James Collins
CHALLENGE DANCE.
Gay Sport..................................Billy Emerson
Old Knuck.........A. J. Leavitt | Bowery Boy..Mike McKenna
The Active Boy (Original)...............Chas. E. Collins
Grand Scena Trovatore—"I Have Sighed to Rest Me,"
Miss Dora Dawron
Beautiful feats on the tight-rope.........M. Alex. Zanfretta
PART II—GRAND OLIO.
Prize Waltzes—"The Nymphs of the Wave" (d'Albert),
Orchestra
Dance—Cracovienne..............Miss Josephine Zanfretta
Song—"How Are You, Greenbacks?".Miss Julia Mortimer
Grand Pas de Deux—Flowers of Edinburgh,
Misses Millie and Clara Fowler
COMIC ACT—THAT RASCAL BILLY.
Characters by A. J. Leavitt and Billy Emerson.
MR. W. H. FULLER, THE CHAMPION SKATER OF THE WORLD.
The Happy Old Man (Original)..........Charles E. Collins
Beautiful Serenade—"Good-night, Beloved" (Balfe),
Orchestra
Grand Pas de Deux..................Miss Julia Mortimer
and Mons. J. Tophoff
Ballad—"When the Swallows Homeward Fly,"
Miss Dora Dawron
SIGNOR MARTINI CHIRISKI
IN HIS GREAT ACT UPON THE WIRE,
in which he will execute some of the most extraordinary feats ever attempted, which have gained for him the name of the first master of his art in the world.
OPERATIC SELECTIONS, SIGN'A TERESA CONTOLI
Grand ballet, arranged by Mons. Tophoff,
LA BELLA DE CADIZ.
How gayly sounds the castanet,
Beating time to bounding feet,
When, after daylight's golden se
Maids and youths by moonlight meet.

La Belle. Miss Millie Fowler	Corena..........James Collins
La Dulce. Miss Clara Fowler	Pedro.....Miss Clara Parker
Don Bassillio. Mons. Tophoff	Sexteno.....Martini Chiriski
Carlo......Willis Armstrong	

PART III—NOVELTY AND PANTOMIME.
Selections—"Bohemian Girl" (Balfe)............Orchestra
To conclude with the new comic pantomime entitled
ENCHANTMENT.

Clown.......Alex. Zanfretta	Enchantress. Miss J. Parker
Pantaloon....Mike McKenna	Demon........Beppo Zanfretta
Harlequin. Miss J. Zanfretta	Fishwoman,
Exquisite.....Billy Emerson	Willis Armstrong
Columbine. Miss Ida Devere	Nurse...Miss Anna Eldridge

THE BENEFIT OF W. H. FULLER
will take place on SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 14, 1864, and positively last appearance of the champion skater in New Orleans.
Special performances for the accommodation of ladies and children will be given on SATURDAYS, at 12 M., to which entertainments children and servants will be admitted for 25 cents.
Doors open at a quarter to 7 o'cock; curtain rises at a quarter to 8 o'clock. Box-office open at 9 A. M., closes at 5 P. M.
Card to the Audience.—The chairs in the dress-circle and parquet are numbered; those seats can be secured during the day, and numbered checks given for them. The managers most respectfully request that no person will occupy numbered seats without holding the corresponding check.

"MY MUSEUM."

BANJO-SOLO, DEDICATED TO E. M. HALL,
BY BARRY BLACKBURN.

In Philadelphia they have held
A great Centennial fair,
And all the nations in the world
Were represented there;
But I a museum have got
Which for wonders beats them all,
So I'll tell you of the curious things
In my Centennial hall.

I've got an honest politician—
Which is very rare, I think—
Along with the wild man from Borneo,
Mr. Darwin's missing link;
I have the original whiskey ring
Which St. Louis nobly wore,
And a pair of the Cardiff Giant's shoes,
Size number forty-four;
I've got a pair of suspenders
Which are so wide and deep,
Stretch them out upon the ground
They'll hold a flock of sheep.

I've got a chip from the Northern Pole,
Which has not yet been found,
With the first man who wiped off his chin—
He lived in Boston town;
I've got a Chicago divorce case,
But that's common, so it seems;
And I have a poor-house lodger
Who got fat on musty beans;
I've got a bull's-eye shot by our team,
The champions of them all,
Along with the author of "Beautiful Snow,"
Preserved in alcohol.

CAMPBELL & CASTLE'S Opera Troupe in Detroit, Mich., in 1865.

William Castle is in temporary retirement in this city; S. C. Campbell died in Chicago, Ill., Nov. 26, 1874; Edward Seguin was singing the past week with the Kellogg English-opera Troupe in this city; Warren White, we believe, is with the Kellogg Troupe; Mr. Oliver died about two years ago; Harry Peck is traveling with some company as property-man; Miss Rosa Cook (Mrs. Dr. Skelding) is singing in Italy; Mrs. Fanny Gonzales is in retirement in this city; Miss Kitty Fox, we believe, is married and in retirement in Detroit, Mich.; H. Eckhart is before the public. Bill contributed by Frank Rivers.

YOUNG MEN'S HALL.
Directors...........................Messrs. Campbell & Castle
Manager.......................................Mr. Frank Rivers
Stage-manager..............................Mr. Edward Seguin
Musical Conductor.........................Mr. Herman Eckhart
Sixth and last night but five of
CAMPBELL & CASTLE'S ENGLISH-OPERA TROUPE.
MISS ROSA COOKE, prima-donna soprano, as Adina.
MISS KITTY FOX as Fioretta.
MRS. FANNY GONZALES as Gianetta.
MR. WILLIAM CASTLE, primo-tenore, as Nemorino.
MR. S. C. CAMPBELL, primo-baritone, as Dr. Dulcamara.
MR. EDWARD SEGUIN, the distinguished baritone, as Sergeant Belcore.
MR. WARREN WHITE as Village Notary.
Together with an efficient orchestra and chorus, the Opera Troupe numbering forty artists of acknowledged ability.
A NEW AND BRILLIANT OPERA.
No Opera will be repeated.
MONDAY EVENING, SEPT. 11, 1865,
will be performed Donizetti's comic opera, in two acts, entitled
ELIXIR OF LOVE.
Nemorino (a young peasant in love with Adina),
Mr. Wm. Castle
Dr. Dulcamara (a famous quack vender of the "Elixir" and other wonderful medicines). Mr. S. C. Campbell
Sergeant Belcore (a suitor to Adina)....Mr. Edward Seguin
Saldo (a Village Notary)...................Mr. Warren White
First Farmer.................................Mr. Gonzales
Second Farmer...............................Mr. Oliver
Julius Cæsar (a black boy and attendant on the Doctor)...Harry Peck
Farmers, Peasants, Reapers, etc.
Adina (the Village Belle)....................Miss Rosa Cooke
Gianetta.. } Villagers.... { Mrs. Fanny Gonzales
Fioretta.. }   { Miss Kitty Fox
TO-MORROW EVENING BENEFIT OF MISS ROSA COOKE.
Prices of Admission.—Reserved seats in parquet, $1; parquet seats not reserved, 75c.; gallery, 50c.

KNOCK ON DER DOOR.

A Character Scene.

DEDICATED TO WILLIAM DEVERE AND MISS ELLA ARNOLD,
BY THE WINNETTS.

AIR—"*How the Gates Came Ajar.*"

OLD MAN.

Dwaas whispered dhis morning at Keyzer's
Dhings I was don'd like to hear,
Dot dis house last night vos oxcitement,
Und dot dhere vos been dhrinking beer.

OLD WOMAN.

Old man, vot's der use to got angry?
Dem droubles sometimes we can't help;
Und von dhing you musd not forgodden,
Dot you vos been young once mineself.
[*Repeat last two lines.*]

OLD MAN.

Spoken.—Of cause, old voman, I likes to see everybody enjoys demselfs mit dher own quiet vay, but not mit der expences ouf others who vos older don dhem.

OLD WOMAN.

Spoken.—Dhere vos no use of talking, old man; boys vill be girls, and girls vill be boys; und you vos up to your tricks in boyshood's days dher same like dhem.

OLD MAN.

Spoken.—But I vouldn't dhink so much on it ouf dhey would make dheir foolishness by der daylight time. But it's—

Chorus.—TOGETHER.

Every night, youst vhen ver'e sleebing,
Before ve can got our snore,
It's tap, tap, tap, tap, on dher vindow,
Und always a knock on der door.

OLD MAN.

Dhey broke first dher gate by der garden,
Knock'd off der baint by our door;
Dhen smashed out der glass by der vindow,
Und blenty ouf order dhings more.

OLD WOMAN.

Dhose conducts dhere must be a stoppin;
Dot business I'm bound must cease;
I told der bolice on der corner
Dhen ve'll hafe some more quiet and peace.

[*Repeat last two lines.*] *Chorus.*—Etc.

OLD MAN.

Hark! hark! dere's a voice by der vindow,
Und, listen! footsteps by dee door.
O vhere is mine poodle-dog Snyder?

OLD WOMAN.

Up sdhares, sound der schleep on der floor.

OLD MAN.

Old voman, trip lightly und careful,
Und quick hand me down mine old gun;
I'll bet, dhen, before many hours,
Like der dievil dhose fellows vill run.
[*Repeat last two lines.*]

Business.—Old voman gets gun from shelf; gives it to old man; old man cocks it, sneaks up to vindow, old voman behind him; fires gun through vindow; old woman faints; the old man fans her with Danger Norton's sandals; Senator Bell discovered in the distance, with photograph of Joe Lang as "Nickey Nubbles:" closed in in two.

A STRONG CAST OF "WILD OATS."

J. H. B. of Malden, Mass., sends us the bill of which we append a copy. Mr. and Mrs. Barrow are in retirement in England; David H. Marden is dead; Mark Smith died in Paris, France, Aug. 11, 1874; Colin Stuart is before the public; George Jordan died in London, Eng., Nov. 15, 1873; Henry Wallack died in this city Aug. 30, 1870; W. H. Norton died in Boston, Mass., Jan. 17, 1876; John E. Owens is now starring; George Becks and James Taylor are in temporary retirement in this city; Charles R. Thorne Jr., now leading man of the Union-square Theatre, is playing with a portion of that company in the Park Theatre, in this city; C. F. Jones, better known as "Paul Jones," died in Boston in January, 1867; George Ketchum is acting in Toronto, Ont.; Miss Esther Homan (Mrs. D. A. Strong) is in retirement; Mrs. Morse, we think, is likewise in retirement; E. B. Williams is referred to in another bill in this issue; Mrs. W. H. Leighton and Miss Fanny Cramer (Mrs. Harry Hotto) are in retirement.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.
Under the direction of.............................Mrs. Barrow
Sole Lessee and Manager...........................Jacob Barrow
Stage-manager.....................................Henry Wallack
Treasurer......D. H. Marden | Box-keeper...F. W. Buckmar
Prices of Admission.—Every seat in the lower part of the house will be numbered and sold by check. The prices will be as follows: Dress-boxes, 75c.; circle-boxes, 50c.; parquet, 50c.; orchestra-chairs, 75c.; upper-boxes, 25c.; gallery, 25c. Box-office open at 11 A. M. and throughout the day. Colored people admitted to the gallery only. Doors open at 7. To commence at 7½ o'clock.
The coolest theatre in the city.
THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 10, 1858,
will be performed, for the second time,
WILD OATS,
with its great combination cast.

Sir Geo. Thunder..M. Smith	Lamp.............C. Thorne Jr.
Harry Thunder..Colin Stuart	Trap...................Mr. Jones
Rover..........Geo. Jordan	Twitch...............Mr. Attwood
John Dory....Henry Wallack	Landlord............Mr. Ketchum
Ephraim Smooth,	Lady Amaranth,
W. H. Norton	Mrs. Barrow
Sim.........John E. Owens	Jane..........Miss E. Homan
Banks................Mr. Becks	Amelia...............Miss Morse
Gammon...........Mr. Taylor	

Sailors, actors, ruffians, etc.
After which,
MRS. W. H. LEIGHTON
will appear in a new piece, entitled
THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY.

Simeon Saunders,	Betty Saunders,
E. B. Williams	Mrs. W. H. Leighton
Augustus Gumption,	Lucretia Saunders,
Colin Stuart	Miss F. Cramer
Zebulon Brighton.C. F. Jones	

TO-MORROW EVENING, FAREWELL BENEFIT OF MR. MARK SMITH.
"Two Can Play at that Game," "To Parents and Guardians," and "Sketches in India."
SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MIRALDA
and other entertainments.
"The Queen's Heart," a new and original comedy of great merit, is in rehearsal. Also "A Matrimonial Speculation," the new farce by Simpkins.

MY DREAM.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO JOHN A. MACKAY,
BY BART SMITH.

A decade had flown by on the swift wings of time.
Ah! what a change had transpired. Passing in line
Were the friends of my earlier days, who, as they pass'd,
Gave me their histories as below they are class'd.

The Chanfraus had "Parted" with "Kit" long, long ago,
And were living like clams when the water's not low.
Joe Proctor's "Ambition" was a thing of the past—
His sewing-machine had brought a fortune at last.
John Stevens was about to take a trip to the moon,
On a search for the spirit of old "Daniel Boone."
Lotta, who was now a very sharp "Little Detective,"
Was made "Marchioness" for services effective.
Edwin Booth had forsaken his creation of "Richard,"
And was playing a drama written by Pritchard.
Charles E. Pope, in his "Samson," had grown very weak,
But now was a "Gascon," we suppose, out of "Pique."
Minnie Palmer was, unlike most of our misses,
Now dealing us out a plenty of sweet "Kisses."
Oliver Doud Byron was living in honey,
Owing to the fact that he'd "Plenty of Money."
The Florences still lived in Hymen's sweet collar,
And enjoyed the fruits of the "Mighty Dollar."
Mrs. Macauley, retired, lived in "East Lynne,"
With a "Surf" who attended her every whim.
Lawrence Barrett came next, his heart filled with fear;
He had shaken old "Cæsar" and gone to "King Lear."
John Raymond, eye-watering, with turnip in hand,
Was mousing the torpid "Sellers" all o'er the land.
Stuart Robson, in the gloaming, held aloof afar,
Fearing the presence of "Two Men of Sandy Bar."
Fawcett Rowe was the next on my vision to pass,
And he strutted along, very proud of his "Brass."
Rose Eytinge, in tears, was bewailing the great loss
Of "Katharine," who'd gone with her "Geneva Cross."
John E. Owens had recover'd his long-lost "bar'l;"
"Solon," triumphant, emerged from a tough legal snarl.
Maggie Mitchell was in a most terrible fix,
For "Jane Eyre" had been slain by cruel "Becky Mix."
Lester Wallack, in love, was in greatest choler,
For he was spurned after doing "All for Her."
Buffalo Bill had killed all the reds in the land,
But could find no Neptune to wash his "Red Right Hand."
Neilson appear'd, who look'd a most terrible fright;
"Romeo" was on a spree—this was his "Twelfth Night."
Sothern came back from the echoless shore
To see "Sam" and "Dundreary," his old friends, once more.
Kate Claxton had forsak'n the "Two Orphans" at last—
She'd got a new play, in which she headed the "Caste."
Fechter had purchased a "Hamlet" near Troy,
Where, indisposed ne'er, he lived in great joy.
Rignold I looked for—he was not to be seen—
When three supers appear'd, dressed in Lincoln-green,
With arrows drawn long, which they aimed at my heart.
With a cry for mercy, I awoke with a start.

THE WESTERN SISTERS in Bangor, Me., in 1860.

We are indebted to J. T. Fannin for the bill of which a copy is appended. Lucille Western died in Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 11; W. H. Danvers still follows the profession; E. B. Williams died in this city April 21, 1867; Tom Hampton is still before the public; John McTier is dead; L. P. Roys died in Lewiston, Me., Oct. 27, 1871; C. H. Clarke is before the public; Miss Melville is now Mrs. Marie Bates; Miss Lizzie Gale still follows the profession; Helen Western died in Washington, D. C., Dec. 11, 1868; "Pop" Johnson, as he was familiarly called, died some years ago; Agnes Hampton is in retirement.

NOROMBEGA HALL.
Most attractive bill, for the
BENEFIT OF MISS LUCILLE,
on which occasion the beautiful STAR SISTERS, MISSES LUCILLE and HELEN, will appear in their best characters.
THE BANGOR CORNET-BAND
have, in the kindest manner, volunteered for this, the first benefit of MISS LUCILLE in Bangor.
ON FRIDAY EVENING, SEPT. 28, 1860,
will be performed the great military play, in 3 acts, entitled
THE FRENCH SPY, OR THE FALL OF ALGIERS.
Matilde De Meric...................................}
Henri St. Almy.....................................} Miss Lucille
Hamet Carmanly.....................................}

Col. De Courcey....Danvers	Mohammed.......L. P. Roys
Sergeant Du Bourg.Williams	Gen. Beaumont.......Clarke
Tony..............Hampton	Major Didier.........Smith
Orasmin.............Lewis	Marie........Miss Melville
Murad...............Lewis	Madame Du Bourg.Miss Gale
Dey of Algiers.....McTier	

GRAND SWORD-COMBAT,
MISS LUCILLE AND MR. ROYS
CHARACTER ARAB DANCE...........MISS LUCILLE
First time in Bangor.
The entertainment to conclude with the celebrated moral domestic drama entitled
THE HOT-CORN GIRL,
OR LIFE-SCENES IN NEW YORK.
Little Katy the Hot-Corn Girl.....................Miss Helen
In which she will sing "Melody of Many Lands," and her beautiful touching song "Come, Buy My Hot Corn," eliciting the tears and applause of full and fashionable audiences.

Eugene Sedley....L. P. Roys	Bill Stiles..............Clarke
Missionary..........Williams	Breezely...............Johnson
Corney Joe, an old genius,	Elworth...............Phillips
Hampton	Officer................Jackson
Mike.. } Five { Durand	Mrs. Sedley...........Miss Gale
Bilks.. } Point { Mason	Wild Meg of the Points,
Lusky. } Politici'ns { Wren	Miss Hampton
Edward Lavigne....Danvers	Mrs. Pinch.....Miss Braddock
Traven, a sporting character.........McTier	Alice............Miss Melville

Admission—Lower floor, 25c.; gallery, 35c.

The Metropolis, Past and Present.—To those who desire to thoroughly acquaint themselves with the rise and progress of the leading city of America, from the time when it was a modest little colony on the southern extremity of Manhattan Island until its proud position at the centennial anniversary of the nation's birthday, we would recommend the "History of the City of New York," published by A. S. Barnes & Co., and sold by subscription. The authoress is Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, who, as a member, has full access to the archives of the New York Historical Society, thus enabling her to secure accurate information concerning matters connected with the early history of the metropolis, of which but little is known to the present generation; and this mass of material is woven together in a manner which renders the work readable and entertaining, as well as reliable. Interesting sketches of family history and bits of social gossip, which have been hitherto hidden from public sight by the cobwebs of time, serve to relieve the ordinary dryness of historical readings; while the handsomely-printed pages of the book are profusely illustrated by capable artists with portraits of prominent personages, etc., many of which are copied from rare old paintings and engravings, together with maps of the city at various periods of its advancement.

The Self-pasting Scrap-book, invented by Mark Twain and published by Slote, Woodman & Co., 119 and 121 William street, this city, is a labor-saving machine which will prove a joy forever to all who wish to preserve newspaper-clippings, etc., neatly and cleanly, and without the trouble and annoyance of using mucilage or home-made paste in the old-fashioned way.

A stereoscopic view of the Maple City Hose Co. of Hornellsville, N. Y., with their carriage, taken on the track after the great race in which, with fifteen men, they covered 500yds. in 1m. 23¼sec., July 5, 1876, has been sent us by W. L. Sutton, photographer of Hornellsville, N. Y., from whom copies may be procured.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

H. E. BIRD.—Many thanks; the interesting game, news and suggestions for chess are all welcome.

G. E. CARPENTER.—The report of progress is very gratifying.

D. J. MILLER, Santa Fe.—Thank you.

J. M. T., Cheyenne Depot, Wyoming.—We have examined your interesting position with some care. As Black speedily loses one of his advanced Pawns, and, after our best efforts, we cannot *certainly* Queen the other, we decide that White (with a piece more) has the better game. Can you not finish it by correspondence?

L. S. ATKINSON.—Your game was mislaid, has turned up, and will appear in two or three weeks.

OUR PROBLEM TOURNEY.—The umpire writes us that his report, which will be a full and pretty lengthy one, is well under way, and will be forwarded as soon as made up. Some surprises are in store for those interested.

CHESS IN BUFFALO.—Mr. Bird writes us an account of his late reception in Buffalo. Of his play he generously says: "Although winning a large majority in every instance, I lost three or four very fine games to the president, Henry Richmond, Esq.; also one each to Messrs. Parker, Thornton and Farnsworth. I hope to arrange a match by correspondence between Buffalo and Toronto, Toronto and Montreal, and Buffalo and Montreal. What would you say to a match, by correspondence or telegraph, New York vs. Montreal, or Canada vs. United States? Such an event would be of great interest. New York and London would be sure to follow."

Enigma No. 1,052.

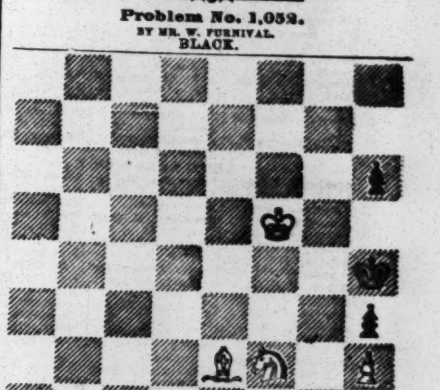
BY FRANK WOOD, ESQ.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 1,052.

BY MR. W. FURNIVAL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 1,052.

Partie between our contributor Daniel Jæger and John Bringemann.

GIUOCO PIANO.

White, Jæger.	Black, Bringemann.	White, Jæger.	Black, Bringemann.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	17..Q B to K 3	K B to Kt 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	18..P-K B 4	Q R-K sq (a)
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	19..Q-her 3	P-Q B 4
4..Castles	K Kt-B 3	20..P-K 5	Q P×P
5..Q Kt-B 3	P-K R 3	21..B P×P	Q-K 2
6..P-Q 3 (a)	P-Q 3	22..P-Q 5	Q R-Q sq
7..P-K R 3	Q B-K 3	23..P-Q B 4	B×Q P+ (f)
8..K B-Kt 4	Castles	24..B P×B	Q×K P
9..K B×Kt	Kt P×B	25..Q R-K sq (g)	Q×Kt P+
10..Q Kt-K 2	Kt P-R 4 (b)	26..K R-B 2	Q-K 4
11..P-K Kt 4	Q-K B 3	27..K R-B 5	Q-K 2
12..K Kt-R 2	Q-K R 5 (c)	28..Kt-K B 3	Q R-Q 3
13..K-his Kt 2	K Kt-B 5+	29..B×R P	Q-home
14..Q Kt×Kt	K P×Kt	30..B×Kt P	K×Q B
15..Q B×P	Q-K 2 (d)	31..Kt-K 5 (h)	R×Q P, and
16..P-Q 4	Q-K B 3		White mates in three.

(a) Our contributor fails in promptitude. His fourth move commits his debut to Dr. Max Lange's brilliant var. 5..P to Q 4, followed (after K P×P) by 6..P to K 5. And, 5..K B×P; 6..K Kt×B, Q Kt×Kt; 7..P to K B 4, etc. See the two brilliant games, *Praxis*, p. 126.
(b) Better had been to R 2 to advance K B P.
(c) With more courage than judgment.
(d) He soon sees there is a difference between retreat and flight.
(e) Threatening Q B to his 5.
(f) A brave attempt to get rid of some of his most pertinacious foes.
(g) If Q R to Q sq, Black replies P to Q B 5, which appears to win the White Bishop.—D. J.
(h) Threatening a mate Black did not see.

Chesskin

between our contributor W. P. Coolbaugh and an amateur.

EVANS GAMBIT.

Coolbaugh.	J. H. M.	Coolbaugh.	J. H. M.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	6..Castles	K Kt to B 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	7..P-Q 4	K P×P
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	8..P-K 5	K Kt-R 4
4..P-Q Kt 4	B×Kt P	9..B×B P+	K×B
5..P-Q B 3	K B-R 4	10..Kt-his 5+	K-Kt 3, and

White mates in two.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

F. E. F.—We are still of the opinion that the recent challenge of Mr. Yates covers the whole ground, and so no special challenge is required to the gentleman named. Your solutions are correct. We prefer your solution of Enigma No. 23 to the author's.

C. A. A.—Many thanks for "items." Solutions correct.

S. F. L.—Address Ed. James.

J. ASHLEY.—We shall be pleased to receive those games. We think that we have one of your solutions on hand.

LETTERS have been received from A. E. Morse, H. F. Shellhass, C. J. Zacher, J. D. Ambrose, G. W. Dearborn, W. H. Brown, C. A. Atkins (sec. New Haven Club), "W. R.," S. F. Lewis, and E. W. Hoyt, all of which shall be attended to.

BREVITIES.—At New Haven Club, Messrs. Milliken and Smith played twenty games. Mr. M. won 11; Mr. S. 5; drawn, 4. Mr. Whelahan challenged Mr. M. for a like number of games, and won 9 to 8, and 3 drawn. J. W. Lightfoot has won the championship of Connecticut in a match of sixteen games vs. Mr. Hayden. Mr. L. won 8 games; Mr. H. 5; and 3 drawn. The New Haven Chequer Club has thirty-five members at present. So writes Secretary Atkins.

Game No. 45, Vol. 24.

COMMUNICATED BY T. M. REDD.

Played between Messrs. Redd and Shepherd.

BRISTOL.

Black, Mr. Redd.	White, Mr. Shepherd.	Black, Mr. Redd.	White, Mr. Shepherd.
1..11 to 16	24 to 20	21..14 to 18	17 to 14
2..16 19	23 16	22..3 7 (e)	21 17
3..12 19	22 18	23..18 23	17 13
4..9 14	18 9	24..23 26	9 5
5..5 14	25 22	25..26 30	14 9
6..8 12 (a)	22 17	26..30 26	9 6 (d)
7..4 8	29 25	27..1 10	5 1
8..8 11	19 13	28..10 14	1 6
9..11 15	25 22	29..14 17	6 2
10..7 11	22 17 (b)	30..7 10	2 7
11..19 24	28 19	31..10 14	7 10
12..15 24	30 25	32..15 18	10 15
13..11 15	26 23	33..18 22	15 10
14..24 28	25 22	34..22 25	13 9
15..15 18	22 15	35..25 29	9 5
16..10 26	31 22	36..29 25	5 1 (d)
17..2 7	17 10	37..25 21	1 5
18..6 15	27 24	38..17 22	10 17
19..7 10	13 9	39..21 14	
20..10 14	22 17	Mr. Redd wins.	

NOTES BY ED.

(a) Here Anderson gives 8 to 11.
(b) We prefer Mr. Redd's position thus early in the game.
(c) S. has the laboring oar, his "wily" opponent being wideawake.
(d) Apparently hopeless; but 32 to 17 is also "no go."
(e) The "Redd" bird won't wait to have his "tail salted."

Solution of Position No. 44, Vol. 24.

BY MR. H. D. LYMAN.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..25 to 22	20 to 24	4..5 to 9	13 to 6
2..22 18	24 19	5..14 10	Black draws.
3..18 14	19 15		

Solution of Enigma No. 44, Vol. 24.

BY NO NAME.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..15 to 10	6 to 15	4..7 to 3	31 to 22
2..14 9	5 14	5..3 26	White wins.
3..32 27	24 31		

Enigma No. 45, Vol. 24.

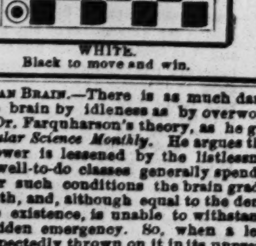
BY "FOLLIE FILLIPT."

Black men on 5, 12 and 16.
Black kings on 22 and 31.
White men on 28 and 32.
White kings on 9 and 13.
White to move and win.

Position No. 45, Vol. 24.

BY MR. J. H. HARRISON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

The Human Brain.—There is as much danger of hurting the brain by idleness as by overwork, according to Dr. Farquharson's theory, as he gives it in *The Popular Science Monthly*. He argues that intellectual power is lessened by the listlessness in which the well-to-do classes generally spend their lives. Under such conditions the brain gradually loses its health, and, although equal to the demands of a routine existence, is unable to withstand the strain of sudden emergency. So, when a load of work is unexpectedly thrown on it in its unprepared state, the worst consequences of what may be called overwork show themselves. Similarly, a man accustomed to sedentary pursuits is liable to be physically injured by taking suddenly to violent exercise. As to the amount of mental work that may safely be done, Dr. Farquharson says: "So long as a brain-worker is able to sleep well, to eat well, and to take a fair proportion of outdoor exercise, it may safely be said that it is not necessary to impose any special limits on the actual number of hours which he devotes to his labors. But when what is generally known as worry steps in to complicate matters, when cares connected with family arrangements, or with those numerous personal details which we can seldom escape, intervene, or when the daily occupation of life is in itself a fertile source of anxiety, then we find one or other of these three safeguards broken down.

Newspapers in Paris.—At the close of 1876 there were published in Paris 836 newspapers, as against 754 at the end of 1875. Fifty-one are political dailies, being an increase of 15 in the year. There are 85 weeklies dealing with questions of political finance, 74 journals of travel and adventure, 74 medical and chemical, 68 fashion-journals, 66 devoted to law, 54 to illustrations, 52 to literature, 49 to religion, 43 to science, 31 to agriculture, 22 to the army and navy, 20 to geography and history, 20 to education, 16 to sporting, 9 to architecture, 8 to music, 7 to theatres, 4 to archæology, 3 to photography, and 17 to miscellaneous information. There are also 14 reviews and magazines.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Jan 29.

LADIES' LIST.

Antonio, Martha; Atkinson, Maude (of Johnston'sCo.); Arlington, Ella; Brinkerhoff, Clara; Beaumont, Stella; Bailey, Ella (2); Baldwin, Mrs Clara; Belmont, Miss L.; Boshell, Carrie (song-and-dance); Blaisdell, Mrs. Julia B.; Beverly, Mrs. Maude; Burdeau, Mrs. J.; Bidwell, "Dollie"; Clifford, Ada (vocalist); Cawthorne, Mrs.; Conway, Lizzie; Cope, Annette; Corey, Adah (of Spaulding's Co.); Clifford, Nellie (of Comique, Cleved.); Cordelia & Victorelli; Collins, Mrs. Kate (dram. "biz"); Crabtree, "Lotta"; Daly, Blanche; Duncan, Carrie; Drury, Nellie (actress); Donnelly, AnnieE.; Dark, Lizzie; Etts, Millie 27c.; Everton, Mrs. M. L.; Engle, Jennie; Etta, Mlle. (contortionist); Fritz, Mrs. Kittie Sharp; Francis, Rose; Florence, Mrs. M. (of Deakin's Co.); Fobbs, Mrs. E.; Fox, Mary; Gilchrist, Miss S.; Gray, Alice (of Daly's Co.); Geraldine, Mlle.; Granger, Maude; Germon, Nellie; Heywood, Fannie; Hastings, Lizzie; Harrison, Maude; Howitt, Belle; Herrmann, Mrs. Alex.; Howard, Genevieve; Irwin Sisters; Just, Helen (of K. Putnam's Co.); Just, Nellie; Johnson, Frankie (2); Jewett, Sara; Kellogg, Alice; Kemp, Alice; Lynn Sisters; Lubin, Vivienne; La Rue, Mrs. D. C.; La Verde, Belle (2); Le Roy, Kittie; Morris, Clara; May, Georgie; Morant, Fannie; Merritt, Martha; Mulvey, Lizzie; Meskill, Jennie; Marlow, Ida Laura; Monzert, Fannie; Morrissey, Mrs. Cordelia; Neoskaleta, Miss; Neilson, Adelaide; Pomeroy, Louise M.; Purnell Sisters; Putnam, Katie; Putnam's Comb., Manager Katie; Phillips, Amy; Ryan, Mrs. Belvil; Renard, Zelia; Reynolds, "Vic"; Rush, Mrs. Cecile 6c.; Remington, "Daisey"; Rowell, Kittie; Selwyn, Blanche (2) 3c.; Saxby, Hattie F.; St. Elmo, Eva; Sherwood, Annie; Santley, Mabel; Tyler, Mrs. Ella M.; Tudor, Amy; Venus & Adonis; Vernon, Mattie (of Height & Rogers); Veriander, Miss J.; Whitney, Eva; Warren, Mrs. C.W.; Wilson, Mollie; Wilson, Eliza; Yeamans, Mrs. Annie (2); Zoerner, Anna (2).

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Alveratta, Harry; Allen, Harry (of Soldene's Co.); Abney, Frank; Ashton, S. G. 6c.; Aiken, Albert; Austin, R. (gymnast); Aiken, F. E. (2); Akens, "Joe"; Allerup, Peter; Austin Bros.; Atkins, W. A.; Boisetts, The; Braham, Harry & Lizzie; Byron, Fred.; Blitz, Sig. (ventriloquist); Barnum, P. T.; Bristol, "Charlie"; Byron, O. Doud; Brown, B. (of N.O. Minst.) (2); Barton, Geo. H.; Brainard, J. B. (2); Bailey & June; Boucicault, Dion; Buchanon, R. (of Plunkett's Co.); Brandt, Luke; Barr, Geo. (musician); Burdean, W. H.; Blake, Harry; Brown, J. (of Kendall's Com. Co.); Burnell Bros. (of Barnum's Cir.); Burgess, "Cool"; Bowers, Geo. E.H.; Brown, "Gus"; Breyer, J. F.; Buchanan, Robt. (leader); Barry, T. (of J. H. Murray's Cir.); Braham, Harry (musician); Burnell, G. (of Barnum's Cir.); Bryant, "Billy" (of Bryant&Williams); Burke, J. M. (of "Buffalo Bill"Co.); Baldwin, Prof. S. S.; Bush, I. T.; Burton, Clarence; Benedict, "Lew" 6c.; Baugh, Thos.; Banker & Mills; Breyer, W. V.; Bennett, Harry; Bond, Prof. "Joe"; Cooper Bros.; Cassim, James; Cronin, Wm.; Carter, O. H; Clapham, Harry(2); Calver, C. F.; Clifford, Harry (2); Carhart, G. E. (5); Chrisdie, Chas.; Carroll, "Barney"; Clifford, Edwin (manager); Campbell, Bartley (3); Cole, W. W. (2); Costley, Joseph (3) 3c.; Clark, Harry (of "Lotta" Comb.); Charleston, J. F.; Clarke, "Kit"; Crosley & Elder; Chase, Wm. J.; Callender, Chas.; Cambridge, A. G.; Connor, Robt. B.; Chaffee, Geo. W.; Cooper, T. (of Cooper Bros.); "C. C. C."; Cassidy, George; Cordova, Harry; Coldar, Wm.; Castle, Chas.; Collins, Harry Linden; Curtis, Geo. H.; Chipman, A. Z.; Duprez, Chas. H.; Decker, C. N.; Dixon, G. (of Dixon & Mason); Davies, Harvey L.; Denier, "Tony"; Darton, Robert; Day, Chas. H.; Davis, C. H.; Dunn, Jas. C.; De Havens & Castello; Denny, F. D.; Dickeson, Jr., Mr. (of London, Eng.); Davenport, E. L.; Dunn, M. (of Cole's Cir.); Duston, H. S.; Dorris, Jno. (candy "biz"); Diamond, Chas. (2); Dixon, H. (of Kellogg Op. Co.); Davies, H. L. (of C. Wildman's Co.); Dorris & Batchellor; Devonear, Peter; Dixon, Geo. H.; Emerson & Clarke; Eldridge, Preston; Engler, Jno. (skatist); Emery, D. B.; Erskine, W. H.; Evans, Jno. D.; Emerson, Fred.; Emerson, "Billy"; Ellis, Harry A. (2); Edwards, Thos. (glass-blower); Easton, Hosea; Fawcett, Owen; Frink, Chas.; Farley, John W.; Fischer, "Max" H.; French, J. (circus "biz"); Forepaugh, Adam; Feltner, Frank; Faustin, M.; Forbes, Chas. (manager); Forepaugh, Jno. A. (2); Fox, "Eddie" (leader of orch.); Fowler, W. W.; Florentine, Mons.; Fritz, Edwin (2); Fiuke, W. H.; Fley & Ryder; Fitch, Albert; Frost, Hyatt (2); Fesler, Walter J.; Ferguson, O. J.; France, S. C. (3); Forepaugh, A. D.; Foster, Hernandez; Ferguson, R. (of Comique, Cleved.); Forsburg, H.; French, J. E. (manager) 12c.; Fleury, Fernando; Gerson, M.; Gray, C., manager; Gilbert, James; Goodall, J. N.; Goodman, "Hank"; Goodman, Frank (of "N. O. Minst."); Groux, Prof. A. (juggler); Gaskin, "Bert" (agent); Goss & Fox; Gardner, W. H. (side-show "biz"); Gregory, J. (of Forepaugh's Cir.); Gray, C. S.; Gavitt, C. B.; Gardner, Master "Charlie" (2); Goroux, Mons.; Grant, Wallace; Goodfellow, Luke; Goshen, Col. Routh; Gaylord, "Bobby" (Irish "biz"); Glenn, "Billy"; Gasking, Geo. (gymnast); Gessley, Prof. S.; Hunting, Robt. (circus "biz"); Hogan, "Con"; Hylton, Dr.; Hall, Mills; Hunter, G. W.; Humphreys, W. S "H. A. L."; Haverly, J. H.; Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.); Holley, J. (of Holley & Homer); Holbrook & Ryan; Heller, R. (2); Hedges, T. (p. o. m. Wednsbury, Eng.); Heywood, Jas. (2); Holden, Frank; Herbert, H. (of F. G. White's Co.); Harrison, E. (female imper.); Hicks, C. B. (2); Hogan, Jas F.; Heinricke, L. (musician); Height, "Bob" (2); Hennessey, F. (of Hennessey Bros.); Howard, Wm. (musician); Huntley, W. A.; Hughes, D. H.; Hartshorn, C. E.; Hine, W. (of Chanfrau's Co.); Henderson, Thos. S.; Huber, F. S.; Hooper, Geo. W.; Huebner, F. C.; Harris, Prof. (of Georgia Minst.); Hyde, J. M. (with Harry Cooke); Hennessey Bros.; Irwin, Selden; Jeffrey, J. H. (contortionist); "Jiggis" (comed.); Jerome, George; "J. G." (leader of Orchestra) (2); Jones, F. (of "Black Hand" Co.); Joel, Mr. (of Janauschek's Co.); Keating, J. (of "Billy" Pastor's Co.); Kiralfy, Imre; Kalston, Chas.; Kinsley, S. G.; Kelley, Arthur C.; Killeen, Michael; Kinney, N. B.; Kendrick, T. J.; Kinross, W. (of Riching's Co.); Kline, Louis; Knight, Frank; Leland, "Matt"; Le Grand, —; Lewis, C. P. (2); Little, Chas.; Lacy, Harry (2); Levino, "Dolph"; Lyman, Frank W.; Lane, John L.; Lewis, Fred. E.; Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee) (2); Lymane, John; Linden, Harry 12c.; McCarthy, Danl. (properties); Moak, John A.; McKee, "Andy" 3c.; Murray, J. H. (circus prop.) (2); McCollough & Casey; Murray, Jno. (of Met.The., Holyoak); Mendel, Harry (3); Murphy, G. (of Murphy & Shannon); Moore, Little Eddie; Mayo, Frank (2); Mason, J. (of Mason & Dixon); Mack, "Dick" (of Rouke & Mack); Monroe, W. (of Forepaugh's Cir.); McKay, Robt.; Miner, Harry 3c.; Morris, D. (of Morris' "Hibernicon"); MacEvoy, Prof Jno.; Mowry, Nell. (2); Morris, Col. T.; Manchester & Jennings; Masaroo, Thos.; Macauley, B.; Miron, N. (of Germany); Meacham, Col. A. B.; Maya, Lorenzo 4c.; Marrow, H.; Morton, C. S.; Mason, "Ned"; MacGill, W. ("Mirror of Ireland"); Morris, W. (of Callender's Minst.); Mengel, B. (of Van Amburgh's Cir.); Mumford, Chas.; Morosco, "Charlie"; McKay, "Andy"; Morris, Geo. O.; Martinetti, Paul; Morgan, "Matt"; McCabe, J. P.; Miacco Bros.; Morris, D. L.; McKee & Seaman; Matthews, C. C.; Murphy, "Joe" (of Murphy'sCom.)(2); MendelssohnQuintet Club; Melville, Chas.; Monroe, Frank (gymnast); Mara, Frank; Nash, "Dan" (of MacEvoy's Co.); Norman, S. R; Nobles, Milton; Newgas, Henri; O'Neill, Jas. (of "Union-sqTh"Co.); O'Lynn, Bryan (2); Orrin Bros.; O'Brien, F. (of Howe's Cir.); Ogden, R. Dorsay; Parks & Davis; Phoite, Joseph; Peterson, W. G.; Powell, E (ofChanfrau's Co.); Perkins, Milton; Pullman Bros.; Pfaff, Henry; Primrose, G. H. (2); Parks, J. J. (2); Pedanto, Mr.; Peyser, "Dave"; Perkins, James; Porter, James; Phoite, John W.; Queen, Montgomery; Reilly, John; Ryan, Jas. E.; Ralls, C. B.; Rooney, "Pat" (2); Richardson, Harry R.; Ross, Willis; Reed, Chas. (2; Rentfrew, J. N. (2); Riches, G. (p. o. m. Bradford, Eng.); Reilly, Jno. (Irish comed.); Rothwell, T. G.; Ryan, "Pat"; Robinson, G. (candy "biz"); Richards, A. E.; Roberts, "Billy"; Robinson, "Yankee"; Rice, "Dan" (circus prop.); Ritchie, Fred. (Dutch "biz"); Rickaby, Jno. A. (3); Richards, A. (of Cole's Cir.); Roe, H. W. (of Nottingham, Eng.); Reilly, Jno (p.o.m London, Eng.)12c.; Sexton, M. C.; Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.); Stanwood, H. (banjoist); Seymour, H. (of Robinson'sMinst.); Stickney, B. (circus "biz"); Sheldon, Harry; Seals, "Archie"; St. Ormond, H. L.; Spaulding, W. P. (2); Smith, "Dunk" H.; Scott, Robt. L.; Smith, E. P.; Showles, J. J.; Stanley, Ernest (6); Salisbury, "Hop"; Strebig, J. V.; Showers, "Andy"; Skelding, Geo.; Stickney, Jr., Saml.; Schiff, "Dave"; Shook, W. H.; Swonsbourne, C.; Sells Bros.; Stowe, "Will" H.; Southwell, G. (musician); Swift, Frank (skatist); Sargeant, Mr. (of D. Boucicault's Co.); Simmons, "Charlie"; Sullivan, J. J.; Steele, G. K.; Slavin, J. H. (manager); Scott, G. (of Barnum's "Hippo."); Sweet, Dr. O. P.; Sanford, "Will" F.; Thompson, J. (of Stephen's Co.); Turner, J. B.; Thomas, Chas.; Taylor, Prof. E. C.; Thompson, John (19); Thompson, "Jeff"; Tannehill, Frank; Tayleure, C. W.; Thomas, Chas. M.; Taylor, T. (of Janauschek's Co.); Vail, J. Cooper; Victorelli, H. (2); Van Amburgh, Mr. (circus prop.); Williams, "Gus"; Wingfield, John; Williams, Jessie 21c.; Wood, "Willie" (lateof Cincinnati); Weeks, Dr. T. W.; Weeks, Mr. (of Rice's Cir.); Waters, "Tom" (of Robinson'sMinst.); Walton, W. J.; Wilcox, O. B.; Waldron, "Dan" (of "Big 4"); Warren, J. E. (of K. Putnam'sCo)6c.; Williams, Claude (2); Williams, Harry; Wetherell, Murray; Weeks, Harry P.; Washburn, E. S (2); White, "Nick" (candy "biz"); Waterman, Fred.; Wells, C. B. (2); Wood & West; Watkins, Chas. A.; Winnett, Thos.; Wells, Harry (violinist); Williams, L. Percy; Wiggins, Prof. T. A. (wizzard) 6c.; Zantretts, Alex.; Zebold, Geo. W. (3).

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Jan. 29, 1877.

The passage of the Compromise Bill has already had the effect to give a more cheerful aspect to business interests generally, and to create a feeling of confidence in a satisfactory settlement of a question which had well-nigh brought the machinery of the country to a full stop. The large majority by which the bill was made a law gives assurance that the conservative element is a power that cannot be overridden by extremists of any political organization, and that true patriotism has an abiding place in the hearts of the people and their representatives. As soon as it became known that the Compromise was safe there was a feeling of relief throughout the country, and money began to find its way through those channels where it would do the most good. Mills which had been silent for many months once more gave signs of life, while the workman buckled on his harness, and entered upon a new life by putting his shoulder to the wheel as he thought of wife and little ones at home. It is safe to say that we have weathered the storm, and come out of the ordeal considerably shaken up, but with a firm reliance on the good old Ship of State to carry us to a harbor of refuge and safety. ......As if impelled by an unseen force, just as soon as the Compromise became a fixed fact, the people began to wend their way to places of amusement, and to enjoy themselves in various innocent recreations. That is why our theatres and halls wore such an animated appearance last week; that is why a general revival seemed to have set in, making the hearts of managers glad with exceeding joy. We are willing to admit that some of the admissions were on the free-trade principle—nevertheless, there was money behind it all, and the profit-side of the cash-book overbalanced all losses...... The Brothers Kiralfy, usually affable and smiling, surpassed themselves in kindly greetings as they saw the great throngs pressing through the gates of Niblo's to witness the grand spectacle of "Around the World in Eighty Days," which has been going round the country for more than eighty days. Niblo's reminded us of the palmy days of the old P —— no, no—of the palmy days of Niblo's when "The Black Crook" was first presented for our wonder and admiration. They say that thirty-one thousand visitors attended Niblo's last week! The Kiralfy Brothers are hard workers, are enterprising, and they spend their money freely. Who knows? Some day they may have a theatre of their own in this metropolis of the New World......Lester Wallack tried on his new play at his theatre during the past week, but it is no more of a success here than it was in Boston a short time ago when it was "rehearsed" for a couple of weeks at the Globe Theatre previous to its production in New York. For solemn occasions it may answer very well, and undertakers may derive pleasure from witnessing its sombre habiliments and sorrowful surroundings; yea, from it the gentleman who edits the obituary verses in *The Philadelphia Ledger* may gather a sable posy or two for his "Hark from the Tombs" boquet; but there an end—"All for Her" is as unlike "Lemons" as bitter beer is unlike sparkling Catawba; and if Lester Wallack should be abducted from "All for Her," there would be very little left of "Her." Yet it attracted good if not cheerful audiences......Rear-admiral Daly seems to be intent on playing all around the board, if we may be permitted to speak in sporting language; this week he has a detachment unearthing a "Big Bonanza" at the Olympic; at the Grand Opera-house his Fifth Army Corps are creating a diversion in favor of "Man and Wife," only to end in "Divorce" before the close of the week. His grand army of Home Guards, under command of Col. Fiske, will Hold the Fort at the Fifth-avenue barracks, where there are more people squeezed in the auditorium than there are on the stage. Here, then, we have three of General Daly's divisions in the field in this city, while a number of skirmishers are making movements on the outer citadels. Shook & Palmer of the Union-square tried to cut off Captain Daly's supplies by stationing a "Park" of artillery near Madison square, but Port-warden Fiske got on their flank, drew their fire, and the jig was up. You may wonder where we learned to talk like a soldier, and who gave us instruction in military tactics. Three years as a body-guard with the late lamented Edwin Forrest, and one year's duty as a soldier on the bloody field of Bosworth, were not lost upon us. Twenty-five cents per night did not enable us to lay up much filthy lucre, but our mind was stored chockfull of the sinews of war—that's where it paid. But we wander......"Our Boarding-house"—that's what they are going to do at the Park Theatre this week. But they are not the only people who "do" "Our Boarding-house." No, indeed; go ask the proprietors of such caravansaries, and hear their tales of woe. Up at "Our Boarding-house" it is just as good as a play—it's in a French flat, though there are plenty of other flats there besides; and wrangling! Well, there—if a single young man could only see behind the scenes of a boarding-house as we have seen, the idol of his heart would stand a limited chance of having the nuptial rites performed. As we were going up the stairs at an early hour one day last week—having just returned from Washington, where we had been giving evidence for or against the Returning Boards and telegraph-operators—we heard someone a-jawing like anything. Now, we hate growling as we hate cold poison, and we detest eaves-dropping, as you may know. If there's one thing we despise above all others, it's *listening*. But there are times in a man's life when curiosity triumphs over principle. Just that way it was with us that morning as we ascended to our humble cot. We were fascinated, as it might be; the jawing, for a wonder, pleased us, and we hesitated—we lingered by the brookside, in a manner speaking. What we heard we shall never divulge, never; but, as we are a living poet, and earn many a dollar by making rhymes, we shall put in verse just a sample of what took place in that house as the combatants got into

A WARM ARGUMENT.

"I've made the fire all of the week," shouted Jones:
"'Tis false," cried his wife in most positive tones;
"And, unless you would witness me *fighting a liar*,
You'd better get up, and be *lighting a fire!*"

To say that *we* "got up" and lighted can give but an unvivid idea of the speed we exhibited after such a bitter experience at "Our Boarding-house." ......You know Bobby Stickney? He's a chip of the *old* Stickney—one of the connecting links between the circus of the past and that of the present. Well, Bobby always goes along with *old* John Robinson and his circus, for he runs the sideshow. Every year Bobby turns up some fresh curiosity. Now, what do you think he's got this year? You've heard of Ole Bull, of course, but it's not an old bull Robert has fastened on to, but a new cow. A new cow, in itself, isn't anything curious, but this new cow we have reference to is one of the da——; no, we shall not swear for *any* cow. This cow is not only useful, but is just as ornamental, having *five* legs, *three* horns and *two* tails! What do you think of that? These extras are not glued on, as you might suppose, but growed up with the cow, and there's where the curious part of it comes in. More anon......The papers have had a good deal to say of late about a new deal in Oregon, and the part taken in it by one Cronin. Fearful that some of our friends may think the Oregon Cronin is the same Cronin that performed at Tony Pastor's last week, we take the earliest opportunity to assure our readers that the two Cronins are two distinct individuals, the Oregon performer never having appeared here. Both Cronins no doubt feel themselves under obligations to us for settling this case without sending it to the committee of fifteen......The daily papers seem to have been rather hasty in declaring that the arrangements for the proposed new opera-house had been completed, deed made out, etc. If so, it is "a deed without a name," and there's where the trouble lies. Like nearly all operatic enterprises, this project opens inharmoniously, we are sorry to say......Clara Louise has hit 'em hard. She stole upon us like a thief in the night, opened the Academy of Music for a series of operatic performances in English, and she has jammed the Academy like a free soup-house. And it's "All for Her." So successful has she been, that a second week has been determined upon .....The law plays a prominent part in our latest dramatic productions, so far as advertising them goes. "The Danicheffs" is the freshest case in point, and the Court reports serve up the points of the play to the best advantage.....This reminds us that the printer on Union Square continues to do well. And why shouldn't a *Seer make a good prophet*, eh? Yes, Jimmy; those mechanics working above him may very properly be called *over Seers!*......A number of performers attached to Harry Enoch's Varieties, Philadelphia, gave a performance one day last week for the entertainment of the insane in the almshouse of that city. It cannot be said of Harry's people that a fellow feeling made *them* wondrous kind. Ah, no; it was a different feeling altogether—a feeling for others' woes........That "reformed actress" is engaged in getting up revivals in Philadelphia. And yet we cannot remember when or where the reformed one ever acted in a different part from that she is acting now. No, Jeems, we do not mean dramatic revivals......The coldest in habitant has no recollection of a Winter which approached this one in frigid severity. In the Northwest the thermometer got down to fifty degrees below zero! Think of that! Then they turned her upside down, and that stopped it. Words froze in the actors' mouths, and the play had to be stopped till things got settled by the "January thaw." A correspondent out there sends us a poem about it; but evidently the writer should have waited until *he* got thawed out. We have room for one stanza only:

The catbird he sat on a frozen limb,
While the woodpecker she made love to him;
There came a cold wave that gathered 'em in,
And that was the last of the catbird and him.
A maiden she went to the river for water,
Her lover he by the bankside sought her;
They were found next morning, frozen tight, [night—
Where they'd whispered love through the long, long
For the cold wave came with a mighty roar—
Oh, sad is my heart—and it whelmed 'em o'er.
All this happened, and very much more,
On Wednesday, January twenty-four!

......Boston people are dreadfully wicked. Brothers Moody and Sankey builded them a tabernacle wherein to teach the wicked ones how to watch and pray. These meetings are still going on, and yet in the midst of it all we are told that some fifty thousand dollars have been subscribed towards purchasing the tabernacle and converting it into a lager beer garden. Truly may our dear brethren exclaim: "What Shall the Harvest Be?" if this is to be the end of their efforts....We are told that a tribe of real Indians will appear at Gilmore's Garden this week. The unbelieving James insinuates that he thinks he has seen some of them before, doing duty in front of cigar-stores. No, James: they are not quite *that* tame. They are *live* Indians on the John Owens plan, probably. As they are to appear in conjunction with equestrian performances, it is quite likely that "Young Man Afraid of His Horses" is not to be among them......"Dora" is said to be the next play over which our managers are to quarrel. The *Herald's* cable despatch says Sardou's "Dora" and Dumas' "L'Etrangere" are much alike. If the truth were told, it might appear that both of these authors have been filching from Boucicault. Sardou says the similarity is a *little* strange, but Dumas no doubt believes it to be a good deal "Stranger" With these few gentle words to soothe the troubled mind, we close this budget, merely suggesting that those who bet on the Presidential election had better "hedge" while they have the opportunity.

CITY SUMMARY.

BUSINESS CONTINUED GOOD at the Grand Opera-house the past week, with Augustin Daly's play of "Man and Wife" as the attraction. It was creditably mounted, and was well acted, with the following cast: Geoffrey Delamayn, D. H. Harkins; Arnold Brinkworth, B. T. Ringgold; Sir Patrick Lundie, Ed. Lamb; Bishopriggs, Wm. Davidge; Julius Delamayn, J. M. Francis; Mr. Moy, J. H. Ring; Number One, I. Daveau; Number Two, R. Sullivan; Number Three, H. Victor; Perry, Frank Chapman; Jonathan, W. Beekman; John Thomas, T. Johns; Capt. Newenden, S. Phelps; Anne Sylvester, Miss Ida Jeffreys; Blanche Lundie, Miss May Nunez; Lady Lundie, Miss Lulu Jordan; Hester Dethridge, Miss Mary Wells; Mrs. Glenham, Miss Charles; Jo, Miss Post; Hopkins, Miss Chester; Mrs. Inchbare, Miss Florence Wood. This week "Man and Wife" will be acted until Thursday, when "Divorce" will be revived and repeated during the rest of the week.

AT KELLY & LEON'S MINSTRELS the changes in the programme since our last report included "To the Love of My Youth," sung by J. H. Surridge; "Nancy Barr," by Billy Courtright; "I'm So Lonely," by C. R. Clinton; and "Bye! Bye! On Our Journey," by Lew Benedict, in the first-part; and the addition of the act of "The Haunted House" by Sam Price to the olio. Business fair.

JUDGE BRADY made his debut as a lecturer in Chickering Hall Jan. 25, meeting with much success.

JOHN MCCULLOUGH arrived in town Jan. 25.

THE OLYMPIC is to be opened as a dramatic theatre Tuesday evening, Jan. 30, when a portion of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Company is to appear in "The Big Bonanza."

AT THE BOWERY THEATRE "The Two Orphans" was repeated during the past week to good houses.

ROBERT HELLER continues to do a good business at his Wonder Theatre, and affords his patrons much pleasure by his deftly executed magical tricks. Miss Heller's second-sight performances are a profound mystery, and the lovers of music have a treat in Mr. Heller's skillful pianoforte performances.

EDWIN BOOTH closed an engagement of ten weeks at the Lyceum Theatre on Jan. 27. He acted Shylock Jan. 22, Brutus 23, Richard III 24, Claude Melnotte 25, Ruy Blas and Don Cæsar De Bazan 26, Hamlet matinee and Iago night of 27. The theatre will remain closed.

"LEMONS" has attracted a large attendance to the Fifth-avenue Theatre since our last. The piece now runs quite smoothly, and the merriment which it provokes is apparently highly enjoyed by those in attendance.

MRS. DION BOUCICAULT and her two daughters—the Misses Eva and Florence—sailed for Liverpool Eng., in the steamship Batavia, Jan. 24.

ALICE GREY, Ada Gilman, Elsie Moore, Mrs. Brutone and the Misses Boyd and Post, Messrs. Charles Leclercq, Owen Fawcett, J. H. Ring, M. Barrymore, John Moore, George Parkes, C. D. Bainbridge and others are to act in "The Big Bonanza" at the Olympic Theatre this week.

PAT ROONEY, Sam Devere, Weslyn and Casey, the Continental Four, Kittie O'Neil, Millie Tournour, Jeppe and Fannie Delano, Allie Drayton, and the La Verde Sisters—Lillie, Minnie and Bell—are the newcomers at Tony Pastor's.

THE CAST of "Our Boarding-house," to be produced at the Park Theatre Jan. 29, will include Stuart Robson, W. H. Crane, W. E. Sheridan, T. E. Morris, Harry Little, A. H. Stuart, J. W. Carroll, W. J. Cogswell, J. P. Cooke, J. P. Wilkes, F. E. Lamb, Master Bogardus, Mrs. Alexina Fisher Baker, Maude Harrison, Allie Darrington, Virginia Buchanan, Minnie Doyle, Mota Bartlett, Ella Hunt and Roberta Norwood.

CONWAY AND KERRIGAN, Charles and Carrie Austin, the Langlois Brothers, Sam Martin, Drew and Lawton and the Grinnell Children are the fresh people billed at the Theatre Comique.

AT THE PARK THEATRE "Led Astray" was acted Jan. 22, 23, Charles R. Thorne Jr., who had recovered from his recent severe cold, then making his reappearance, and giving a highly effective impersonation of Count Rudolph Chandoce. W. E. Sheridan acted George de Lesparre with much feeling. Stuart Robson, who reappeared upon the local stage after an absence of four months, received a cordial welcome, and repeated his well-known performance of Hector Placide. Miss Katharine Rogers was quite effective as the Countess Armande Chandoce. Miss Maud Harrison acted Mathilde in a pleasing and ingenuous manner, and the other characters—Major O'Hara by H. W. Montgomery; Baron Mount Goslin, James G. Peakes; Lafontaine, W. H. Wilder; Robert, W. S. Quigley; Baroness de Rivoniere, Fanny Morant; Dowager Countess de Chandoce, Mrs. Farren; Suzanne O'Hara, Miss Roberta Norwood; Sophie, Miss Anna Brown—were satisfactorily represented. "The Geneva Cross" was produced for the first time here 24, and was repeated 25, 26, and matinee 27, with the following cast: Riel du Bourg, Charles R. Thorne Jr.; Mathieu Moineau, W. E. Sheridan; Pierre Le Brun, T. E. Morris; Simon Cornichet, Stuart Robson; Spadassin, H. W. Montgomery; the Unknown, William Seymour; Jean Rabat, W. H. Wilder; Pontarme, John Matthews; Antoine, W. Clarke; Gabrielle Le Brun, Miss Katharine Rogers; Cassandre, Mrs. Farren; Martagon, Miss Roberta Norwood; the Little Mother, Miss Maud Harrison. The attendance was moderately good. The theatre was closed Saturday night for the purpose of rehearsing Leonard Grover's new comedy of "Our Boarding-house," which is to be produced Jan. 29.

TONY PASTOR reinforced his company Jan. 22 with J. H. Graham, Miss Jenny Ward, Lea and John Peasley and Tierney and Cronin. The Foy Sisters were announced, but did not appear. J. H. Graham, who has a good voice, sang character songs, and his changes of costume were very quickly made. Miss Jennie Ward was seen in "magic changes" (similar to those made by Morris, Mills and others) without leaving the stage. She was first seen in male attire, next as a military officer, then an old man, after which she sang "The Flags of all Nations," and at the end of each verse was seen in female attire, upon which the emblems of the various flags were conspicuously emblazoned. Germany, Ireland, England, and the United States of America were thus represented. Her singing was only fair, but the changes, being neatly and quickly made, rendered her act successful. Lea, in male attire of blue satin faced with white, won considerable favor in songs-and-dances, and later, with John Peasley, she acted in an Irish sketch called "Going to the Fair." Tierney and Cronin proved themselves good acrobatic song-and-dance men. The programme likewise included Master Dunn, who was seen for the first time here without cork on his face—he elicited much applause for his nimble clog-dancing; Taylor, Green and Taylor repeated their musical performances; Tony Pastor sang two new songs entitled "I'll Carry on the Same Old Game" and "Remember that Many can always Help One, where One cannot always Help Many," both meeting with favor. His "Song of the Stereoscope" has been reconstructed, and among the pictures he introduced for the first time likenesses of J. G. Bennett, and the following, recently deceased: Cornelius Vanderbilt, Nelse Seymour and Dan Bryant; Clara Moore sang old-time songs, among them "The Dashing White Sergeant" and "The Cruiskeen Lawn," which were liberally applauded; Watson and Ellis, aided by Jennie Satterlee, acted the sketch of "Dutchie in a Fix," which created much laughter, and "Joshua Whitcomb," with Den Thompson and Julia Wilson in the chief roles, and "Eh? What Is It?" respectively opened and closed the entertainments. Attendance good.

THE PARISIAN VARIETIES opened on Monday, Jan. 22. A good farce by A. P. Knutt, written expressly for the occasion, and called "The Matrimonial Agent," deserved a better rendition. It did not receive justice, and would have fallen flatter but for the acting and gayety of Miss Alice Girard, a very deserving and talented soubrette, who saved many situations by her truth to the lines and excellent acting. The prompter worked hard on that night. Subsequently the play went better. Actors should learn their lines and stick to the text.

NILES AND EVANS, Bob Hart, Miss Gussie Leach, D. L. Morris, Alice Somers, Fields and Hoey, and George K. Fortescue were the new people at the Theatre Comique the past week. Niles and Evans were seen in an act called "Comedy Mixtures," in which they gave songs-and-dances with corked faces, humorous conversation, and wound up by singing at the same time two songs each differing from the other. Bob Hart created much merriment by the delivery of a burlesque stump-speech. Miss Gussie Leach met with fair success in singing serio-comic songs. D. L. Morris gave a humorous impersonation of a Dutch Justice in a sketch of that name. Alice Somers, who reappeared upon the local stage after a long absence, met with immediate success in male character songs-and-dances. Fields and Hoey gave their well-known musical act, which we recently reviewed when they were performing at another theatre. George K. Fortescue and Tony Hart performed in a mirth-provoking manner the orphan sisters in a burlesque of "The Two Orphans" entitled "The Two Awfuls." Besides these, Harrigan and Hart performed two new character musical sketches—"The Two Young Fellows," in which they gave life-like impersonations of characteristic young men who frequent the street-corners on the east side of the town, and "Her Majesty's Marines"—both of which met with success; Alice Bennett sang popular melodies, Walters and Morton gave songs-and-dances, Emma Hoffman sang ballads, and Billy Barry and Billy Gray were seen respectively in the sketches of "Two Members of the Returning Board" and "Port Wine vs. Jealousy." Business good.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, "Around the World in Eighty Days"—the version which was originally produced by the Kiralfy Brothers in this country, at the Academy of Music, Aug. 28, 1875—was brought out Jan. 22 in the presence of an audience which crowded the theatre in every part, and the attendance continued very large during the entire week. The drama was magnificently mounted, and the costumes displayed in the scenes located in India were gorgeous. There was an effective march by a number of ladies, and ballet-dancing by a well-trained corps. Mlles. Boni and Mauri, premiers, made their first appearance in this city, and by the display of their choreographic skill quickly won the favor of the spectators, receiving liberal applause for their graceful and difficult movements. These were aided by Mlle. De Rosa, a pronounced local favorite; Mlle. Gaugain, who deservedly has a large number of admirers; and Arnold Kiralfy, who as a grotesque dancer has no superior upon the American stage. The scenes representing a Hindoo funeral-pageant, the attack upon a train on the Pacific Railroad in the Rocky Mountains, and the sinking of the steamship Henriette in the Atlantic Ocean, were highly effective, and were worked without hindrance. The acting, which is confined to comparatively few persons, considering the large number who figure in the cast, was quite satisfactory. H. S. Duffield made a capital Phineas Fogg, acting with gentlemanly ease and fidelity to nature; G. C. Charles as Miles O'Pake was eccentric and mirth-provoking; J. J. Wallace displayed marked ability as a character actor as John Fix the detective, who assumes various disguises—in these various changes Mr. Wallace succeeded in completely concealing his personal identity, which greatly aided the success of the piece; W. H. Lytell deserves praise for a well-conceived and carefully portrayed impersonation of the arduous role of Passepartout, and the frequent laughter of the audience attested his success; W. H. Fitzgerald made quite a hit in the little part of the Calcutta magistrate; the Misses Imogene Vandyke and Clara Milton presented a charming appearance as Aouda and Nemea, respectively, and did the little required of them quite satisfactorily; Miss Florence Ellis as Nakahira was prettily costumed, and acted with much sprightliness—her singing was encored; Blanche Mortimer scored a success as Betsy; and the remaining numerous small characters were satisfactorily performed. No change of bill is contemplated at present.

THE LAST WEEK of "The Two Orphans" at the Bowery Theatre will be the present. "Pique" is to be produced Feb. 5 by one of Augustin Daly's companies.

AT THE LONDON, the fresh arrivals will include George and Lizzie Conway, Harry and Leonie Mendel, Fred and Nellie Mackley, the Gorman Brothers—James, John and George—Thomas and Watson. The following of last week's company will be retained: Harry Macarthy and Lottie Estelle, the Cawthornes, the twin sisters French, the Davenport Brothers—Eddie and Lew—Edna Markley, Mlle. Zitells and Fred and Nellie Mackley.

AT THE PARISIAN VARIETIES this week the company will include Lew Spencer, Rose De Gray, Mason and Dixon, Elviro, Louise Murio, Louis Gavant, Sam Holdsworth, Achilles Philion, Ella Arlington, Alice Girard, F. M. Wills, and Rose Dexter. The prices of admission are now as follows: General, 35 cents; reserved seats, 50 cents; and balcony, 20 cents.

THE LAST WEEK of Heller's second programme is the present.

"THE ENCHANTED CAT," a new opera, is to be produced by Kelly & Leon's Minstrels Jan. 29.

HARRY RICHMOND the variety performer, who has been locked up on a charge of assault with intent to kill Edward Power of this city, was released Jan. 27 after giving bail in the sum of $1,500.

AUGUSTIN DALY has commenced a suit against Samuel and Thomas Henry French, publishers of plays, to enjoin them from printing or in any way disposing of the comedy entitled "Lemons," and a preliminary injunction has been granted.

F. A. TANNEHILL is to resume his old position of leading man at the Bowery Theatre.

DO NOT FORGET the matinee benefit for Mrs. Jane English, the mother of the late Lucille Western, at Niblo's Garden, Thursday afternoon, Feb. 1. A strong bill will be presented. Numerous volunteers.

GEORGE RIGNOLD and wife arrived from England in the steamship Celtic, Jan. 28.

AT EGYPTIAN HALL, the new people billed for this week are Emil Goroux and Mlle. Adeline, Eva Marsh, Adams and Scott, the Watson Sisters, Hattie Kennard and Laura Howard.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," which has been the attraction at the New Broadway Theatre during the past two weeks, is to be performed for the last times there this week. Mrs. G. C. Howard as Topsy, Slavin's Jubilee Singers, and a number of colored folks in the plantation scene are the chief features.

THE YOUTHFUL ACROBATS NOT TO BE GIVEN UP.—On Sep. 9, 1876, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children arrested Alfred Leon, who was performing with a circus in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and obtained legal possession of three children: Joseph Donohue, aged 14 years, a resident of Birmingham, Eng.; Harry Ellis, aged 9; and Alfred Ellis, aged 8, both of London, who had been giving acrobat performances, as alleged, in defiance of the laws of this State. Since that time various legal attempts have been made to get the children out of the custody of that society. Recently the father of the Ellis children came hither from England, and strove by means of a habeas corpus to regain possession of them. The case came up in the Supreme Court Chambers the past week, and on Jan. 25 Judge Donohue rendered his decision, dismissing the writ of habeas corpus. So the children will continue in the custody of T. S. F. T. P. O. C. T. C.

J. A. MEADE, late of the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., arrived in town during the past week. Manager Miles released him from his engagement for the remainder of the season to enable him to accept one at Booth's Theatre, where he will make his first appearance when the new piece called "Fifth Avenue" shall be produced.

THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS made the following changes in their programme during the past week: W. H. Hamilton sang "The Mariner's Daughter," Johnson and Powers were seen in "Temptation" and other songs-and-dances, and Charley Backus gave his well-known imitations of celebrated actors. "The Happy Moke" continues a chief feature. Business good.

MISS ADA MILBOURNE, who was engaged by the Kiralfy Brothers to play the Queen of the Genii in "Azurine," was discharged after performing one week. During the past week she brought a suit in a district-court to recover a second week's salary, $25, which sum was awarded her.

MUSICAL NOTES.—The Kellogg English-opera Troupe began a season at the Academy of Music on Tuesday, Jan. 22, appearing in "The Bohemian Girl," with Miss Kellogg as Arline; Mrs. Seguin, Queen of the Gipsies; Mr. Maas, Thaddeus; Mr. Conly, Count Arnheim; and Mr. Seguin, Devilshoof. On Wednesday evening "Faust" was given, presenting Miss Kellogg as Marguerite; Mrs. Seguin as Siebel; Mr. Carleton, Valentine; Mr. Maas, Faust; and Mr. Peakes, Mephisto. The event of the week was the production of Wagner's "Der Fliegende Hollander" (The Flying Dutchman) on Friday evening, and its repetition at the Saturday matinee, the first performances of the opera in this city in an anglicized form. The opera owes its origin to a voyage from Riga to London undertaken by the composer, during which he passed through all the terrors of a terrible storm, giving to him impressions that conveyed to the ancient legendary figure of the Dutchman, as he describes it, "physiognomy and color." The plot, based on Heine's version of the legend adapted by Heine from Fitzball's drama, which had been founded on an account of the legend printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, was constructed by Wagner himself. The work was originally designed by the author for production in Paris, with a French text for the music. It was, however, rejected by the directors of the Grand Opera, and the idea appropriated by a M. Dietsch, whose version, produced in 1842, quickly disappeared. The Wagnerian work was later, under the author's direction, interpreted at Dresden Jan. 2, 1843, with Mme. Schroeder Devrient in the part of Senta, since which time it has been often represented and well received, ranking among the most popular of Wagner's operas. An Italian version under the title of "L'Olandese Dannato" appeared in 1870, when Sig. Arditi was conductor at Her Majesty's Opera, Drury-lane, London, Eng., with Mr. Santley in the title role and Mlle. Ilma di Murska as Senta. On Oct. 3, 1876, Carl Rosa produced it for the first time in English at the Lyceum Theatre, London, Eng., with Mlle. Torriani as Senta and Mr. Santley as Vanderdecken. In this country it was given for the first time on Nov. 8, 1876, at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa., by the Carlberg Italian-opera company, Mme. Pappenheim appearing as Senta and Felix Preusser as Vanderdecken. Subsequently the Kellogg English-opera Company produced it, for the first time in English in America, on Nov. 29, at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., since which time it has been repeatedly performed by them, and last week witnessed its initial performance as an English opera in this city. The cast embraced Miss Kellogg as Senta, Mr. Carleton as Vanderdecken the Flying Dutchman, Mr. Conly as Daland, Mr. Maas as Erik, and Mr. Turner as the steersman. The season, which continues during the present week, will offer the opera again on Friday night......Mrs. Imogene Brown, Mrs. Anna Buckley Hills, H. Bischoff, F. Remmertz, P. Walter, Carl Walter, and Sig. Agramonte appeared at Chickering Hall in a concert on Jan. 23......A musical entertainment at St. Mark's Church Jan. 24 included Mme. Dowland, soprano; Mlle. Marguerite Selvi, contralto; Miss Gertie Emanuel, mezzo-soprano; Thomas Bullock, tenor; Miss Annie Watson, pianist; and J. J. Watson, violinist........Reinhardt Schmet's third symphony concert took place at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening, Jan. 23, when the orchestra interpreted the programme, assisted by Mme. Pappenheim in the vocal selections......Slavin's Georgia Jubilee Singers were again heard in a concert composed of selections from the plantation melodies of the South, on Sunday evening last.....Miss Emma Abbott is to make her appearance shortly in concert in this city......Thomas' orchestra performed at the concert given by the Liederkranz Society at their club-room on Sunday evening. Bismarck's Hymn by Reinthaler, arranged for solo, chorus and orchestra, was given for the first time in America, the solos being sung by Messrs. Fred. Steins and H. Brandeis. Mr. Jacobsohn played a violin concert, by Beethoven, during the evening.

HOOLEY & RICE'S MINSTRELS, from Hooley's Opera-house, Brooklyn, N. Y., open the Third-avenue Theatre on Jan. 29.

AT COLUMBIA OPERA-HOUSE the bill during the past week included Emma Monticello and Louis Alfredo in trapeze feats, Delia Sheppard in popular ballads, Lottie La Point in songs-and-dances, Frank Davis in Irish songs-and-dances, Mlle. Forrest and her corps of statue-artists and tableaux, Lillian Forrest in her vocalisms, Belle Berry and Larry Howard in a musical sketch by L. Monzert entitled "The Jolly, Happy Pair;" Dan Tracey in his Dutch songs-and-dances, followed by a medley fancy dance by Josie Welby, and songs by Mlle. Camille. The sketches of "Strange Sights for Strangers," "Female Bathers," and "Temptation," filled out the entertainment. Thorne Sisters, Lulu Garrison, May Barrett, Frank Davis, Mons. Neville and Pantomime Company are the new people this week.

"FIFTH AVENUE" is to be produced at Booth's Theatre Feb. 5.

JOSEPH TOOKER of Booth's Theatre was serenaded at his residence Jan. 26 by an association of the Seventh Ward bearing his name.

BOOTH'S THEATRE was closed during the past week.

MAJOR TOT, dwarf, and agent, C. A. Patt, are in this city, under engagement to J. H. Mead.

GEORGE S. KNIGHT was presented on Jan. 22, at 8 o'clock, P. M. (the customary hour for stage performances to commence), with a girl-baby by his wife, professionally known as Sophie Worrell.

THE NEW YORK PRESS CLUB is to give an entertainment in behalf of the relief fund in Steinway Hall Feb. 6. Mark Twain, Chas. A. Burbank, Chas. P. Roberts, Mme. Pappenheim, the New York Glee and Madrigal Club, George Werrenrath, Wm. Castle, J. G. Lumbard, Mr. Boscovitz, pianist; the Young Apollo Club and others will contribute to the evening's entertainment.

DRAMATIC.

MISS AUGUSTA L. DARGON, supported by Furbish's Fifth-avenue Company, commenced a week's engagement at the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, Jan. 15. She was seen at her best in "Guy Mannering," her Meg Merrilies being a brilliant effort. She was called before the curtain amidst great applause. Considering that "Guy Mannering" is not quite in the line of the Fifth-avenue Company, she was well supported. Harry Hawk made all he could out of Dominie Sampson; Frank Evans was good as Dandie Dinmont; Miss Dollie Pike as Julia Mannering and Miss Josephine Perley as Lucy Bertram were satisfactory. Miss Rosa Graham, Miss Annie Montiort, B. C. Porter, George Ryer, and M. B. Sydner contributed also towards the success of the piece. Emily Soldene and company are to appear Jan. 23. Advices of Jan. 22.

J. G. STUTZ and a company open in Clinton, La., Jan. 25, for one week, thence to Woodville, Miss., for a like period. Business is reported good.

MRS. F. S. CHANFRAU and a company are to perform in Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 30, 31.

THE HYERS SISTERS, at Whitehall N. Y., on Jan. 19, gave their drama of "Out of Bondage" to a full house. A correspondent writes us that, after the performance Sam Lucas was waited on by a delegation of ladies and gentlemen, and requested to sing his character song of "Out in the Cold." The Opera-house was relighted, and he acceded to their demand.

LEWIS' SHAUGHRAUN OF CONNAUGHT COMPANY is to play in Westboro, Mass., Jan. 29, Spencer 30, Brookfield 31, West Brookfield Feb. 1, Warren 2, Palmer 3.

DEN THOMPSON has written a sensational play for Burton Stanley and the Cawthornes.

SALSBURY'S TROUBADOURS performed in Marshalltown, Ia., Jan. 22, Des Moines 23, 24, Council Bluffs 25, Omaha 26, 27, thence taking the St. Joseph's circuit to St. Louis, commencing a week's engagement at the last-named city Feb. 12.

L. C. DILLON advertises for an engagement with a permanent or traveling theatrical company, where he can receive instructions.

C. T. NICHOLS advertises that he is prepared to produce his Irish drama of "Eileen Alanna," which he has protected by copyright.

"SARDANAPALUS" is to receive its initial performance in Philadelphia on Jan. 29 at the Academy of Music, in that city.

THOMAS HARRISON, the treasurer of Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, has been tendered a complimentary benefit, to take place on Feb. 13.

M. J. PENDLETON has been secured by Manager Goodwin of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, to fill the vacancy that has occurred in the stock company of that theatre consequent on the departure of Atkins Lawrence.

THE WALLACK COMBINATION, supporting John Dillon, and under the management of Gustave Frohman, with James Wallack director and Frank A. Hall advertiser, is reported to be meeting with success in the West. Mr. Frohman's address and extracts from Iowa journals are published in our business department.

R. E. STEVENS, business-manager or agent, advertises for an engagement.

LILLIE ELDRIDGE, supported by a dramatic company, will appear as Louise in "The Two Orphans" in Springfield, Mass., Jan. 30, Pittsfield 31, and Hartford, Ct., Feb. 1. Managers can find her permanent address in another column.

MISS MARY ANDERSON recently played a very successful engagement at Owens' Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C., as will be seen by a newspaper extract in our advertising department.

EDWIN ADAMS' HEALTH.—Various rumors of the declining health of this popular actor have from time to time recently reached us. From a private letter received from San Francisco, Cal., we have been permitted to make the following extracts: "Mr. Adams underwent a medical examination during the week ending Jan. 20, which revealed that his lungs are almost gone, and in the opinion of his physicians he cannot live more than five or six months, and it is possible that he may never leave California alive. He is apparently in the best of spirits."

THE MISHLER CIRCUIT.—Manager John D. Mishler announces in our business department full particulars of his circuit through Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Mr. Mishler is the enterprising proprietor of the Academy of Music at Reading, Pa., and is deservedly popular in the profession. He plays first-class attractions. E. L. Davenport in "Dan'l Druce," the Kiralfys' spectacle of "Azurine," "Sardanapalus," Holman Opera Troupe, and Roberts' Pantomime Company will shortly appear under his management.

LITTLE MABEL, who lately appeared with Mrs. F. W. Lander in "The Scarlet Letter," is not engaged at present, and can be secured by applying to R. Struthers, who advertises.

FIRE.—The Academy of Music, Indianapolis, Ind., located on the corner of Illinois and Ohio streets, was entirely destroyed by a fire which broke out at 10 o'clock on the night of Jan. 27. The theatre had not been occupied that night. Loss between $100,000 and $125,000. Insured for $50,000. Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels were billed to perform at this theatre Feb. 2.

IN CHICAGO, ILL., the past week business has shown an improvement. At McVicker's Theatre Louise Pomeroy played in "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," and "The Lady of Lyons." Edwin F. Thorne did some fine acting as Romeo and Orlando. This week Maggie Mitchell in "Mignon."...... At Haverly's Theatre, Daly's Fifth-avenue Company acted in "Life." This week the Berger Family and Sol Smith Russell are to appear......At the Museum Deakin's Lilliputian Opera Troupe performed "Jack the Giant-killer."......This week R. Pope Cooke and Gabriella McKean.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Reading, Pa., Prof. C. W. McClennan's Eshescopic Mystery—dramatic sketches with short illusions—drew large audiences Jan. 25, 26, 27, with matinees each day. They play at Pottsville one week, commencing 29.

LAURA ALBERTA and Alice A. Harrison can be engaged to appear in the "Two Orphans" by addressing G. W. Harrison, care of Col. T. Allston Brown, as per card.

THE WALLACE SISTERS—Jennie, Minnie and Maud—under the management of F. B. Dobson, played in Clarksville, Tenn., Jan. 24, 25, Hopkinsville, Ky., 26, Henderson 27, and are billed in Evansville, Ind., 29, 30, Vincennes 31, Decatur, Ill., Feb. 1, 2, Pana 3, Mattoon 5.

G. PAUL SMITH, a youth of some 17 years of age, died in Brooklyn, L. I., of heart disease Jan. 26. He had acted female characters like Fanchon in some of the neighboring small villages during the season of 1875-6.

THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Halifax, N. S., the dedication of which was recorded in our past issue, fronts on the east side of Barrington street. It is built entirely of brick and freestone. The front of the building is to be done in brown mastic, and the sides and rear will be covered with cement. The lot on which it is built is 90 feet front by 146ft. deep; the entire building covers 78ft. by 146ft. The vestibule is 27ft. by 24ft., and is divided by double doors from the entrance to the auditorium and balcony-staircase, the entrance from the street being by three doors, respectively two 5ft. wide and one 6ft. Immediately on entering, on the south side, is the manager's room and ticket-office, from which there is an underground passage to the stage, and also all the necessary speaking-tubes to control the house. Adjoining these is the staircase descending into the gentlemen's saloon, which is in the basement; and then, on the same side, after passing through the doors, which are a trifle larger than those on the front, is the balcony-staircase, 8ft. wide. This gives easy access to the lobby of the balcony, which is 27ft. by 13ft. Passing the foot of the staircase, you enter the auditorium, which is 62x61, and has at each side ladies' and gentlemen's cloak-rooms. The auditorium has a capacity of 250 orchestra chairs, and the parquet-circle, which is under the dress-circle, has 200 chairs. This last is raised and formed so as to correspond with the balcony, being railed in a similar manner, with an iron roll-rail, painted in white and gold, with a purple-plush top. The chairs are of the most approved pattern of opera-chairs. Returning to the balcony-lobby, we find a large cloak-room on the south side, and on the north a ticket office for the upper gallery. The entrance to the balcony is by three large doors. The balcony is furnished with 300 upholstered sofa-seats, in scarlet cloth, with arms and handsome ornamental iron tops, with medallions containing the numbers of the seats, finished in white and gold. At the north end of the front is the main entrance to the upper gallery, and also another large door, which will be used as a means of exit. The staircase and landings to the gallery are entirely built of stone, inclosed in solid walls of brick and covered with cement. The entrance door to the gallery is 8 feet wide. This gallery will seat 350 to 400 people. Off the gallery is a store-room 9x10. There is also a door opening from the lobby of the balcony into this staircase, which can be used as a means of exit in case of fire. The interior of the building is handsomely decorated. The balcony and gallery rails are the same in style and finish as the parquet-circle, which gives it, from the stage, the appearance of three galleries, except that around the top of the upper gallery rail is a brass rod supported by neat uprights, attached to the railing to insure its strength, giving at the same time a very pretty appearance. The walls are painted in oil, the tints being in keeping with the frescoed ceiling. There is a handsome border in colors below the cornice, which is heavily ornamented in colors. The ceiling, a half-round, is of thin pine, covered with canvas, which forms a complete sounding-board, and is beautifully laid off in the form of four-corner panels inclosing the dome, in which are painted allegorical representations of Tragedy, Comedy, Music and Love. The dome is frescoed to represent a clouded sky above a handsome balustrade, with elegant chandelier supports. The centre of the dome contains the sunlight. Between each support on the balustrade are large vases containing flowers, festooned to the circle of the dome. The proscenium-arch is a fine specimen of carving. The design is ornamented pillars, with nymphs supporting vases and a cornice, in the centre of which are crouching figures supporting a lyre and other emblems. The whole is finished in white enamel and gold, with relief tints. The wall on each side of the pillars, extending to the balconies, forms a panel 12 feet broad by 38 feet high. In the centre of each is a large medallion, from the centre of which projects a handsome cluster chandelier 8 feet high. The orchestra is 23x7 feet, and will have two entrances into the music-room, and from this is a stair to the trap-room, etc., under the stage. The stage is 35 feet 6 inches in depth, and the entire width of the building. The proscenium-curtain opening is 36 feet wide and 38 feet high, and is provided with a very elaborate drop-curtain, displaying a view of Lake Como; also a green damask curtain. The stage is fitted and furnished with five sets of double elbow-grooves and three sets of arched borders, comprising sky, foliage and drapery. It has also sixteen complete sets of scenery, with all the necessary wings, etc. The size of the scenes is 20 feet high and 26 feet wide. All of the scenery was painted by F. Stanfield of Buffalo, N. Y., and the architect was T. R. Jackson of New York. There is also a paint bridge and frame 38x20, provided with all the necessary water supply, and one of the principal features necessary now is that on the stage behind the prompter's desk is a fire-plug, with hose, to be used at a second's notice, that will throw two heavy streams of water the entire height of the building. There are three working traps and a working bridge, with all necessary machinery; also a prompter's trap in centre of the front of the stage. There are also complete fittings for calcium lights, which can be used in seventeen different places on the stage, as well as in the necessary places in the auditorium. The gas in all parts of the house will be under perfect control and lighted by electricity. The properties for the stage are most complete, including handsome Brussels green carpets, rustic and garden furniture. Adjoining the main building in the rear, and divided from it by a solid brick wall, with one large iron door, is the addition built, which contains on the ground floor the boiler-room, the boiler heating the entire building by steam pipes. This floor also contains storerooms, etc., a back entrance under the stage; other portions of this part contain the scene-room, 26x18, property-room, baggage-room, janitor's apartments, green-room, music-room, and ten dressing-rooms. The latter are all carpeted and furnished in a first-class style. The stage entrance is from Salter street, and is wide enough for a carriage to drive to the stage door. As a whole, it is one of the most complete buildings of the kind in the Dominion, and the cost will exceed $80,000.

DURING MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL'S second week at the Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., she presented her new play entitled "Mignon," and in it she scored another triumph. The character of Mignon is exactly suited to her style of acting, and the principal support have made the entire performance near perfect. William Harris made an acceptable Wilhelm Meister. Charles Krone as Romaine made a picturesque villain. The Count Sperati of John W. Norton was a finely-drawn impersonation, full of force, but never overdone. James T. Huntley as Laertes was natural. J. F. Stevens acted the fop with taste. O. W. Blake was equal to the requirements of Gip, and Miss Florence Chase did the disagreeable role of Phelina with fine effect. John Watson has again done good work in the way of furnishing new scenery. Daly's Fifth-avenue "Pique" Combination was to have opened Jan. 29, but, owing to their return to New York, Mr. De Bar is compelled to draw upon home talent. He has engaged the services of Alexander Kost, a German comedian of some note, with whom he will produce Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors."......May Howard opened her engagement at the Olympic 22, with the comedies of "Sweethearts" and "The Wicked World." A more unfortunate selection than the latter piece could not have been made. The language is beautiful, and the piece was splendidly cast, but great lack of action makes it drearily uninteresting. "Caste" was presented Jan. 24, 25, and a more pleasing performance we never saw. Miss Howard played Esther Eccles in a highly commendable manner, while the Polly Eccles of Frankie McClellan was her greatest triumph. Frank Weston made a manly George D'Alroy; Harry Harwood as Sam Gerridge could not have been better; L. R. Warwick's Capt. Hawtree was a smooth performance; and Charles Plunkett won great praise for a masterly characterization of Eccles. "The School for Scandal" will be acted 26. Charles Creighton, doorkeeper for the dress-circle and parquet, takes a benefit 27. He is also doorkeeper at the Merchants' Exchange, and he generally makes more out of a benefit than half the stars that visit us. May Howard remains another week. Kate Claxton begins Feb. 5. Advices of Jan. 26.

JOHN DAVIS WOOD.—This actor, who has played leading business at various theatres in the West, died of disease of the heart in the Good Samaritan Hospital, Cincinnati, Jan. 23. He was a native of England and thirty-five years of age. He made his first appearance on the stage about twelve years ago in Buffalo, and afterwards played in traveling companies. For the past two years he has been in Cincinnati, playing leading business at the National. His last appearance was on the boards of that theatre Jan. 6 last. The remains were forwarded to Buffalo, where he has relatives, for interment. His last appearance in public was in the hospital the evening previous to his decease. With his consent he was carried on a lounge into the lecture-room, in order that the professors, who regarded his disease as uncommon, might show him to the students. As he was borne in, the latter greeted him with applause. With professional instinct, he smiled and saluted with his hand. At the close of the lecture he said to his friend Harry Gilbert: "I heard every word, and I know they think I'm gone." He was a very genial and generous gentleman, and, like too many of his brethren, was his own worst enemy.

OUR REGULAR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENCE from Cincinnati, dated July 26, runs as follows: "Frank Mayo in 'Davy Crockett,' supported by his own combination, has been the attraction at Wood's Theatre since Jan. 22 to a very nice business. Mr. Mayo's impersonation of the title-role is marked by all his old-time ease and quiet effect. Of the support, the Eleanor Vaughn of Josephene Laurens was up to every requisite, and the roles assumed by James Dunn, W. B. Laurens, W. H. Dell, H. A. Weaver, H. Bingham, R. Thayer, Master Rivers and Annie Douglass were done in a satisfactory manner. The Mayo Combination closes 27. Kate Fisher opens in 'Mazeppa' 29 for one week......At the Grand Opera-house, Alice Oates' Comic-opera Company have drawn a series of large houses during the past week. The repertory for the week has embraced 'La Fille de Madame Angot,' 'Girofle-Girofla,' 'Princess of Trebizonde', 'Grand Duchess,' 'Trial by Jury,' and 'Les Bavards,' and 'La Jolie Parfumeuse,' 'Girofle' being given at both matinees. Mrs. Oates proved as captivating as ever, and she had an excellent *alter ego* in Mlle. Roseau. Charles H. Drew, John Howson and A. W. Maflin were noticeably good in the support, the grotesque dancing of the latter being nightly encored. The Oates' Company remain only one week..... It is rumored, and the rumor has crept into the papers, that Harry Eytinge, late stage-manager of the Grand Opera-house, is about to build a theatre in this city."

DIVORCED.—In the Superior Court, New Haven, Ct., Jan. 26, before Judge Martin, Georgianna A. Furbish was divorced from Charles E. Furbish, both of Orange. They were married Nov. 28, 1868. The petitioner's name is changed to Georgianna Langley.

DEDICATED.—Davis' New Opera-house, Clinton, Ia., was formally dedicated Jan. 22 by John Dillon, supported by Wallack's Dramatic Company, acting in "Our Boys." They performed there the rest of the week, giving "The Great Divorce Case" and "The Widow-hunt."

CLOSED.—Frank E. Aiken's Company was billed to play in Terre Haute, Ind., Jan. 24, 25, but on account of the serious illness of Miss Genevieve Rogers both dates were canceled. Her physician thought she would be able to appear 27, and the entertainment was advertised; but at six o'clock on that day the lady was much worse, and it is now very doubtful if she will be able to appear for many weeks. Diphtheria in a very violent form is understood to be her malady. The company have been paid off, and tickets furnished them to their respective destinations.

AT THE GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, Harrisburg, Pa., Sargent's "Forbidden Fruit" Company performed Jan. 24, 25.

A. H. SHELDON, comedian, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged to produce his sensational drama of "Wealth and Crime."

THE BUFFALO BILL COMBINATION are meeting with success during their tour, which they will continue West until the end of the season. They appeared in Albany, N. Y., last week, and the press of that city give a very satisfactory account of the business done there. See extracts in our advertising department.

JOHN THOMPSON IN TROUBLE.—This well-known performer, noticed in our past issue as playing in Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 19, 20, was compelled to remain there and give two performances 22, 23, wrote our correspondent on Jan. 25, adding: "The performances of 19, 20, were under the auspices of McCluskey & Larmie, who keep a restaurant, and are amateur showmen of this city. Mr. Thompson came here under the contract of the above-named parties to give two entertainments and a matinee for a specified sum, which had been agreed upon between them and Thompson's agent. Mr. Thompson came as advertised, and, after performing the first night, demanded half the amount agreed upon before proceeding to fill the remainder of the engagement, which the others refused, saying they would settle at the close of the second night. Mr. Thompson completed the engagement and again demanded his money. It not being forthcoming, he had McCluskey & Larmie arrested for obtaining money under false pretenses, they having represented to the agent that they were worth in real estate and money to the amount of several thousand dollars. McCluskey & Larmie had an examination before a Justice-of-peace; but the law did not sustain the charge, and they were dismissed. They then attached the baggage of Mr. Thompson's company, but it was immediately released. The alleged cause was that they would leave without fulfilling their engagement. Mr. Thompson was detained on account of legal difficulties, and gave two performances at Belair, O., in this vicinity, 24, 25, returning to this city 26, where he has been tendered a complimentary benefit by the citizens of Wheeling. Prof. Kramer's Opera-house Orchestra have volunteered their assistance. Mr. Thompson has the sympathy of the respectable citizens of this place, who will no doubt give him a crowded house. He and his company go to New York to reorganize."

MISS MARY ANDERSON closed her engagement in Charleston, S. C., Jan. 23. Our correspondent says: "The weather was very disagreeable, but that did not deter a large audience from being present to bid this talented young lady God-speed on her journey. Miss Anderson's engagement has been one of the most successful played in our city, and proves without question that, when artists of merit and talent visit Charleston, they will be greeted with good, paying houses." From Charleston Miss Anderson went to Savannah, Ga., 24, 25, 26, 27, and she is advertised for Augusta 29, 30, Macon 31, Columbus Feb. 1, Montgomery, Ala., 2, 3, Atlanta, Ga., 4, 5.

ANNA DICKINSON, supported by Albaugh's Albany Company, performed in Auburn, N. Y., Jan. 23, Syracuse 24.

OUR CALIFORNIA ADVICES are as follows, our correspondent writing under date of Jan. 20: "The deserted stages of all of Maguire's theatres still leave the choice business divided between the California and the Grand Opera-house. That darkness and dust reign over the beautiful Academy before its gloss of newness is worn off is a strange thing to outsiders. They cannot understand why its doors are barred, when it is fitted in so eminent a degree to the production of that order of pieces by which Mr. Wheatleigh is now vainly trying to make people believe their natural home is in the big house on Mission street. The cause of the temporary extinction of the Academy is known better to regular theatrical observers. All kinds of vagaries governed the policy of the theatre from the beginning. Originally there was at command a good company for modern drama, among others to draw upon for the casts being the names of James O'Neill, W. H. Crane, Louis James, E. J. Buckley, John Jack and M. A. Kennedy. Without giving the stock an opportunity to show what it could do, Barry Sullivan, with the hearse-plumes of tragedy, was brought into the brilliant house, not only to monopolize most of the attention, but to take the pecuniary advantages commonly attached to the opening of a new theatre. The company, which was unnecessarily belittled—for nobody except O'Neill had any business in the Othellos and Richards—was expected after the star-inaugural to at once sustain the fortunes of the theatre without any prestige to fall back upon. The public did not respond; and, for want of solid backing, the company broke up, and some of the best actors thereof, thoroughly dispirited, were lost to us by their journeying to the East. So far as the Academy was concerned, the drama after that was held at a discount. The stage was thrown open to miscellaneous shows that happened to come along; but the extensive range of attractions offered from time to time never took from the house what it did not possess—a distinctive character. When it will be given one is a question......The engagement of the Florences, which has lasted four weeks at the Academy, will close to-night. It has been immensely successful, although the rain, welcomed by all, reduced the attendance during the middle of the week. The plays which have been acted lately do not prompt remark, as they were made familiar in prior engagements. The announcement that Florence would personate Obenreizer Jan. 15, 16, filled the theatre on both occasions, and the applause over his fine acting was at once hearty and spontaneous. The cast was the same as upon the first production at this theatre, with the exceptions that Ellie Wilton replaced Bella Pateman as Marguerite, and C. B. Bishop Robert Pateman as Joey Ladle. The new impersonators of these characters withstood the inevitable fire of comparison without suffering anything by it. Between Bishop and Pateman there was not much choice; for, while the portrayal of the former was more redolent of mellow humor, that of the latter was superior in finish, and perhaps had a truer Dickenish spirit. Bishop certainly made a good impression. The attendance dropped upon the production of 'Eileen Oge' 17, 18, the play having been frequently performed in the past, and principally by the stock, when J. C. Williamson came forward with success in Irish character. At Florence's benefit 19, when he acted Bardwell Slote, the theatre was crowded in every part, and he and Mrs. Florence were presented with costly floral offerings. He intended making his farewell as Bob Brierly; but, on account of the pressure brought to bear for the repetition of Obenreizer, he executes his final bow in the latter character. E. A. Sothern begins 22 as Lord Dundreary. Between his engagement and that of Miss Neilson, 'Pique' will be brought out by the stock company......At the Grand Opera-house, Gilbert's new comedy of 'Tom Cobb' and the burlesque of 'Kenilworth' have formed the attraction since the 15th to moderate business. The theatre makes altogether too large a setting for the inclosing of such trifles, and this dims the efforts of the actors, the capabilities of whom are, however, quite adequate to the requirements of this character of pieces. Upon a smaller stage their acting would have produced a more favorable impression, and would have given increased vitality to 'Tom Cobb,' which is of a rather languid constitution. The humor of the piece is finely spun through three acts, which are otherwise lacking in action and situation. If reduced to one-half of its present compass, it would probably have some 'go' in representation; but, as it is, it palls from want of invention and variety of interest. The best of the acting was done by Chas. Wheatleigh, who was happy in delineating the eccentricities of Colonel O'Fipp. The burlesque of 'Kenilworth' was thoroughly well performed, the company showing itself rich in the possession of broad talent. J. B. Polk as Queen Elizabeth and M. A. Kennedy as Varney both made hits. The Beauclerc Sisters also appeared to advantage, their attractive forms and their taking singing and dancing placing them high in favor. The success of the burlesque has secured a place for it in the programme of next week, and it will be presented as an afterpiece to 'A Bull in a China Shop,' which has been selected to succeed the unfortunate 'Tom Cobb.' The stage-management of this theatre is now under the direction of A. D. Billings, the young actor who is a reputable impersonator of 'old-men' parts......The exhibition of the Royal Marionettes at Platt's Hall comes to a close this evening......The Taylor troupe of child-actors has arrived in town, and is waiting for an opening.... A movement is briskly afoot to give Edwin Adams, who is staying at the Palace Hotel and suffering from poor health, a grand testimonial benefit at the California Theatre during Sothern's engagement. It will take place without a doubt, for the entire profession is eager to testify their sympathy and admiration for their gifted fellow-actor. Playgoers have, besides, in large numbers signified their desire to subscribe for hundreds of tickets for the sake of the gentleman who has in time past contributed to their amusement by his fine performance of Narcisse, Rover, Robert Landry, etc. The programme, it is expected, will comprise one of Sothern's minor pieces, the fourth act of 'The School for Scandal' and a Bishop farce. Adams himself, probably, will not appear, unless to come before the curtain to say a few words to his friends."

AIMEE'S OPERA-BOUFFE COMPANY terminated their second engagement this season at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La., Jan. 21, and left for New York. John T. Raymond appeared 22 as Col. Mulberry Sellers, supported by the regular company. The audience greeting him, the weather being very unpropitious, was not so large as might have been expected. Mr. Raymond was in a happy mood, gave the role with great spirit and vigor and the piece passed off to general satisfaction. Miss Rosa Rand gave a very acceptable interpretation of Laura Hawkins, and Miss Agnes Proctor made a fresh and interesting Emily Hawkins. The other members of the cast were as follows: Col. Geo. Selby, J. P. Rutledge; Si Hawkins, J. W. Hague; Uncle Daniel, E. Marble; District-attorney, Russell Soggs; Lafayette Hawkins, W. H. Wallace; Judge, J. Davidson; Mrs. Si Hawkins, Mrs. Nellie Taylor; Mrs. Colonel Sellers, Miss Emma Sanderson. "Samson," with Charles Pope in the title-role, is in preparation......"Uncle Tom's Cabin" reached its final performance at Bidwell's Academy of Music 20, and Miss Augusta L. Dargon opened 21 in "Meg Merrilies," supported by the regular company. "Queen Mary Tudor" was given 22, and was produced to a somewhat limited attendance, with which bad weather probably had much to do. The supporting cast were worthy of general credit, taking into account that they had been pressed upon the stage with insufficient and hasty rehearsal. Miss Dargon is to appear again 23 in "Mary Tudor," 24, 25, in "King Henry VIII," 26 "Deborah," and 27 "East Lynne." The Soldene Comic-opera Co. commence 28 a two weeks' engagement. The management of the St. Charles Theatre was assumed by J. W. Blaisdell, who Jan. 20 opened it to a crowded house, producing "The Black Crook," with the original scenery used by Palmer & Co. The piece as produced probably surpasses anything in the spectacular line hitherto seen in this city for several years. The cast presents Miss Fanny Matthias as Stalacta. She has endowed the part with physical beauty, and in her songs displays a sweet though not strong voice. Miss Belle Gilbert appeared as Carline, with songs, Mrs. G. W. Walters as Dame Barbara, and Miss Emma Palmer as Rosetta. Geo. W. Walters has given to the character of Hertzog a very strong and excellent personation. W. H. Southard, late of the Varieties Theatre Company, appeared as Rudolphe. Edwin Browne made an excellent Greppo, and J. J. Dowling deserved commendation as Count Wolfenstein. F. G. Wallace might have done better with the character of Puffengruntz. The Amina of Miss Nellie Walters was rendered very prettily. W. H. Batchelder was fair in the role of Dragonfin. G. W. Pike made all that could be of the part of Zamiel. Mons. A. Blandowski deserves great credit in his arrangement of the ballet, and especially in having drilled in a very short time to great perfection in their amazonian marches a corps of girls consisting entirely of inexperienced recruits. The premieres Betty Remmelsberg, Antonina De Corsa and Ida De Vere have been received with demonstrations of warm appreciation. Mlle. Remmelsberg is an old favorite here. She has greatly improved, in both appearance and artistic accomplishment, since her last visit, some two years ago. The specialties which appear in the third act consist of Venus and Adonis, wonderfully skilled in their velocipede act and on parlor-skates; Little Todd, one of the most remarkable contortionists and posturers ever seen in this city—his acts have been received with enthusiasm; Alfred Lyston has also been well received in his musical specialties, and W. H. Batchelder in his leaping. The houses have been very large, and the prospects for a long run of the piece are favorable. Advices of Jan. 23.

CHARLES NORRIS, leading juvenile, character or dialect business, and Clara Rainford, juvenile lady, can be engaged. Address as per advertisement.

LEONARD GROVER'S comedy "Our Boarding-house" received its first representation in Philadelphia on Jan. 22, at the Chestnut-street Theatre, and proved highly successful, being received throughout with enthusiastic demonstrations of approval. It may safely be said that all the parts were equally well played, and the fun of the piece never seems to flag, the dialogue and incidents throughout the four acts being entirely of a merry and humorous nature—so much so, indeed, that one might almost consider the title of comedy a misnomer, and be inclined to call it a farce. McKee Rankin as Guiseppe Fioretti, the Italian boarder, gave a perfect bit of character acting; Miss Lillie Glover's Beatrice Manheim was a delightful and interesting performance; Miss Lillian Conway as Mrs. Violet Eligible was equally effective; and Mrs. E. J. Phillips' clever acting as Mrs. Dalrymple was received with much favor. Charles H. Bradshaw, who then made his first appearance this season, secured richly-deserved applause by his admirable humorous embodiment of the part of Prof. Gregarious Gillypod, he being singularly happy and effective as the eccentric Professor, and evidencing a very decided improvement. Another capitally played part was the Col. M. T. Elevator of G. W. Griffiths. James W. Norris as Walter Dalrymple, Mr. Frank W. Sanger as Clarence Dexter, Mr. Bedford Williams as Matthew Eligible, Mr. E. Bartram as Dr. Shouter, and Mr. George Holland as Jack Hardy well represented their respective parts. Miss Lizzie Harold as Betty the maid-of-all-work made the most of a minor part, her acting being distinguished by vivacity and spontaneous drollery. The mounting of the comedy was remarkably good, "Our Front View," in the third act, being an artistically and well-contrived set-scene; "Our Parlor," in the second and fourth acts, being equally worthy of praise for its happy and judicious arrangement. Simon Hassler and orchestra contributed their share to the general success of the comedy with some carefully selected and well-arranged music. On the first night a prolonged call was responded to by Mr. Grover, the author, who, in a few appropriate words, thanked the audience and praised the acting. "Our Boarding-house" appeared to afford general satisfaction to large audiences throughout the week, the attendance at the matinee Jan. 27 being the largest yet chronicled here, and it will be repeated during the current week.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Jan. 22, in the historical play of "Mary Stuart." Her delineation of the sufferings and tragic career of the ill-fated queen was marked by a certain amount of power and an intelligence that thoroughly aroused the sympathies of her audience. J. P. Wheelock was most efficient as Lord Douglas, and Miss Helen Houghton as Catherine Seyton maintained her position as a careful and intelligent actress. The play was handsomely mounted, and the scenery betokened unusual pains on the part of the artist, H. E. Hoyt, Lochleven Castle by moonlight being conspicuous as a most excellent specimen of set scenery. Jan. 26, Mrs. Bowers had a benefit, when "Jane Shore" was presented, with Mrs. John Drew and Mr. J. C. McCollom included in the cast, the performance concluding with "The Jealous Wife." The same bill was repeated the following evening.

AT THE WALNUT, Philadelphia, Mme. Janauschek, on Jan. 22, inaugurated her engagement by appearing in "Mary Stuart." The programme was changed for the remainder of the first week to "Chesney Wold," "Medea" and "Macbeth." On Jan. 31, Racine's tragedy, entitled "Phædra," will be produced, Mme. Janauschek then appearing for the first time in English in the title-role. Miss Neilson commences an engagement here Feb. 5 in Shakespeare's "Cymbeline." She will be followed by Rachel Macauley, Lotta, and Furbish's Combination.

CHARLES FECHTER, after an absence of several years, reappeared at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., Jan. 22, before quite a large audience, and the attendance through the week has been very good, remarked our correspondent, who wrote on Jan. 28, adding: "The play was 'Monte Cristo,' the same version played by him when he first took charge of the old Globe. His impersonation of Edmond Dantes is a picturesque and vivid performance, and has been much admired. He was supported by members of the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house company. He closed 27, and to-morrow, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' will be produced 29, and the following variety talent will also appear: Walters and Morton, Tierney and Cronin and the Victorelli Brothers..... At the Museum, the new play by Byron, entitled 'Old Sailors,' was brought out on Jan. 22, the occasion being the reappearance of the regular company. The play is bright, but the plot is not very strong, the chief attraction lying in the cleverness of the lines. Byron's mission as a dramatist seems to consist almost entirely in writing bon mots. The piece has not succeeded in attracting, and was withdrawn after the matinee 27. As this was its first performance in America, we append the cast.

Peter Pollard...Chas. Barron	Ravenbill......G. W. Wilson
Joe Grill......Wm. Warren	Millicent. Miss Annie Clarke
Lieut. Lamb. R. F. McClannin	Clara......Miss Mary Cary
Frank......O. H. Barr	Miss Huffin. Mrs. J. R. Vincent

The comedietta 'Delicate Ground' preceded each performance. Charles Barron took a benefit 27, offering 'A New Way to Pay Old Debts' and 'Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady.' The legitimate failing to attract, a re-engagement has been made with the 'Evangeline' Troupe, who return 29 for a single week, Clara Fisher appearing as Evangeline and N. C. Goodwin as Le Blanc. John McCullough follows.....'The Kerry Gow' and Jos. Murphy have been the attractions the past week at the Boston Theatre, but have attracted light business. The drama remains on the boards one week longer, and then we have John E. Owens in 'The Victims' and 'Solon Shingle.'"

THE MURDOCH BENEFIT.—Our Boston correspondent writing on Jan. 28 says: "The executive committee of the Murdoch testimonial have reported the following result of their labors: Cash from sale of tickets, $3,213; donations, etc., in sums of $50 to $1.50, $166.50; sale of photographs, $42.15—total, $3,421.65. Expenses: gas, printing, theatre, etc., $115.50, leaving a net profit of $3,306.15—a very handsome sum. A meeting was held on Tuesday to discuss the best mode of disposing of this money, and after a full discussion the matter was finally referred to a sub-committee of three, consisting of Messrs. Fred Williams, George O. Ernst and John M. Ward, with full powers."

AT LIBRARY HALL, Pittsburg, Pa., C. W. Barry held forth the past week to fair audiences. "Echoes" was acted until Jan. 26, when "Escaped from Sing Sing" was substituted; but had not the effect of drawing more than an average attendance. As the hero of the drama, Mr. Barry gave satisfaction. J. E. Whiting as Harry Redford deserves the highest praise of all actors in the cast. After him Miss Henrietta Vaders was the most successful. Mr. Owens' Porkey Clark also deserves mention. The Messrs. Mosely, Haworth, Waverly, Kennedy, Murray, Jenkins, Hawthorne, Lewis and Fisher, and Mrs. Estelle Potter, with the Misses Whiting, Good and St. Clair, were acceptable. As Alice Vaustone Miss Eva Baker did passably well. Jan. 29, 30, 31, Dr. E. P. Banning will give lectures, and Feb. 1, 2, 3 the Nick Roberts Pantomime Company are to perform in "Humpty Dumpty."......Kate Fisher and her trained horse Wonder have delighted moderate-sized audiences at the Opera-house in "Mazeppa," each evening's performance concluding with a drama of the "Dick Turpin" order. After Miss Fisher and her horse, those deserving more than passing mention are Messrs. Bock, Willard, Harris, Stockwell, McDonald, Dean and Mainhall, and the Misses Fletcher, Hastings, Bernard, Bray and Mrs. Holmes. Jan. 29, E.T. Stetson. Letter of Jan. 27.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the programme presented last week embraced some highly interesting features, and commanded the success due its quantity and quality. Bobby Newcomb in the sketches of "A Novel Application" and "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" met with an enthusiastic reception, his comic dancing, singing and imitations being deservedly appreciated. Joe Goss and Steve Taylor appeared in a glove-contest, and the concluding sensational drama entitled "Neota the Avenger" supplied a pleasing portion of the entertainment, Jennie Morton as Neota and Robert C. Gardner as Lawyer Tucker having therein ample scope for the display of their ability. The old favorites—Mlle. Alexandrina, Leona Fontainebleau, Miss Ella Sheldon, Miss Emma Brennan, John Pendy, Paddy Murphy, John Forbes, Ed. Hillier, G. W. Thompson, T. E. Jackson, J. H. Fitzpatrick and Fulton Myers—continued in the lengthy olio. The novel attractions Jan. 29 are Mullelly and Rice, Miss Alice Placide and El Nino Eddie.

MISS KATE CLAXTON made her first appearance in Louisville, Ky., at Macauley's Theatre, Jan. 22, before a house that was well filled in every part. "Conscience" was the opening bill. Her acting was pleasing, and she portrayed quite successfully the girlish innocence, confiding love, and the remorseful horror which belong to the character. To the company too high praise cannot be given for their support; it was by far the most meritorious of the season. Mr. Mackay's acting in Cyril Harwood was much admired. R. G. Wilson as Dr. Mordaunt gave a careful study of a fidgety, fussy physician, which was much appreciated. W. H. Gillette acted the banker, Nathaniel Harewood, with his invariable finish. The Eustace Lawton of B. R. Graham was, like all that gentleman undertakes, excellent. The portraiture was hard, even to repulsiveness, but it was true to the ideal. David Delve had a goodly representative in Mr. Gavisk. Judge Van Cort by B. Macauley exhibited even in a stronger light than usual those artistic features for which his impersonations have for so many years been noted. Miss C. J. Johnson never acted better or with more spirit than as Tabitha Trump. "Conscience" gave way on Thursday evening to "The Two Orphans," which continued throughout the week. Business has been better than for several weeks past. Alice Oates' Opera Company open Jan. 29. Letter of Jan. 25.

AT SIMPSON'S MUSEUM, Philadelphia, the London drama entitled "Queen's Evidence" was withdrawn after the performance of Jan. 24, it having failed, singularly enough, to meet with the success that it evidently deserved. The characters were creditably illustrated, Wm. Davidge Jr.'s impersonation of Isaacs, a London Jew, being inimitable, in both acting and make-up, and it will rank amongst his most successful efforts. "Camille's Husband" was played the latter part of last week. "The Great Divorce Case" will be produced Jan. 29 for the first time in Philadelphia. A sensational drama entitled "Money and Misery" is in preparation.

ATKINS LAWRENCE, who has been connected with the company of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for several seasons, was tendered a complimentary testimonial at the Amateur Drawing-room in that city Jan. 26, prior to his departure for New York, where he has an engagement at Booth's Theatre. The programme consisted of "The Household Fairy" and "Robert Macaire," and Nannie Harold, Bobby Newcomb and Hughey Dougherty in specialties.

CHARLES C. HEATON, who has long and ably filled the onerous position of head doorkeeper at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, has been seriously ill for a couple of months, but we are pleased to state that he has recovered his wonted health, and resumed Jan. 23 his usual position. A. R. Bradshaw efficiently filled Mr. Heaton's position during the latter's enforced absence.

"STEEL WERS," an adaptation by Afred P. Brotherhead of a French comedy, has been offered to the management of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for their consideration.

"THE SHAUGHRAUN" was the attraction at the Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., the past week. The play was admirably set and the cast was able. Louis L. James made a fine impersonation of the character of Captain Molineux and George Hoey played Robert Ffolliott with spirit. Miss Nellie Cummins as Claire Ffolliott, Miss Kate Newton as Arte O'Neale, Edwin Varrey as Father Dolan, Walter Treville as Corry Kinchela, Geo. Denham as Harvey Duff, Mrs. G. C. Germon as Mrs. O'Kelly, Miss Gertrude Stanly as Moya, Miss Hetty Wills as Bridget Madigan, Lydia Denier as Nancy Malone, J. E. Albaugh as Sergeant Jones, E. H. Stephens as Reilly, Julian Mitchell as Sullivan, John Atwell as Manager, and Frank Connolly as Doyle rendered the subordinate parts in an intelligent and pleasing manner. The drama will be continued another week. John T. Raymond is billed for Feb. 5, and "Forbidden Fruit" for 12.

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montreal, Jan. 22, Nell Warner made his reappearance as John Jasper in "Edwin Drood," and was warmly received. His acting was clever and artistic. Miss Fanny Reeves as Rosa Budd and Miss May Thompson as Madge were good. The other important characters were assumed by F. S. Morris, C. H. Thompson and Geo. Reddle. Manager E. A. McDowell had a bumper house for his benefit 24, when "False Shame" was given. Miss Fanny Reeves was up for a benefit in "Rosedale" 27, preparatory to her marriage and retirement from the stage. "As You Like It," in which Miss Ida Savory will appear, was billed for 29.

TORONTO OPERA-HOUSE.—Business is thus reported by our correspondent up to Jan. 27: "The performances at the Royal Opera-house consisted of, Jan. 22, 23, 'The Felon's Doom;' 24, 25, 'Ben Bolt;' 26, Sophie Miles' benefit, when 'The Water Witch' was given. The dramas have been succeeded by variety performances by local clog-dancers, serio-comics and others, introducing Bonnie Runnels, Joe Banks, and Maude Brandscombe. The company at this theatre will disband after Jan. 27, the house in the meantime being partially closed that alterations in the gallery stairway and fire-escapes may be made. Professor Gazzino the spirit-exposer will come Feb. 2, 3.....G. F. Rowe in his own comedy of 'Brass' was the attraction at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera-house Jan. 22, 23, 24; 'Little Em'ly,' 25, 26, 27. Kate Girard gives excellent support as Sybil. She is a good dresser, and has many winning ways. A. H. Hudson was in his proper sphere as Admiral Hawker, B. G. Rogers, A. Fitzgerald, and F. C. Humphreys as Tom Macnab, Herbert Wyvern and Rev. Fibbits, respectively, were all more or less successful, and on the whole gave good support. Mrs. Allen was fairly good as Mary Markson. Mrs. Morrison played Mrs. Micawber in 'Little Em'ly,' and made up and acted in a natural manner. Kate Hanou begins Jan. 29 in "The Revolt of the Commune."

THE REGULAR SEASON at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y., closed Jan. 27, "Ten Nights in a Barroom" being the bill. The theatre was run during the last week on the co-operative plan, and the dividends to the people did not suffice to pay board. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was brought out 22 and 23. For Harry Colton's benefit 26 "Robert Emmett" was presented, with Col. T. H. O'Brien—a merchant of Troy, and a real Fenian officer, who has suffered imprisonment in a British prison—in the title-role. The house was packed 8:30. Harry Colton, J. W. Cox and wife, and Harry Stewart leave for New York 29. A. R. Phelps and wife, Harry Vaughn, Harry Lee, M. J. Nell, Alice Wyndham and Eugenie Paul will linger in Troy for the present....."The Color Guard," by Charles Collins and Post Millard, G. A. R., Jan. 31, Feb. 1, 2, 3. Joe Murphy in "Kerry" goes to Albany 29, to be followed by the Leland Opera-house Company of Albany, Feb. 12, for one week.....Buffalo Bill and troupe in "Red Right Hand" at a hall Jan. 29, 30. Letter of Jan. 28.

THE EUCLID-AVENUE OPERA-HOUSE, Cleveland, O., is again advertised for sale, under order of the Court. There seems to be a hitch somewhere; and as every dispute has two sides, we, in justice to all parties, give both, says our correspondent, adding: "It is claimed on the one side that A. W. Fairbanks, who bid the house in for $61,600, planked down the $1,000 necessary to secure the sale, and is prepared to pay the balance, but the parties selling cannot give a clear deed; while on the other hand it is claimed that, although he paid the $1,000, he failed to raise the balance, although granted a week's extension, and consequently the sale has been declared void, and the second sale is advertised to take place Feb. 7. This is the present condition of affairs, and further developments are waited for with considerable interest."

THE NEW PROVIDENCE (R. I.) OPERA-HOUSE was closed the first three nights of the past week. The Rice-Goodwin Combination presented "Evangeline" Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee, with Miss Eliza Weathersby, Miss Lizzie Webster, H. Josephs, N. C. Goodwin Jr., Richard Golden and Henry Hunter, to good houses. The latter made his Miss Clara Fisher appearance in the character of Evangeline, and M. C. Daly as Captain Dietrich. For every evening and Wednesday and Saturday matinees this week Miss Rose Eytinge will appear in "Miss Sarah Multon."

THE ATTRACTIONS at the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., the past week, consisted of performances by an amateur opera troupe Jan. 22, 23, 24, under the management of J. T. Wamlink. Jan. 25 another amateur company held the boards, presenting "Arline." The four entertainments drew large houses. Nick Roberts' Pantomime Troupe filled the rest of the week. Business fair. "The Shaughraun" will not be presented until Feb. 26. Feb. 1, English opera.

A YOUNG LADY who can play piano or organ and sing is wanted by A. T. McAllister, who advertises.

THE SWEDISH LADY QUARTET is to give a concert at the Grand Opera-house, Harrisburg, Jan. 31.

SAM S. SANFORD'S COMPANY occupied the Leland Opera-house the first three nights of the past week, producing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at each performance to light business. With the exception of Sanford himself and Kate Partington, who acted Topsy, the company commands little attention. Anna Dickinson, supported by the regular stock, commenced 25, appearing in "A Crown of Thorns" on that and the succeeding evening and at the Saturday matinee. Of the support, Mr. Russell proved an effective representative of Percy, Edwards as King Henry VIII was first-class, while Eberle as Wolsey and Ada Rehan as Lady Jane were both commendable. Business during this engagement was good. On the 29th Mrs. Lander will appear in "The Scarlet Letter."....Buffalo Bill, Captain Jack Crawford and company presented "The Red Right Hand" at Martin Hall 26, 27, to large houses. The company has an amusing comedian in Chas. B. Graham, an excellent heavy man in Chas. B. Waite, while the soubrette Miss Marie Wellesley, is really talented.....H. C. Curley, the low comedian of the Leland Opera-house, took a benefit at that establishment on the night of Jan. 27, and his efforts were rewarded with a good house. The bill consisted of "Luke the Laborer," comic songs by W. J. Gilbert, and a new drama by a gentleman of this city, entitled "Lost, or False and True." In the first-named J. C. Michael—a prominent amateur—appeared in the title-role and acquitted himself admirably. The new drama was not a success. Albany, N. Y., letter of Jan. 28.

F. S. CRANFRAU opened in "The Octoroon" at the Buffalo (N. Y.) Academy of Music Jan. 22, and the regular stock made their first appearance in three weeks, having been traveling West. "The Octoroon" ran until 26, when "Kit" was brought out to improved business and filled out the engagement. The star's acting in the title-role has received full treatment by THE CLIPPER heretofore. The support was good in so far as the stock had opportunity to show it. J. B. Everham and Mr. Charles as the Judge and Major respectively were especially good; G. B. Waldron's Manuel Bond could not have been better; E. A. Locke was capital as Julius; and Mr. O'Neil as Bart and little Lena Rivers as Alice deserve a word of praise. Anna Dickinson begins 29 for one week, followed by Lawrence Barrett. Milton Nobles is booked at St. James Hall Feb. 7. "The Phœnix" is the attraction, and the Rochester Opera-house stock-company the support. Letter of Jan. 28.

MILTON NOBLES commenced a week's engagement at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 22, appearing in the dual character of Carroll Graves and Jim Bludso in "The Phœnix." The play was well produced, and performed in a satisfactory manner throughout the week. The support afforded him by the stock company was excellent, all doing unusually well. If anyone should be especially mentioned it is Fred E. Wren, who as Moses Solomons gave an unusually fine bit of character acting. Friday evening "Diamonds in the Rough" were produced, and with Saturday evening the engagement closed. Jan. 29 Charlotte Thompson commences a week's engagement, appearing in "Miss Multon," produced here, however, under the title of "Mother." H. S. Duffield, leading man, is at present under temporary engagement at Wallack's, New York. Letter of Jan. 27.

MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON closed one of the most successful engagements in all respects known for years at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Jan. 26. Our correspondent, writing 28, says: "The company opened 24 with 'As You Like It,' in which Miss Neilson showed to advantage to a crowded house. The house was packed. 'The Twelfth Night' was given 25 to another full house, and for the benefit and closing performance, 26, 'Romeo and Juliet' was rendered to the largest house of the season, many persons being turned away, and the orchestra had to vacate their seats and occupy a space beneath the stage. The engagement is rendered the company as a whole was unexceptionable. The receipts for the three performances were about $3,590.....Boucicault's Comedy Company is to appear Feb. 5, 6, in 'Forbidden Fruit.'"

"SARDANAPALUS" was produced at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Jan. 29, by Jarrett & Palmer's Combination, and nightly filled the theatre to its entire seating and standing capacity. As a spectacular representation it surpasses anything else that has ever been presented in Washington. The costumes, scenic effects and appointments generally were superb. The cast of characters seemed to be all that they could be desired. The grand ballet, under the direction of Signor Ernesto Mascagno, was the principal feature of the spectacle. It is by far the best-costumed and best-trained troupe of dancers that have appeared in this city within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant." The music incidental to the piece was exquisitely rendered. The company go hence to the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. The Boucicault Comedy Company will appear in "Forbidden Fruit" Jan. 29. Boucicault in "The Shaughraun" Feb. 5. Letter of Jan. 28.

AT HOOLEY'S OPERA-HOUSE, Brooklyn, L. I., Joseph H. Keane opens for the week commencing Jan. 29 in "Rip Van Winkle," supported by Frank Ray, T. B. Brown, H. C. Wilson, Frank Robarts, A. C. Burton, Shirley France, J. N. Swinburne, Eugene Gordon, R. G. Wilson, Miss Annie Mack, Miss E. Harland and Miss Amy Roberts.

EDWIN BOOTH and company commence a season in the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, L. I., Jan. 29, opening in "Hamlet."

LAWRENCE BARRETT succeeded in drawing good houses during the week ending Jan. 27 in Detroit, Mich. He was supported very poorly by Miles' Cincinnati company. Ben De Bar was to have opened 29 for a week, but he does not appear until Feb. 5.

THE BUTLER COMIQUE PANTOMIME TROUPE are billed to show at the Opera-house, Newark, N. J., Feb. 2, 3.

MILTON NOBLES, supported by the Rochester Opera-house Company, will play the circuit Buffalo, N. Y., Batavia, etc., Feb. 8, one week; Rochester, Feb. 19, one week. Feb. 12 and 26 are still open, and he can be addressed for dates as per card.

MRS. TILLSON offers a stock of costumes and wigs for sale or hire. See advertisement.

THE SITE of the late Brooklyn Theatre is to be sold by Sheriff's sale Feb. 17, under a foreclosure of a mortgage upon which $31,236 is due.

MUSICAL.

"GAYEST OF THE BEAUX" is one of the latest songs advertised by Roe Stephens.

BANJO MUSIC of every description can be purchased of Al Bauer, whose address find in another column.

CHAS. MARNEY, slide-trombone and "euphonium" player, can be addressed care of this office for engagements.

JOHN H. GARNER, baritone-tenor, late principal tenor of Payson's English-opera Company, can be negotiated with for an engagement by applying as per card.

BANJO taught by mail is the announcement made by the Dime Banjo Music Company in their card, in which they offer a large number of tunes for sale, with printed instructions to facilitate playing by learners.

GEORGE H. LENNOX, tuba-player, advertises for an engagement.

THE PAYSON OPERA COMPANY sang in Nashville, Tenn., Jan. 26, 27.

HARDING'S new publications, including all the songs of the day, are noticed in his card in this issue.

THE CINCINNATI ORCHESTRA gave a concert at Pike's Music Hall, in that city, Jan. 23, which was largely attended.

THE CONCERT by the Kellogg English-opera Company, announced for Jan. 29 in Newark, N. J., has been postponed until Feb. 5.

PAYSON'S ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY played in Clarksville, Tenn., Jan. 23, Hopkinsville 24 and 25, Nashville 26 and 27, and Columbia 29.

"PERISHED IN THE SNOW," by Eddie Fox, a song with an expressive melody well adapted to the words that makes it pointively attractive, has been published by Chas. F. Eacher Jr. See card for address, etc.

CARL GAERTNER'S sixth orchestral matinee was given Jan. 25 at Association Hall, Philadelphia.

CHARLES H. JARVIS' third classical soiree was given Jan. 27 at Natatorium Hall, Philadelphia, Messrs. L. Engelke, H. Schneider and M. M. Warner assisting.

THE PRESS CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA gave the first of a purposed series of musical entertainments Jan. 26 at their club-room, in that city. Prof. Thomas E. Harkins acted as the musical director, and the soloists were W. A. Briscoe, John Gurt, George Ford, Joseph Knecht, and Mme. Helene Lavalle, who then made her first appearance in Philadelphia.

THE NORTH CAROLINIANS are to give concerts in the Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, Mo., during the week commencing Jan. 29.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY of Philadelphia will give their first concert this season Feb. 6 at the Academy of Music, in that city, when Neukomm's "David" will be rendered by a chorus of 300 voices.

A NEW CONCERT HALL, on Madison street, opposite McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., called Hershey's Music Hall, was formally opened to the public Jan. 23 with a concert, which was repeated 25, with Miss Drasdel, contralto; and Mr. Sherwood, pianist; assisted by Messrs. Willie, Eddy, Woifshon, Lewis and Echmein. These concerts were largely patronized. The hall is 70x80 feet in size, with a gallery opposite the stage, the stage being 35x20 feet, and supplied with a $10,000 organ. The hall has excellent acoustics, and good arrangements for lighting, heating and ventilation. The Esslpoff Company is to perform on Jan. 29, 31, and matinee Feb. 3.....

QUITE AN EPISODE, not down in the programme of the Richings Opera Troupe, took place in Detroit, Mich., Jan. 20. Mr. Navoni was formerly director, but left the company on account of not receiving his salary. He followed the party to Detroit, and had Mr. Bernard arrested under the fraudulent debtors' act, as Mr. B. had given Mr. N. a draft on New York which was dishonored—no funds. The case was put over until Jan. 22, at which time the Court allowed Mr. Bernard to go to the telegraph office, he having wished to communicate with a friend from whom he could obtain the money. After considerable delay, they sent for Mr. B. and found he had "skipped" to Toledo. How the matter will end we cannot tell, as Mr. Navoni holds the Court for the safety of its prisoner. The case was to have been called to-day (27), but as yet we have not heard the result. What makes it still worse is that Navoni was obliged to pawn a valuable violin in Cincinnati in order to come here. He will remain for a while until engagements offer.....Esaipoff is to concertize Feb. 5. Letter of Jan. 27.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE NEW FEATURES of the programme offered at the Comique, St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 21, were the feats of equilibrism upon the trapeze by Mlle. Mahretta, the very clever singing of Baby Rhinehart, Emma Bretto, a serio-comic vocalist of merit; and Riley the juggler, an excellent performer, who made his first appearance on the variety stage, he having just left a circus. Genevieve Melville and Mlle. Montravello, who fill the places of Florence Warner and Marie Swinburn, made their debut in Cellini's new ballet of "The Isle of Gems," which was presented in fine style. Closing 27 are Goss and Fox, Mlle. Mahretta and Le Grand. To open 28: The Tennessee Jubilee Singers, Eddie and Tommy Haley and Barney Ferguson.....Della Delmar, song-and-dance lady; Clara Stanley, serio-comic vocalist; Harry Gibbons, Ethiopian comedian; and Keating and Flynn, song-and-dance men, constituted the main features of the entertainment at Looney's Varieties during the week commencing Jan. 21. Gus Lee is now acting as stage-manager in place of Charles Barting, who has gone to Chicago with Millie Basoure.....Sam Bolter, end-man and comedian, and Dan Hart, specialty artist, were the additions at the Novelty. The principal attraction was the local sketch entitled "Lost in St. Louis." As Miss Henrietta Mollenhauer, the well-known vocalist, was leaving the Theatre Comique on the night of Jan. 22, she slipped and fell down an entire flight of stairs, breaking her right arm in two places. She is at present confined to her room, and it probably will take two weeks before she can be moved to her home in New York, where she was to have gone on the day following the accident. She is receiving the best of attention. Letter dated Jan. 26.

CINCINNATI, O., VARIETY ITEMS to Jan. 26 are sent by our correspondent as appended: "Kate Raymond, O. B. Collins, the Alveretta Brothers, Charles H. Sheffer and Georgie Parker were the new appearances at the National Theatre Comique Jan. 21. Miss Raymond and Mr. Collins appeared respectively as Willie and Hans in their sensational drama 'Waifs of New York,' and, judging by applause, succeeded in pleasing well. The Alverettas, three in number, are bar and trapeze performers. They are as yet somewhat crude, but will doubtless improve rapidly. Mr. Sheffer's songs-and-dances and Georgie Parker's vocalisms were excellent. Billy De Vere sang several new songs of his own composition on current topics, which hit the boys hard. Ella Arnold's and Gracie May's vocalisms completed the olio. Last evening prizes were given to the best amateur cloggists and Dutch singers. The attendance has been fairly good. Departures 27: Kate Raymond and O. B. Collins, to Detroit; the Alveretta Brothers and Gracie May. To open 28: Sid. C. France in 'Dead to the World,' Nat and Beretta Blanchard, Sam Bell, Bob Slavin and Burt Clarke.....The Leslie Brothers, who made a big hit in acrobatic exercises; Louise Boshell, whose graceful performances on the slack-wire are too well known to need praise; and John and Amy Tudor, whose original sketches proved first-class, were the additions to the company at Rock's on the 21st. Business very large. Departures 27: The Tudors, to Newark, N. J.; the Crawford Brothers, Chicago; Lillian Howard, New Orleans; and Sel Mueab, Louisville. Opening 28: John Morrissey, Willis Pickert, Wiley Hamilton, Fanny Reynolds, Georgie May and La Petite Florence.....At the Colseum, William H. Bray, the London Brothers, Frank Bell, Annie Hindle and Adele Leonard were the fresh faces 21. Mr. Bray's Dutch songs pleased. The gymnastic act of the Lentons was artistic and good. Frank Bell's stump-speech and Annie Hindle's songs in male costume also took well. Adele Leonard in serio-comic vocalisms succeeded fairly. Departures 27: Saturus and All Right, to Chicago; the Phoites, New York; Frank Bell and Vic Reynolds. Underlined for 28: Andy Morris, Adrienne Grey, Violet Erwin, Goss and Fox, and Jennie Lindsay. Business good.....At the Eldorado Theatre Comique, Mollie Sconce closes 27, going to St. Louis. The Sheridan Brothers and William Quillius opened 25. Gracie May opens 29. The proprietor announces that next month he will tear down his present structure, and build a new and handsome little theatre, with two galleries, on its site.....Frank Dick has sold out his interest in the Bella Union to Henry Kohlmeyer.....J. M. French's collection of animals at Shickling's Garden is tapering down gradually. The tapir died last week. Mr. Shickling is waiting to have the animals removed before remodeling his hall."

"ON THE SLY," after a successful run of several weeks at Wood's Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, was followed Jan. 27 by the first production of a new sensational drama: "The Wicked City," in which Fattie Stewart, Bob Harrison, Rose Mell and Jennie Lindsay figured most prominently, and in a manner to afford much merriment to the audience. Letter dated Jersey City and Mary Jane Hart, Minnie Hart and Millie La Font were the latest additions to the company at Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia, on Jan. 22. Frank Lewis in his motto-songs was loudly and deservedly applauded. Hurley and Marr in their songs-and-dances were also received with laughter and applause, while Minnie Hall in male impersonations and Millie La Font in serio-comic songs met with flattering encouragement, and the sensational drama "The Fatal Brand" completed an excellent programme. Harry and John Kernell, Miss Blanche Dailey and the Setions open here Jan. 29.

AT MILLER'S WINTER-GARDEN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the efforts of the management to offer a really good entertainment to their visitors received a liberal share of patronage during the week ending Jan. 27. The fresh features were the burlesque specialties of Constantine and Le Clair, and the vocalisms of Minnie Lee, Blanche Dailey and Bertha Rowe, which were effectively rendered and highly applauded. Kate Byrnes, Keating and Sands, Nellie Thorne, John Bucklin, Ida Clifton and Minnie Lee closed Jan. 27. Hawley and Morton, Frank Gayton, Minnie Farrell and Georgie Melnotte appear Jan. 29.

THE EMPLOYES in the front of the house at the Parisian Varieties, Philadelphia, had a compliment ary benefit Jan. 27, when a variety entertainment interspersed with sparring was given.

THE MARTINETTI BROTHERS—Edwin, Harry and Charles—pantomimists and specialty artists—can be engaged after Feb. 26 through Harry Jenks, agent, whose address is care of this office.

VARIETY PERFORMERS and specialty artists can secure engagements through Davis & Co., who also advertise a panorama for sale.

THE LATE V. E. BEAMER.—Since our obituary notice was published, we have learned that Mr. Beamer's managerial efforts were not entirely confined to Pittsburg, Pa. He had been comanager with William Mitchell and Bob Hart of the Olympic, New Orleans, and subsequently sole manager thereof for about two years. Before going into theatrical management he had been manager of Bryant & Stratton's Commercial College.

IT WAS CHARLOTTE STANLEY that performed in the Adelphi Theatre, Toledo, O., during the week ending Jan. 20, and not Blanche Stanley, as reported, the latter having been in England during the past two years.

THE PHOITES sail for England about March 18, and are to open in London, April 2. Previous to their departure they have a few open dates. They begin an engagement at the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Jan. 29, thence to the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 5.

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GEORGE KRONMILLER JR. is referred to George Kronmiller Sr.'s card in another column.

AT THE HOLLIDAY-STREET THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., an excellent variety bill has been pre ented during the past week to paying houses. Sanford and Wilson appears in their sketch entitled "War in the Kitchen," the Fieldings rendered their original musical specialties "Folly and Fancie," and the Wilkinson Brothers gave new character songs. In addition to these, Clark Gibbs gave a fine impersonation of an old plantation darky. The afterpiece was "Just in Time," with Sam Devere in five roles. In the support were included Miss Estelle Mortimer, Miss Jennie Christie, Miss Eliza Oliver, Miss Addie Farwell, Messrs. Charles Herbert, E. B. Holmes, Christie Miller, George Francis, C. H. Fleming and John Fielding. Arrivals Jan. 29: Austin Brothers, Miss Jennie Morgan, Wilis Cobb's troupe of educated dogs, monkeys and goats, Kelly and Ryan, Fields and Hoey, Harrington and McGlone, John Le Claire, the Phoites, and the Livingston Brothers and John Murtz. The bill at the Central Theatre has been composed of the specialties of the following stars: William Sparks, Western and Walling, the Stuart Sisters, and Walter Bray. "Americans in Paris" was also produced, embracing a variety of special features, including ballets, songs and statuary groups. The following open 29: Larry Tooley, Miss Mollie De Mar, Gilday and Giniven, Paddy Murphy, and Eugene Blitz.....The stars at the Odeon during the week have been Grace Munroe, Susie Dillon and Minnie Farrell in popular songs, Melinda Nagle in dances, Charles Harris and Lotta Gray in burlesque changes, and Dan Sully in negro stump-speeching. On Jan. 27 Grace Munroe, Minnie Farrell and Dan Sully closed, the two first-named going to Philadelphia. The new faces for 29 are Miss Nellie Thorne, Miss Ida Clifford, Miss Lillian Forrest and James Dillon.....At the Gem Theatre, Lynn, who has been sick for some time, will shortly reappear, by advices of Jan. 27.

DURING THE PAST WEEK the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., has been well patronized. For this week the following new faces will appear: Barney McNulty, Chase and Davis, Annie and Andy Hughes, Victor Julien, Harry Blodget, Mattie Grace. The departures Jan. 27 were of Carrie Duncan and Harry Montague, to Boston, Mass.

THE FRENCH CANCAN has been the main attraction at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., the past week, drawing good houses. The company consisted of Lyda Rosa, Edgell and Eldridge, Helene Edgell, Lizzie Shelton, Alice Neale, Seaels, Boggs and Master Haney, Ada Whitney, and Etta May and Frankie Howard. Departures 27: Lizzie Shelton, to Chicago; Frankie Howard, to Grand Rapids; Mary Archard, to Detroit; and Ada Whiting, no destination. Arrivals 29: Clara Estey, Harry Woodson, Fannie Delano, Harry Hall, Frank Douglas and Mr. and Mrs. Julian Kent and the bear Julia.

AT THE ATHENÆUM, Columbus, O., a change of management has been made, P. Neeson retiring, and C. L. Howard assuming full control. The company included Miss Ada Sanborn, Huber and Ghidden, the Hennessy Bros., the Zanfrettas, Miss Julia Walcott, Miss Nellie Montrose, Morris and Fields, and Foley and Walters. Arrivals Jan. 29: Vic Reynolds, Bertha and Minnie Clifford, Charley Diamond, Tillie Antonio, Signor Capolo, Millie Zuola, Mons. and Mme. Niblo, and J. G. Whitfield. Departures 27: Ada Sanborn, to Indianapolis; Zanfrettas, Julia Walcott and Maurice Heppard, to Chilicothe; Hennessy Bros., to Toledo; Huber and Ghidden, to Chicago. Advices of Jan. 25.

AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, New Orleans, La., during the week ending Jan. 20, the company included Prof. Charles Orrin and El Nino Eddy, Connors and Kelly, James Welch and Maud Lemoine, Harry Lesley, G. W. Orrin, Joe Woods, Bob Lee, Robert Hughes, Viola Wray, Minnie Chapin, La Petite Mabel, and Minnie Coleman.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL, Philadelphia, James Collins, the manager, is indefatigable in his endeavors to secure a company well pleasing and talented, and this fact was amply recognized by the liberal patronage it received during the past week. Hannaty and Hengler, Willie Gaylord and the Sharpleys. Delehanty and Hengler in their admirably-executed songs-and-dances and clog-dances were warmly applauded. Willie Gaylord in a clever contortion act and in the opening sketch, "The Mysterious Family," exhibited much gymnastic skill that received due praise. The Sharpleys appeared in their excellent musical act. G. W. Smith's new ballet "Girls and Boys of the Period" continued a successful feature here. The entertainment concluded with the Irish drama "The Mountain Outlaw."....Eugene Blitz, Mollie De Mar, Delehanty and Hengler and the Barlow Brothers closed Jan. 27. The new arrivals announced for Jan. 29 are Lester, Allen, Smithland Waldron—"the Big Four"—Miss Rosa Lee and Banker and Mills.

THE PERFORMANCES at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 20, opened with "The Three-o'clock Train," in which Messrs. Herman and Williams were seen to advantage. Miss Maggie Pearl then gave a song-and-dance. She is an average good singer, but only a fair dancer. Eugene Martinez performed feats of magic, which met with a fair success. Later in the evening Juggling Lampini and Cincinnas, Miss Kitty Rowell in songs was well received. Alta Hallett's trapeze performances were cleverly done and applauded. Charley Benedict was the last of the new faces, and received a hearty encore. McCarthy and Williams, who were billed to appear, did not, for some unexplained reason. Departures 27: Harry and John Kernell, to Philadelphia; J. D. Kelley, to Cleveland; and Eugene Martinez, to Havana, Cuba. Arrivals 29: Murphy and Morton, and the Hamilton Sisters, three in number.....The Great London Ghost Show is advertised to open in the Academy of Music Jan. 29 for one week. Letter of Jan. 27.

SPECIAL-OFFICER MORGAN—formerly of Fox's American Theatre, Zoological Garden, and Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia—is now attached in the same capacity to the Grand Central Variety Theatre, in that city, and his well-known ability to offer a really good entertainment to their visitors received a liberal share of patronage during the week ending Jan. 27. The fresh features were the burlesque specialties of Constantine and Le Clair, and the vocalisms of Minnie Lee, Blanche Dailey and Bertha Rowe, which were effectively rendered and highly applauded. Kate Byrnes, Keating and Sands, Nellie Thorne, John Bucklin, Ida Clifton and Minnie Lee closed Jan. 27. Hawley and Morton, Frank Gayton, Minnie Farrell and Georgie Melnotte appear Jan. 29.

THE EMPLOYES in the front of the house at the Parisian Varieties, Philadelphia, had a compliment ary benefit Jan. 27, when a variety entertainment interspersed with sparring was given.

THE MARTINETTI BROTHERS—Edwin, Harry and Charles—pantomimists and specialty artists—can be engaged after Feb. 26 through Harry Jenks, agent, whose address is care of this office.

VARIETY PERFORMERS and specialty artists can secure engagements through Davis & Co., who also advertise a panorama for sale.

THE LATE V. E. BEAMER.—Since our obituary notice was published, we have learned that Mr. Beamer's managerial efforts were not entirely confined to Pittsburg, Pa. He had been comanager with William Mitchell and Bob Hart of the Olympic, New Orleans, and subsequently sole manager thereof for about two years. Before going into theatrical management he had been manager of Bryant & Stratton's Commercial College.

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NOTWITHSTANDING the new people announced for the past week at the Adelphi, Hartford, Ct., failed to make their appearance, the attendance was liberal and the entertainment enjoyable. John Drew, late of Kirk and Drew, began a short engagement Jan. 25, appearing in conjunction with Alf. Lawton, his new partner, in acrobatic songs-and-dances, meeting with success. Among the many improvements recently made in and about the theatre may be mentioned the chandeliers, which are suspended from the ceiling over either side of the stage, the carpeting of the stage for the first part, and the capacious transparency bearing the inscription "Add Weaver's Adelphi," which is placed over the walk in front of the theatre. The closing people 27 were Drew and Lawton, to Providence; Simpson Sisters, to New York; and John Queen, who lays off. The announcements for 29 are D. L. Morris, Taylor, Green and Taylor, Gussie Leach, Irene Murdock and Kitty Shephard.....Lew Clapp, late manager, and Ed. Clapp, late treasurer of the Adelphi, leave for California 29 via Panama. Letter of Jan. 27.

AT THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., Jule Keen and his bear drew good houses for the week beginning Jan. 22. Manager Bordwell, since the fine sleighing, makes a parade of the band in a large sleigh twice a week. On the 23d, in addition to the band, the bear (muzzled) was invited to take a ride. All went well for a while, when suddenly she pulled off the muzzle and snapped at Mr. Bordwell's hand, lacerating it fearfully on the back. The musicians all scrambled out, crying: "Look out, boys, the bear ish loose." After considerable trouble she was again muzzled and brought back home alone, the Teutonians preferring to walk. Closing 29 are the bear and Jule Keen, for Cleveland; and McVicker and Saunders. For the 29th Chas. E. Emmett, Sheehan and Jones, and Ida Gray are announced.....At Orchestrion Hall Prof. Langdon, Harvey and Mackey, W. H. Stowe and Millie De Courcey close 27, and for the 29th are booked Worden and Mack and Miss Bartelle. Ned West's benefit at the Opera-house 23 was a success. Letter of Jan. 27.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a fair business during the past week. The new arrivals Jan. 22 were Lizzie Mulvey in songs-and-dances, Ida Greenfield in serio-comic songs, Eloise Allen in ballad, and six dancers to strengthen the ballet. A female-minstrel scene was given with twenty women, and Alf. McDowell as Bones, Charley Lord as Tambo, and Will H. Morton as Interlocutor. The departures 27 were Franklin and Kingsdale, the Carrolls, and Alf. McDowell. The announcements for Jan. 29 are the Misco Combination (five in number), Susie Summerfield, Millie Killmeyer, Bryant and Williams, Marie Gorenflo, Watson and Ellis, and Carroll and Barry.....At the Avenue Theatre the attendance has been large. The fresh appearances Jan. 22 were the Ainsleys—Ned and Kitty—in songs-and-dances; Daisy Remington in serio-comic songs; La Petite Estelle in character songs and changes; the D'Omers in specialties; Larry Tooley in Dutch songs-and-dances; and Miss Lillie, actress. The departures Jan. 27 were the Levino Brothers, the Ainsleys, Larry Tooley and Tim Rogers. The announcements for Jan. 29 are Sully and Williams, Edna Wellington, the Perry Brothers and Millie Pyne. Advices of Jan. 28.

THE NEW FACES at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va., 22, were Allie Sheppard, a pleasing vocalist, who has become quite popular; Francis Waldon, who does a neat trapeze act; Lee Hamilton, general performer, an old favorite; Sam Lang, and a first-class man and good-looking end-man; Harry Spriggs, general performer, a live man in all respects, and who now officiates as stage-manager No departures or announcements. Letter of Jan. 28.

THE NEW PEOPLE at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., Jan. 22, were Pettit and White, Mulligan and Morris, Wilson Orrin, Joe Woods, Bob Lee, Robert Hughes, Nellie St. John, and Murphy and Shannon. Business good. Departures 27: Rosa Lee and Mlle. Carlotta, to New York; the Leotards, to Fox's, Philadelphia. Announced for 29: Sheridan and Mack, Alicia Jourdan, the Tudors, and the Irwin Sisters.

AT THE NEW CHICAGO THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., dates can be secured after Feb. 3. The seating capacity is 1,000. Terms can be obtained of L. L. Sharpe, who advertises.

ELKS.—The San Francisco, Cal., Lodge, No. 3, of the B. P. O. of Elks is getting on prosperously. It has received its charter from the Secretary of State, and it already numbers eighty-five members. The Order has recently purchased a fine burial-

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FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

REDUCTION IN RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.—On Jan. 1, 1877, the rate of subscription to THE CLIPPER was reduced to $4 per annum, and the time of all unexpired subscriptions now on our books will be extended in conformity with these rates.

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Chronicle of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1876.

Sporting Chronology for 1876.

Baseball—The Season of 1876, Giving the Players' Averages and Record of Model Games.

A List of Theatres Destroyed by Fire.

Astronomical.

Calculations of Eclipses, the Four Seasons, Morning and Evening Stars, Chronological Cycles, Movable Festivals, etc., Planets, Apparent and Mean Time, Rise and Fall of Tide.

Racing Calendar.

Winners of the Derby since 1822, Oxford and Cambridge Eight-oared Boat-race since 1829, English Championship for Professional Oarsmen.

Illustrations.

FRONTISPIECE.
THE MILL OF DEVERS.
THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.
THE DANCING GIRL.
THE MAD POET'S GRAVE IN GREENWOOD.
THE CHASE IN OLD GAUL.
THE RAW MATERIAL—"MY ONLY COMIC SONG."
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BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE, AND PARODY ON—Poems.
BASEBALL—THE SEASON OF 1876.
CALENDARS.
CALENDAR, EXPLANATION OF
CHRONOLOGISTS' THEORIES OF DATE OF CREATION.
CALENDAR FOR ALL TIME.
CALLBOY'S TREAT, THE
CRIME OF A CLOWN, THE: Advance Agent Story
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DANCING GIRLS, THE—Poem.
FRENCH DYNASTIES AND SOVEREIGNS.
KINGS AND QUEENS OF ENGLAND.
LIGHTNING SALVE.
LOCUST YEAR.
MILL OF DEVERS, THE—Poem.
MONUMENT TO McDONALD CLARKE, THE MAD POET.
MISER'S HAND, THE; A TRADITION OF ITALY.
MAIL TIME, ETC., TO PROMINENT CITIES.
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NUTRIMENT IN VARIOUS ARTICLES OF FOOD.
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PILOT'S MONUMENT IN GREENWOOD.
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RAILWAYS, STATISTICS OF
STATISTICS OF POPULATION.
SIMPLE MODE OF COMPUTING INTEREST.
SOVEREIGNS OF EUROPE.
SOVEREIGNS OF SCOTLAND.
SEASONS IN AUSTRALIA.
THEOPHILUS BROWN. A Legend of Printing-house Square—Poem.
TUMBLETY'S BAND—A Reminiscence of the Early Days of Minstrelsy.
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Future intentions and explanatory announcements will shortly appear in the columns of THE CLIPPER and MERCURY, DRAMATIC NEWS.

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J. K. EMMET

TO

J. C. WILLIAMSON.

SIR.—I am glad that you have answered my previous advertisement, as it gives me an opportunity to point out more forcibly to the members of the profession and the play-going public the injury done to stars by those who undertake the rendition of characters in which they have made a hit, and by failing in them bring discredit and loss to the original artist, who strikes out a new line of business.

You say you congratulate me upon my success, but your insincerity is so transparent that the assertion carries its own refutation. Your attempt to play my drama and adoption of the title-role disprove your good intention. Had you made a hit in the part of Fritz, you would have reaped from the piece the harvest which in every sense of fairness is mine. As it is, by failing in the part you brought it into discredit, and seriously injured me by leading managers to believe that the play had nothing in it. Thus, when I came to make arrangements for visiting Australia, I found it impossible to get from managers my usual terms. They could not be brought to believe that there was in the piece, or part of Fritz—as you played it—any inducement for them to risk an outlay or give a certain share of receipts. In fact, had it not been for the presence in London of Mr. Fred Lyster, a gentleman who is not only acquainted with the requirements of Australia and the tastes of its inhabitants, but had a brother in Melbourne (Mr. W. S. Lyster) in a position to give me an opening, I might [illegible] your unwarrantable appearance in the piece, have been shut out altogether. Fortunately, Mr. Fred Lyster saw MY Fritz, and was convinced that its failure in Australia must be owing to the shortcomings of the person essaying the principal character. As it was, Mr. W. Saurin Lyster, though believing his brother's assertion that there was something in the piece—which you had brought almost into contempt by your incompetency—secured his expenses out of the receipts; and I thus lost many thousands of dollars by your unwarrantable action.

During the course of a correspondence we had some time since respecting your assumption of the part, you requested me to settle my rights with Charles Gayler.

Blinded by conceit, you fancied that, because I was successful in "Fritz" and made it a popular characteristic performance, you could share with me in the profit and fame. Like many other people who ignore moral rights to things of value, you fell into the error of believing that success attended as a natural consequence the mere speaking of so many lines; but you found out that there was, and always will be, something in the BUSINESS of "Fritz" which you could only ape. In fact, the fable of the donkey—who leaped upon a lady's lap because he saw a pet dog caressed there, and got well belabored for his pains—applies very well in your case.

As an old reader of THE CLIPPER, you might have known that I had purchased from Mr. Gayler the sole rights to "Fritz;" but supposing you were not aware of the fact, was it professional or right to make a distinction between moral and legal rights? When I asked you how you would like me to play an author's version of "Struck Oil" you then saw the force of my argument and owned my moral rights; but your conscience must have been sluggish indeed to need such a stimulant.

I had "Struck Oil" offered to me in Australia for one hundred dollars, and might have played it in New Zealand, where the play has never been produced, and where there is a large field for the drama in consequence of its Australian reputation.

I was advised to get square with you for your annexation of my piece, your friends, even, counseling me to play you at your own game. Nevertheless, I did not forget that two wrongs do not make a right, and I abstained; for I considered you had a moral right to it, and my professional reputation will not, I am sure, suffer thereby.

The following extract from a manager's letter will show the extent of injury your appropriation of my piece did me in this country:

EXTRACT OF LETTER.

"——— your letter to hand, with the correspondence of Mr. Emmet, with whom we should have been happy to arrange had he paid us a visit before the Williamsons; but as they have used up all his business—at least, so we are informed—we do not feel inclined to make an offer.

"Manager ————"

Upon my arrival in Melbourne I learned for the first time that you had failed to make "Fritz" anything approaching attractive, and I was strongly advised on all hands not to open in it; for, said they, "it will be useless for you to try to make it popular, seeing that so great a favorite as J. C. Williamson has failed in it." However, I opened in "Fritz." I had hard work at first to wipe out the unfavorable impression you had made, and dispel the prejudice you had created; but I succeeded, notwithstanding, MAKING FRITZ THE MOST TRIUMPHANT SUCCESS EVER ACHIEVED IN AUSTRALIA. I say this advisedly, and will prove it. When I arrived in the country it was undergoing a season of unprecedented dullness. Its staple commodity (wool) was lower in price than it had been for many years. In Victoria, where I opened, many of the industries languished, the yield of gold had enormously decreased, its securities inspired little confidence in the mother country, and the first effects of a protective policy (which is always detrimental at the outset, however beneficial it may prove in the end) were being experienced to the fullest extent. In short, universal depression reigned. In a theatrical sense matters were no more favorable. I opened in Lent, which is the dullest season of the year, against the strongest attraction ever known in Melbourne, and during the eleven weeks' run of "Fritz" they produced at the Theatre Royal, with Mr. and Mrs. Lingard, who were supported by a stronger company than will be probably seen within the walls of an Australian Theatre again, the following dramas: "Our Boys," "Married in Haste," "David Garrick," "Sweethearts," Lingard's sketches, "The Weavers," and the spectacular extravaganza of "Pluto." The above finished their engagement. Then came Mr. Talbot in a round of Shakespearian characters. Then Miss Cary, always a great favorite in Melbourne (which city claims her as its representative actress), played her farewell engagement. At the Town Hall, the largest single-spanned room in the world, there was the Rev. Charles Clark, who nightly drew thousands to his lectures, and at other places of amusement were the United States Minstrels, the Panorama of the American War, the French and English Variety Troupe, and many Minor Amusements, such as Music Halls, Hibernian Balls, etc., etc. I followed you and your wife and "Little Nell, the California Diamond," and a number of other stars, who were taking advantage of the facilities offered by the Pacific Mail service to visit Australia. I opened in an Opera Theatre, while the regular Dramatic Theatre, at which you appeared, which is by far the finest in Australia, was always open against me. You came to the country in the height of its prosperity. Wool fetched the highest price known for years. There was a reaction in mining, tin had just been discovered, and stocks at Sandhurst and Ballarat realized high figures. Every industry flourished, and money was plentiful. There had been a dearth of stars, and stock companies had had possession of the Theatres all over the Colonies for some time. You also opened at a good time of the year, with no attraction against you worth mentioning. At the Opera-house you had against you an Opera Company that had been in the country so long that their drawing capacity was exhausted. At the Town Hall you had against you Madame Goddard and a few piano recitals and a few minor attractions only. You had every advantage. Your business—or rather I should say your IMITATIONS—were entirely new. The Dutch boy and Yankee girl were characters unknown to the Australian boards, and consequently any delineation of them, however poor, attracted public attention. Compare our positions! and then consider that I played "Fritz" four weeks longer than you played "Struck Oil," and closed to $3,744.50 (nearly $4,000), on the eleventh week; and had it not been for the return of Mr. Lyster and his opera company, and my forced retirement from the Opera-house, I could have run "Fritz" for 100 nights, as the strong oppositions were leaving town. As it was, I was compelled to close in the height of my success.

Your comparison of receipts is absurd and amusing. It's not likely I would compare my receipts, played, too, in four weeks of Lent, and the dullest season ever known in Australia, to your receipts, played to in the best season of the year, and most prosperous season known for years in Melbourne. Nor is it likely I would compare the receipts of eleven weeks' run of ONE PLAY to your TWENTY WEEKS' production of a HALF DOZEN OR MORE PLAYS. Make the above comparisons, and then even your transcendent conceit cannot allow you to decry the success I won in Australia after you had JEOPARDIZED IT by your ANNEXATION OF AND FAILURE IN MY PIECE.

You taunt me with being a specialty artist, which really means that I have made ONE CHARACTER FAMOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD, and won universal encomiums for ORIGINALITY and truth to life for Fritz everywhere where our common language is spoken. You have your SPECIALTY TOO, which is to ADOPT OTHER ARTISTS' IDEAS AND PLAYS, AND FAIL IN THEM, to their injury. If you do not wish to be pronounced an imitator, you will have to alter "Struck Oil" very much before you return to America, and use the expression of "IS DAS SO" less, a phrase used by me in "Fritz," and identified with me in America and England years before "Struck Oil" was written. You played "Struck Oil" 7 weeks, and then took it off and produced it again in November, the cup week, when any ordinary attraction plays to full houses.

Compare the above attractions and difficulties I had to contend with, and I am sure the profession will agree with the following critics of Melbourne, who were evidently aware of what I had to contend with when they pronounced my success the

GREATEST EVER PLAYED
IN AUSTRALIA.

READ THEM ALL.

SECOND VISIT OF THE GOVERNOR.—His Excellency the Governor attended the Opera-house last night, and there was an immense audience. *There has never been such a success as Fritz in Melbourne before*, and the marvel is that it solely depends on one man, which speaks loudly in behalf of Mr. Emmet's abilities.—THE HERALD.

MR. J. K. EMMET AS FRITZ.—To-night Mr. Emmet will commence the ninth week of his performance of "Fritz, Our Cousin-german," and, in recording the extraordinary success which has attended his efforts it is only just to allude to the somewhat up-hill work he had to encounter on his first arrival here. As the original delineator in his peculiar line of Anglo-German comedy in England and the United States, he had the advantage of being the first in the large fields of action open in both countries, and by creating the first impressions—which, as a rule, are the most lasting—he secured for himself a wide and excellent reputation. Vain and futile were all other attempts at rivalry on the part of those who followed in his path; but in Melbourne it was very different. The Williamsons and "Struck Oil" were fresh in the minds of playgoers in this city when Mr. Emmet arrived. *The Williamsons had played "Fritz," and had not met with any success in their essay*; but they had firmly established themselves here, and had won golden opinions. Bearing these drawbacks in mind, it speaks volumes for Mr. Emmet's ability that he should have succeeded so well in a play in which *Miss Maggie Moore and her clever partner had failed*. Mr. Emmet has had four weeks of Lent to contend with; he has beaten the first run of "Struck Oil" by two weeks, and he is drawing crowded houses, and appears likely to do so for weeks to come. Whatever may be the cause, his triumph is a great one, and, howsoever unexplainable the mystery of his success, he is certainly to be credited with the possession of singular and exceptional talents.—TELEGRAPH.

"Fritz" is a great card, and Mr. J. K. Emmet is his great representative. He now enters upon his eighth week, and is still in the full tide of success. Now, what is the cause of the success? The piece? No. The scenery? No; although it is really excellent, thanks to the talents of Herr Habbe. Is it the acting of the company? No; though the members of it are good in their respective characters. Then what is the cause of this immense success? We will whisper. It is the genius of Mr. Emmet himself that carries off the play to a glorious ending. *In this line of character he has never been approached in this city, not even by that popular favorite Mr. J. C. Williamson.*—THE FIGARO.

A very pleasant reunion took place at the Opera-house last night, after the performance of "Fritz" was over. The ladies and gentlemen of the Opera-house company, and a number of gentlemen connected with the stage and press, were entertained at supper by Mr. W. S. Lyster. The supper was provided by Mr. Gunsler, and was laid on the stage—this, perhaps, being the only real banquet that ever took place on that stage. After the excellent supper had been done justice to, Mr. Lyster proposed the health of Mr. J. K. Emmet. He said he had hurried back to Melbourne to be in time to pay him this compliment before his present engagement at that theatre had come to a termination. The engagement had been a very successful one, and it had been a most unprecedented thing for an artist to fulfill an engagement in Melbourne of *eleven weeks, only to appear in one piece and draw crowded houses all the time. It was all the more surprising when it was considered that the same piece had been produced a short time previously, and had not then pleased the public.* The health of Mr. Emmet was drunk with great applause and musical honors. Mr. Emmet expressed his gratification at the compliment paid him, and was very grateful for the kindness which had been shown him since he arrived in Melbourne. Though the piece had had such a long run, it was only fair to say that neither the ladies and gentlemen of the company nor the orchestra had exhibited any carelessness. He gave the healths of the critics, who he considered had used him very kindly. The toast having been responded to, Mr. Lyster gave "The Health of the Theatre Royal Management," to whom he had been under considerable obligation in producing the play of "Fritz." Mr. Harwood returned thanks, and after drinking the health of Mr. Lyster with great enthusiasm, and also that of "The Ladies," the company separated.—ARGUS.

The audience which assembled in the Opera-house on Saturday night to hear "Our Cousin-german" was one of the largest ever congregated in the building. This speaks well for the opinion entertained by the public of Mr. Emmet's acting, when it is considered that Saturday night commenced the eighth week in the representation of the piece. Mr. Emmet was in good voice, and met with frequent rounds of applause during the evening.—THE AGE.

To-night commences the eighth week of "Fritz," which, in spite of the somewhat discouraging reception it met with at first, *has turned out a greater success than any other play recently produced in Melbourne*. The audiences and the enthusiasm increase constantly, and the piece looks as if it might run another month. Already it has beaten the first run of "Struck Oil." The Williamsons had appeared here before him, *and used all his original business*, both in their play of "Struck Oil" and his own drama of "Fritz, Our Cousin-german." It is only natural that any artists meeting with the success which the Williamsons had would make many warm friends, *who would at once cry down anyone that should dare to attempt* to play what they had already seen and appreciated; but, in spite of all these difficulties, Mr. Emmet came here a stranger to us, and has fully succeeded in making "Fritz" a success. This is the more creditable to him *as the piece was a failure in the hands of the Williamsons*; and this he has done in the face of the strongest opposition that any star has ever had to contend with. The secret of his success is easily read. It is partly due to his extraordinary ability as a musician; partly to his personal qualifications; but most of all to that indefinable but perfectly recognizable charm which marks the possession of genius and distinguishes the real artist.—THE ECHO.

RETURN VISIT.

Monday Mr. Emmet reappeared in "Fritz." His reception was very demonstratively cordial, and the applause and laughter all through the performance were of a kind which not only expresses absolute pleasure, but the gratification experienced from a pleasure renewed. Nobody can say how long Mr. Emmet is going to make "Fritz" run again, but he certainly began on Monday as if he had quite made up his mind for another eleven weeks of it. I think the principal secret of Mr. Emmet's success, in a piece which has nothing whatever to recommend it on the score of its own merits, is his perfect ease and power of repose. He seems to do everything he does without effort, and yet he produces far more effect than if he made a great deal more effort. Without coming out of the framework more than the odds-and-ends nature of the piece may explain, he takes the audience completely into his confidence. He makes them, in fact, part of the drama; and yet, when seeming to address them in narrating his stories, he narrates them as much to himself as to the audience. They have very much the character of thinkings aloud. His *asides* in this way have the happiest effect. They have a charmingly spontaneous quality, which takes you by surprise, even when you have heard them before. And then his voice has that curious sympathetic tone, which does not depend upon any measure of depth, or sweetness, or musical capability, but which clings to the sense like some facial expressions where there is no absolute beauty. Finally, there is something essentially good-natured about his features. You like him instinctively. All these elements combined help to explain his remarkable popularity, despite the facts of his playing in a worthless drama, and of the character he plays being only an outline, filled up by his quaint humor, expressed variously in song, dance, and story. Another piece is in preparation, entitled "Jan, or the New German;" but, if "Fritz" is going on as it went on before, "Our Cousin-german" will not require to be replaced by "The New German."—THE AUSTRALASIAN.

You claim as good notices for your "Fritz" from the Australian press as the above, which I received for my rendition. After looking through the files of the papers I defy you to prove it, or, if your conceit carries you to that extent, let us have a "FRITZ TOURNAMENT." You and your wife shall follow me in "Fritz" (I followed you), and I will do more as Fritz than you and your wife combined can do in "Fritz," and do it better. I throw down the gauntlet. Will the gentleman who is NOT A SPECIALTY ARTIST pick it up?

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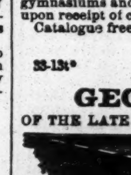

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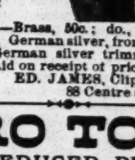

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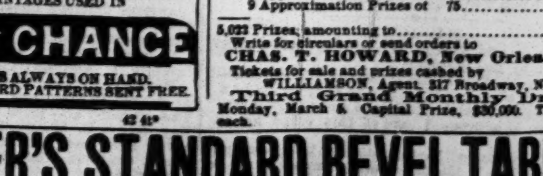

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